THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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SARGASSO SEA

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Westward from the Azores and northward from the Canaries, Sargasso Sea lies—"the port of missing ships"—a vast expanse of green islets and islands and continents. Weed shows green like emeralds and rises out of the water like the grass of a meadow trailing to the wind. It might be a newborn continent, or an old, forgotten one, so far does it stretch and so lonely is it. Brendan, the Irish saint and mariner, on his way westward searching for Paradise, returned after plowing for one day through it. "A barren place it seemed to him," the folk stories say—"without music, without company, without wrestling and mellow ale; a prison for lost souls."

And this vast meadow of green weed—beneath which lost Atlantis sleeps—was, according to old Punic writers, a great trap set by malign gods jealous of the explorations of men. They spoke of it as drawing the ships of the African mariners into it as by a magnet. Even great galleys, with two banks of oars, could do nothing against it. The men strained and tottered and died at their posts. The galleys lay lifeless and silent, like an old captain's fancy on his green lawn. And then, at first little by little and then faster and faster, great trailing weeds crept over it with the tortuous motions of snakes. They spun themselves into a web and covered the vessel from high carved prow to low round stem until nothing remained except a monstrous mound on which a stray albatross might alight.

Weeds rose high and implacable until by sheer weight they drove the ship down inch on inch and deck on deck; until prow and spars and masts were thrust beneath the waters and it wafted downward through the layers of the ocean as a dead leaf flutters from a tree; until it rested among the spires of the lost city. And again the weed became as smooth as a carpet and as green as a great layer of emeralds. And the sun played on it with a seductive iridescent shimmer. And the trap was opened again.—*Author's Note.*

THE little stocky Scotch captain looked at the lean six-footer sitting at his desk and laughed.

"We were coming along fine," he grinned, "shipshape and Bristol fashion, southerly winds and a calm sea, when, just off Hatteras, it lammed into us. It was the navigator's watch in the morning and the sleet came in like fog. It hit us right and left and center, the worst thing I'd seen in twenty years. But, man alive! she just punched into it and lifted to it, and sparred like a boxer, while I was hanging on in the pilot house wondering whether they were going to collect my life insurance."

Martin looked at the Scotchman with a wistful sort of smile.

"And you're off in the morning?" he said.

"Off to Barrancas, up the Orinoco. Touch at St. Kitts and Trinidad; after Barrancas, down to the Plate; up to Santiago—and then to San Francisco; then back."

Martin looked through his window to where the East River flowed southward to the harbor like a piece of silver ribbon. Again he smiled his smile, which was half humor and half regret.

"I wish I was going with you," he said.

The little Scotchman glanced at him quizzically.

"Ah, go on!" he said. "You're joking. You're too comfortable here to want to go sailing again."

"I'd like to go, though," Martin repeated.

"You'll never go to sea again." The Scotchman shook his head. "You'll stay on making money until you're a millionaire. You'll never see Sandy Hook from your own bridge again, or shoot the sun and fight with the mate over it. Your last light's raised, Edward."

Two years ago Captain Edward Martin used to complain that a ship's bridge was too small for those long legs of his. He wanted to get ashore, he said, and stretch them. But now that they were on shore they were more cramped than ever, and he longed for a flying bridge again, where he could brace them to the pitch and roll.

But, even after two years, you could never have mistaken Edward Martin for anything but a seaman. He walked with that steady, slow and slightly rolling step that years of balancing to a heaving deck had made natural. His gray eyes were deep-set and furrowed, with drooping lids—the eyes of a man who is accustomed to looking forward into colorless distances. He stood upright, with chest thrown well forward, as one will after continuous breasting to the head winds of three oceans. Apart from that, he might have been a professional wrestler, so heavily set were chest and shoulders on a bull neck. His face was as brown as that of an Indian, and the closely cropped fair hair and eyebrows, bleached by the sun, stood out like splashes of white against the tan.

You would hardly have called him a handsome man; his jaw was too uglily powerful for that, his eyes too intense, and there was that little flattening and dent to the nose, and a deep scar under the right eye which the swing of a treacherous boom had inflicted early in his sailing days. And his voice was too sonorous and somewhat loud; and his hands were too big and tanned and freckled; and his eyes were too piercing and straight for the comfort of any man who was not sincere from the heart up.

It was Nellie Martin who first gave him the sobriquet of the Arctic Bear, in allusion to that almost snowlike growth of hair on him and to his huge, powerful look. But apart from those terrific shoulders and compact, lithe legs and arms, the things that stood out most about him were his spotless physical cleanliness, as though he had been holystoned and swabbed, and that dawnlike smile of his, which broke at the corners of the large, firm mouth and rose to the deep furrows of the eyes, and seemed to show itself in his ears and chin with its all-embracing, comradely happy glow.

They talk about him in every part of the world—able-bodied seaman and quartermaster and master mariner—in every place where shipmen gather: in the cafés of the Plate; in seamen's homes in New York and Liverpool; in spotless Nipponese tea houses; and on drowsy Pacific beaches. The Arctic Bear they call him, giving him that love name of his wife's. For every profession there is a man on a pinnacle—not the greatest or the most efficient, but the most appealing.

And little by little to the merchant service Captain Edward Martin became the man each man would like to be. There was about him the flavor of romance and valor. He was a Viking, a man from the North, coming down, laughing, to battle with the sea. And the stories they told about him were not the great exploits of his career, but the characteristic sidelights that appealed to their strong, sane taste. There was little said of the occasion when, off the treacherous Horn, he had rescued the crew of the Portuguese bark, the Joanna Vaz, icebergs crashing about him with a noise like artillery, and a white frosting fog covering everything like the mist from a witches' caldron.

Nor do they speak of the time when he carried the Maid of Perth a hundred miles across the Caribbean, with a sprung section, to beach her at St. Thomas, riding her as a skillful horseman would tend a foundering mount, bringing her along by masterly navigation and sheer strength of will.

But they tell of the blustering March day when, beating up from Trinidad, off the Bermudas, a negro quartermaster fell overboard. Martin was over the taffrail of the boat

"And You'll be at Home All the Time Then!" She Said Joyfully. "And We'll be Rich!"

deck like a harpoon from a gun. The crew saw him crashing through the oily roll like a power boat. They saw him grabbing at the whirling black figure as an entomologist makes passes at a fluttering butterfly. Waves rose and fell, and showed and shut off the scene in queer dramatic flashes. At last they saw Martin catch an arm, catch the neck, encircle the body. They looked on horrified as the quartermaster fought despairingly for a strangle hold while the captain slowly throttled him into unconsciousness. They watched Martin hold on to the sailor for twenty minutes until a rescue boat reached him.

"Wring that fool out and put him in his bunk," he said quietly when they came aboard. He changed his clothes and took his place on the bridge. Next day, after docking at Newport News, he gave an order to the mate.

"All men on deck who can't swim!" he directed.

And in that raw March blast, with cold rain falling, he taught them for three days. He had them thrown in and dragged out. With a cold, firm eye he stood on the hurricane deck, whistle in hand, and drilled them until they could keep afloat. And none held any rancor.

You may not hear this story—for there are seamen who do not know it—but wherever you speak of Edward Martin they will remember December, 1900, when Martin, then first mate in steam, wrestled Abdul Yussuf the Anatolian, at a theater in Liverpool. Hosea Judd, a quartermaster on Martin's ship and a well-known New England wrestler, took up the Anatolian's challenge that he would throw any man in the world. In the stage box sat Martin and his friends. It ended very shortly. A few minutes' desultory spar and the Turkish giant wrapped himself about the New England sailor like a python and crushed him slowly to the ground. It was a marvelous exhibition of strength. It was a clean-cut victory. They led the quartermaster away, dazed and shaking from the crushing force of the champion's great limbs. But Abdul Yussuf made a mistake. He laughed.

Martin's friends never knew exactly how it happened, but a moment later Martin was on the stage, rather white, very firm, with his great jaw set. He wasn't insanely angry. His pride had been touched. Attendants led him to a dressing room and he reappeared in snug-fitting red tights. And as the packed music hall looked at his sleek, rippling muscles, at his tremendous barrel of chest and trunks of upper arms, and at the slender, cleanly muscled legs, they gasped; and Abdul Yussuf's face lost its smile.

They touched hands perfunctorily. The referee stepped between, a grotesque figure in evening dress beside the brown Oriental giant in the blue tights and the white Occidental athlete in the red. Overhead a lamp threw its sinister greenish flare. The house became a still, breathless thing, for it had sensed a real contest. Performers left their dressing rooms to stand in the wings and gape.

They sparred for a hold for a minute, breaking ground, retreating, advancing, circling, making quick unexpected movements, like dogs at play. Their feet pattered on the padded mat with a strange, eerie rhythm.

Once the Turkish wrestler caught the seaman's shoulders for an instant, but Martin shook him off as a big dog might a little one. Once Martin slipped his arm about the Turk's great neck and held it there, with a chancery hold that was like a vise; but the crafty, matwise veteran slipped from it with a deft heave of shoulder. They fell to the mat together and pawed at each other like cats striking. They stood up again. Suddenly Yussuf made a deliberately false move. He raised his guard, feinting to a head hold on Martin. The sailor dodged and plunged in.

There was a brown flash and pirouette as the Turk slipped away from him. Martin came down on hands and knees. Yussuf sprang forward like a panther. His hands flashed underneath Martin's arms, slipped about the neck, met, and caught. It was a full Nelson.

"That's the end!" the house said pityingly.

For that had been the end of the elder Zbyszko; and of Melesinoff, the Russian Bear; and of Marielos, who was called the Terrible Greek. Yussuf would hold a man helpless like that, his great forearms leaning on the neck, until he became weak. A quick twist after that and Yussuf's opponent would be on his back. It was a pity, they said—the fine white sailor!

But they did not turn to go out. There would be an exhibition of gameness worth seeing, they judged. They watched Yussuf kneeling sidewise by Martin, exerting every ounce of his two hundred pounds of clean bone and sinew to the hold.

Suddenly Martin gave a gigantic heave. There were two sharp cracks, as of wood breaking, which the first row of the stalls heard. The Turkish wrestler rolled backward to the footlights. Martin stood up and advanced with whitened face to the center of the mat. His right arm hung limp. A vast torrent of cheers broke in the hall like the thunder of a great waterfall. It made the walls of the house tremble and vibrated the bass drum. The referee stood forward and looked at Martin's shoulder. He raised his hand.

"Match discontinued!" he announced in a wild enthusiastic yell. "Martin smashed his shoulder and collar bone in breaking Yussuf's full Nelson."

For a long time at sea they will tell of that wonderful night in Liverpool—of the roaring audience; of the wild cheering at the docks. He didn't beat Abdul Yussuf—no man on earth has done that—but he smashed through the great Anatolian's most deadly hold, even though he did break his own bones like matchwood. That is the sort of thing which seamen like.

And as the little Scotch captain looked about the office, with its soft green carpet and its shining mahogany desk and letter file—at the shaded electric lamp and the glass-incased maps on the wall—he wondered to himself how a man who had done the things that Edward Martin had done could ever be content to spend his days cooped up like a guinea pig in a hutch. Did he never feel homesick for a heaving bridge and a smashing nor'wester? Did he never want to get the salt tang of the sea and hear the cry from bows or crow's nest, and the clang of the ship's bell?

He shook his head and rose to go.

"Well, I'm glad to have seen you, Edward," he said, "and to hear everything's well with you."

"And I'm glad to have seen you," Martin replied heartily. "I'm always glad to see you, and to hear of you, and know how you're doing."

And as he went off a queer, deserted feeling came over Martin. One by one they were dropping away—the old craftsmen of his guild; and in spite of everything the days were becoming lonely.

II

I CAN understand, as I sit here and think about it, how Edward Martin failed. In another day and another country he would have succeeded beyond all doubt. He had strength; he had brains. He saw the colorful romance of commerce. There was in him the stuff of Marco Polo; of the merchant princes of Tyre who brought diamonds from Africa to trade for tapestries in Ispahan; of the Phœnician traffickers who carried ivory and peacocks into England and brought back honest tin from the Cornish mines. And he had done this.

He knew ports in Persia where many a choice shipment of turquoises could be picked up. In Java he could bargain for sugar cane and coffee. He knew where in the West Indies sponges could be got at least cost; where in China the best-flavored tea was. Even in Iceland he could find friends who would direct him to where he could secure eiderdown.

The thing appealed to him. He had something of the explorer's spirit and something of the hunter's. Commerce, other things being equal, would be a sort of sport to him, as fishing is to one man and football to another. He was keen enough to see opportunities and seize them.

"Take That Jackal and Kick It Into the Street!"

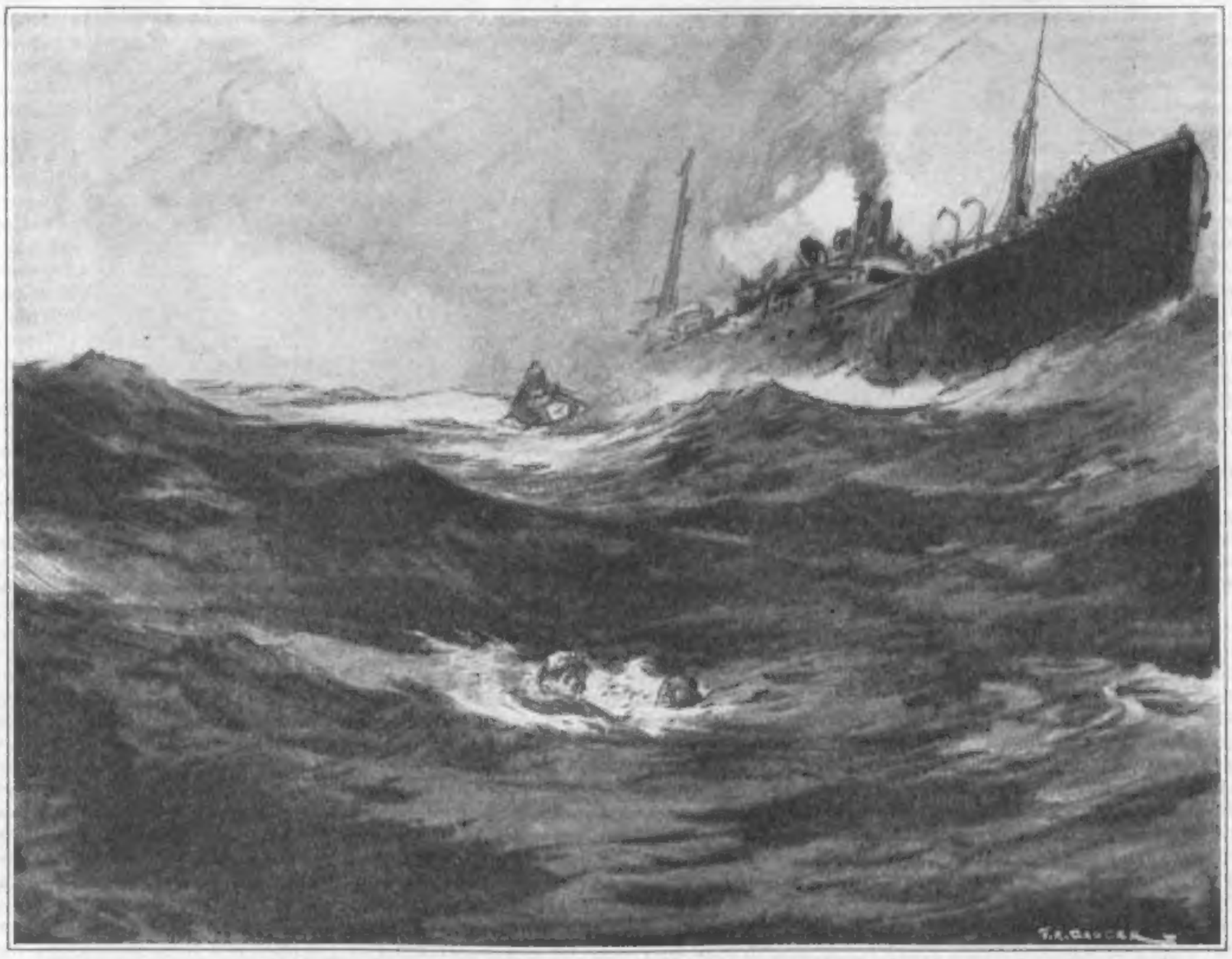
And everybody was a friend of his, as much for his straight, unbending sense of justice and honor as for his huge bulk and huge personality and winning smile.

And it was his sense of the romance of commerce that led Martin to resign his post with the Frith Line and to buy, out of his savings—with many mortgages, it is true—the City of Boston, that serviceable two-thousand-ton tramp, in which he beat about for rare cargoes round the world, bringing home copra from the South Seas and singing birds from the Canaries, Madeira wines and Bornese spices. He accepted commissions to take supplies to Madagascar; to bring cargoes of pine from Bergen. And old John Ryan, whose days as broker extended back to the time when he sold the tea and coffee that were brought home in clipper ships out of the East, made the sales for him, got the orders, attended to insurance, port dues, pilot fees—was, in short, the office force of a one-ship line.

It was in Buenos Aires, in the Sportsman Café, that Martin met Becker, the greatest commercial gambler of his day. Old John Ryan had auctioned his last cargo, and they had sent him back to Ireland, to sleep in the country he had been unable to see for sixty years. Martin had heard of it only the day before.

"I don't know what I'll do!" he told Becker.

"Do?" the promoter rasped in that truculent voice of his. His slate-gray eyes half closed in contempt. He took a vicious hold of the cigar between his teeth. "Do? There's nothing to do but go on and make a million. Make two! Have as much as you want."



They Watched Martin Hold On to the Jailer Until a Rescue Boat Reached Him

"What do you mean?" Martin asked in astonishment; he looked at the promoter as though the man had suddenly gone mad.

"Look a-here!" Becker leaned forward with his jaw thrust out. "You have been picking up these cargoes and putting it all over the regular guys in the trade. You know the stuff; you know where to get it; you know who's got it. You made a good thing out of it up to now, piking along as you did."

"Piking?" Martin laughed.

"Yeh; piking. That's what I said. There's a millionaire made once every twenty years. You got it coming to you. Go out and take it up."

"Yes; but how?"

The man's manifest contempt had stung Martin. He wanted him to outline his idea; and then he would show him how little he knew of the sea, and seamen and sea trade.

"Why don't you think, man?" Becker snarled with his wry grin. "You've got a ship now and are making money. If you had three you'd have three times as much. You know the game. Charter a couple more and stay at home and direct the business. Hire four. Somebody'll trust you. If you can't pay for them give your note. Sit tight and draw to your hand. Take a chance. Once in a while you'll lose, but three times in four you win. Go to it!"

"But they wouldn't trust me!" Martin said weakly.

The gambler was rising from the table. He leaned forward.

"Listen to me," he said earnestly: "a square guy's word's as good as a million in the bank. I'd lend you money on that proposition myself."

What appealed to Edward Martin about the idea were the factors of power and sport in it; the romantic glamour of it. And, because he knew nothing of affairs, he saw himself sitting in an eyrie among the skyscraper crags, moving ships to and fro as a chess player moves pawns, discovering an opportunity here and an opportunity there, and sending his men to make the most of it. The battle against commerce attracted him as much as the battle against the sea. If what Becker had said about credit was true it could be started. And if that first proposition was demonstrated to be true, why shouldn't its logical deductions be true likewise?

And suddenly, as it had taken a million men before him, the glamour of New York caught him as by hypnosis. He saw in fancy, as he beat out to sea from the Plate northward, the vision of the city rise before him: a dim, misty haze of great buildings, like an enchanted island described by Scheherazade, spire and dome and minaret, white and mauve and gold, breaking in the spring dawn; the huge bulk of the Statue of Liberty looming up before it, massive and brazen, like some petrified giantess set there to guard it against hostile Armadas; and the great clanging noises that rang through it, like the noises of a Titan's smithy. Power and energy radiated from it like an electric storm. To be in it! To be of it! The idea had power over him as a magnet has power over iron.

And then he allowed his thoughts to wander from the clanging clamor of battle to a sweeter and equally seductive prospect. He thought of the shipowners and brokers he knew, and of their riches and luxury; their purring cars; their homes in the white palaces in upper Manhattan. Nellie would enjoy it. He saw Nellie every moment. He saw her in this city again, and this wealth, as a queen enjoying her inheritance.

"And if there's any woman ever deserved it," he said to himself as he leaned back in his chart room—"if there's ever a woman, it's she! And by heaven, she'll have it!"

III

IF I EVER meet a man who does not believe in a future world I shall introduce him to Helen Martin. Life throbs through that small muscular body as blood throbs through an artery; it radiates from her finger tips like electricity from the terminals of a Leyden jar. And when I think of that small frame lying sometime inert and lifeless! The force that sets it throbbing and quick, where would it go?

There are few people who could describe Helen Martin, because her physical contours seem not to matter at all. What matters it that this hundred pounds' weight of humanity is nothing but a human dynamo? Rob her of that life and you have got a small woman, a very small woman, with colorful gray eyes; black sleek hair, and not too much of it, parted on the side and brought to a cluster of inky curls, like grapes, above the back of her neck; thirty-two sound and serviceable teeth; a clean-cut profile with a low, broad brow; a nose that tilted impertinently; a mouth half open with eagerness; a proud toss to the chin—not much, when all is said, but the force and vigor of it seemed a miracle. It showed in the defiance of her eyes; in the laugh on her lips; in her rapid, hurrying stride; in her challenging bearing. It showed when people turned to look at her wherever she went. They called that magnetism, trying to put in a figure of kinetic ions what was the living formula of life.

I like to think of the day he met her and how. He was in New York on one of his very short stays, walking early in the morning through Central Park. On one of the narrow bridle paths he saw a sixteen-hand bay thundering along. The dramatic contrast of the small black figure on the huge gelding startled him. Suddenly an auto let its siren blare agonizingly along the Speedway, a harsh rising snarl like that of an infuriated dog. The bay stopped in its stride and pivoted about on his hind legs.

"She'll be killed!" Martin gasped.

He flashed across the half acre of browngrass between him and the bridle path like a beagle after a hare. He took the iron railing like a hurdle sprinter. Up the path the bay started like a bullet from a gun. Martin ran forward as though in a race with it. The gelding's hoofs thundered like the pitapat of big drums. The great head and foaming mouth drew up to him. He caught at the bridle suddenly with a quick catlike movement of hand, and dragged at it, fearing all the time that under his weight and pull the thing would break. Gravel spurted up beneath his feet and the horse's hoofs like water from a spring. Suddenly the bay stopped. Martin turned round to the rider, and his face fell.

The rider was looking at him in angry wonder. Her black eyebrows were raised in an angle. Her eyes frowned at him. Her slender chin was set.

"What on earth is wrong with you?" she demanded, and her tones wakened Martin like an icy shower. "Are you mad?"

He faltered with embarrassment. He thought he was doing a humane action—saving a woman from death, it might be. And as he looked he noticed her easy seat, lying back in the saddle as in an armchair, heels down, hands gripping the horse like a vise, elbows well in. All he had done, for all his good intentions, was to interrupt a young amazon on her morning gallop.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know. I'm afraid I made a fool of myself."

He looked up at her again, and he saw that the anger had left her face and a sort of humorous gravity had replaced it. He felt he ought to say something and fumbled for words.

"My name ——" he stumbled.

And he fished a card from his pocket and handed it to her. She thrust it into her glove calmly. There was a twinkle in her eye.

"Thank you," she said; "and thank you, too, for your good intentions. Good morning."

She brought her crop down lightly on the bay's flanks and was off with a drumming of hoofs.

"I made an ass of myself," Martin told himself again and again, and tried to put the thing from his mind; but there remained with him, to haunt him all the time, a mental photograph of a fiery young woman of twenty-two on top of a gigantic bay horse, in black riding habit and bowler hat.

Three days later he got a note inviting him to her father's house to tea. He put on his best shore clothes. He had been a little put about to find that the woman he had proposed rescuing was the daughter of Alan Wingate, the coffee man; and he had felt out of ease at sight of the big

(Continued on Page 41)

MR. FELSBURG GETS EVEN

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

OF ALL the human legs ever seen in our town I am constrained to admit that Mr. Herman Felsburg's pair were the most humorous legs. When it came to legs—funny legs—the palm was his without a struggle. Casting up in my mind a wide assortment and a great range of legs, I recall no set in the whole of Red Gravel County that, for pure comedy of contour or rare eccentricity of gait, could compare with the two he owned. In his case his legs achieved the impossible by being at one and the same time bent outward and warped inward, so that he was knock-kneed at a stated point and elsewhere bow-legged. And yet, as legs go, they were short ones. For a finishing touch he was, to a noticeable extent, pigeon-toed.

Between Puffs at His Corncob Pipe My Host Told Me the Thing Which I Retell Here

I remember mighty well the first time Mr. Felsburg's legs first acquired for me an interest unrelated to their picturesqueness of aspect. As I think backward along the grooves of my memory to that occasion, it defies all the rules of perspective by looming on a larger scale and in brighter and more vivid colors than many a more important thing which occurred in a much more recent period. I reckon, though, that is because our Creator has been good enough to us sometimes to let us view our childhood with the big, round, magnifying eyes of a child.

I feel it to be so in my case. By virtue of a certain magic I see a small, inquisitive boy sitting on the top step of the wide front porch of an old white house; and as he sits he hugs his bare knees within the circle of his arms and listens with two wide-open ears to the talk that shuttles back and forth among three or four old men who are taking their ease in easy-chairs behind a thick screen of dish-rag and morning-glory and balsam-apple vines.

I am that small boy who listens; and, as the picture forms and frames itself in my mind, one of the men is apt to be my uncle. He was not my uncle by blood ties or marriage, but through adoption only, as was the custom down our way in those days and, to a certain degree, is still the custom; and, besides, I was his namesake.

I know now, when by comparison I subject the scene to analysis, that they were not such very old men—then. They are old enough now—such of them as survive to this day. None of that group who yet lives will ever see seventy-five again. In those times grown people would have called them middle-aged men, or, at the most, elderly men; but when I re-create the vision out of the back of my head I invest them with an incredible antiquity and a vasty wisdom, because, as I said just now, I am looking at them with the eyes of a small boy again. Also, it seems to me, the season always is summer—late afternoon or early evening of a hot, lazy summer day.

It was right there, perched upon the top step of Judge Priest's front porch, that I heard, piece by piece, the unwritten history of our town—its tragedies and its farces, its homely romances and its homely epics. There I heard the story of Singin' Sandy Riggs, who, like Coligny, finally won by being repeatedly whipped; and his fist feud with Harve Allen, the bully; and the story of old Marm Perry, the Witch. I don't suppose she was a witch really; but she owned a black cat and she had a droopy lid, which hung down over one red eye, and she lived a friendless life.

And so when the babies in the settlement began to sicken and die of the spotted fever somebody advanced the very plausible suggestion that Marm Perry had laid a spell upon the children, and nearly everybody else believed it. A man whose child fell ill of the plague in the very hour when Marm Perry had spoken to the little thing took a silver dollar and melted it down and made a silver bullet of it—because, of course, witches were immune to slugs of lead—and on the night after the day when they buried his baby he slipped up to Marm Perry's cabin and fired through the window at her as she sat, with her black cat in her lap, mouthing her empty gums over her supper. The bullet missed her—and he was a good shot, too, that man was. Practically all the men who lived in those days on the spot where our town was to stand were good shots. They had to be—or else go hungry frequently.

When the news of this spread they knew for certain that only by fire could the evil charm be broken and the conjure-woman be destroyed. So one night soon after that a party of men broke into Marm Perry's cabin and made prisoners of her and her cat. They muffled her head in a bedquilt and they thrust the cat into a bag, both of them yowling and kicking; and they carried them to a place on the bluff above Island Creek, a mile or so from the young settlement, and there they kindled a great fire of brush; and when the flames had taken good hold of the wood they threw Marm Perry and her cat into the blaze and stood back to see them burn. Mind you, this didn't happen at Salem, Massachusetts, in or about the year 1692. It happened less than a century ago near a small river landing on what was then the southwestern frontier of these United States.

There were certain men, though—leaders of opinion and action in the rough young community—who did not altogether hold with the theory that the evil eye was killing off the babies. Somehow they learned what was afoot and they followed, hotspeed, on the trail of the volunteer executioners. As the tale has stood through nearly a hundred years of telling, they arrived barely in time. When they broke through the ring of witch burners and snatched Marm Perry off the pyre, her apron strings had burned in two. As for the cat, it burst through the bag and ran off through the woods, with its fur all ablaze, and was never seen again. I remember how I used to dream that story over and over again. Always in my dreams it reached its climax when that living firebrand went tearing off into the thickets. Somehow, to me, the unsalvaged cat took on more importance than its rescued owner.

There were times, too, when I chanced to be the only caller upon Judge Priest's front porch, and these are the times which in retrospect seem to me to have been the finest of all. I used to slip away from home alone, along toward suppertime, and pay the Judge a visit. Many and many a day, sitting there on that porch step, I watched the birds going to bed. His big front yard was a great place for the birds. In the deep grass, all summer long and all day long, the cock partridge would be directing the attention of a mythical Bob White to the fact that his peaches were ripe and overripe. If spared by boys and house cats until the hunting season began he would captain a covey. Now he was chiefly concerned with a harem. Years later I found that his dictionary name was American quail; but to us then he was a partridge, and in our town we still know him by no other title.

Forgetting all about the dogs and the guns of the autumn before he would even invade Judge Priest's chicken lot to pick up titbits overlooked by the dull-eyed resident flock; and toward twilight, growing bolder still, he would whistle and whistle from the tall white gate post of the front fence, while one of his trim brown concubines clucked lullabies to her speckled brood in the rank tangle back of the quince bushes.

When the redbirds called it a day and knocked off, the mocking birds took up the job and on clear moonlight nights sang all night in the honey locusts. Just before sunset yellow-hammers would be flickering about, tremendously occupied with things forgotten until then; and the chimney swifts that nested in Judge Priest's chimney would go whooshing up and down the sooty flue, making haunted-house noises in the old sitting room below.

Sprawled in his favorite porch chair, the Judge would talk and I would listen. Sometimes, the situation being reversed, I would talk and he listen. Under the spell of his sympathetic understanding I would be moved to do what that most sensitive and secretive of creatures—a small boy—rarely does do: I would bestow my confidences upon him. And if he felt like laughing—at least, he never laughed. And if he felt that the disclosures called for a lecture he rarely did that, either; but if he did the admonition was so cleverly sugar-coated by his way of framing it that I took it down without tasting it.

As I see the vision now, it was at the close of a mighty warm day, when the sun went down as a red-hot ball and all the west was copperplated with promise of more heat tomorrow, when Mr. Herman Felsburg passed. I don't know what errand was taking him up Clay Street that evening—he lived clear over on the other side of town. But, anyway, he passed; and as he headed into the sunset glow I was inspired by a boy's instinctive appreciation of the ludicrous to speak of the peculiar conformation of Mr. Felsburg's legs. I don't recall now just what it was I said, but I do recall, as clearly as though it happened yesterday, the look that came into Judge Priest's chubby round face.

"Aha!" he said; and from the way he said it I knew he was displeased with me. He didn't scold me, though—only he peered at me over his glasses until I felt my repentant soul shriveling smaller and smaller inside of me; and then after a bit he said: "Aha! Well, son, I reckin mebbe you're right. Old Man Herman has got a funny-lookin' pair of laigs, ain't he? They do look kinder like a set of hames that ain't been treated kindly, don't they? Whut was it you said they favored—horse collars, wasn't it?"

I tucked a regretful head down between my hunched shoulders, making no reply. After another little pause he went on:

"Well, sonny, ef you should be spared to grow up to be a man, and there should be a war comin' along, and you should git drawed into it someway, jest you remember this: Ef your laigs take you into ez many tight places and into ez many hard-fit fights as I've saw them little crookedy laigs takin' that little man, you won't have no call to feel ashamed of 'em—not even ef yours should be so twisted you'd have to walk backward in order to go furward."

At hearing this my astonishment was so great I forgot my remorse of a minute before. I took it for granted that off yonder, in those far-away days, most of the older men in our town had seen service on one side or the other in the Big War—mainly on the Southern side. But somehow it never occurred to me that Mr. Herman Felsburg might also have been a soldier. As far back as I recalled he had been in the clothing business. Boylike, I assumed he had always been in the clothing business. So ——

"Was Mr. Felsburg in the war?" I asked.

"He most suttinly was," answered Judge Priest.

"As a regular sure-nuff soldier!" I asked, still in doubt.

"Ez a reg'lar sure-nuff soldier."

I considered for a moment.

"Why, he's Jewish, ain't he, Judge?" I asked next.

"So fur as my best information and belief go, he's practically exclusively all Jewish," said Judge Priest with a little chuckle.

"But I didn't think Jewish gentlemen ever did any fighting, Judge?"

I imagine that bewilderment was in my tone, for my juvenile education was undergoing enlargement by leaps and bounds.

"Didn't you?" he said. "Well, boy, you go to Sunday school, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, sir—every Sunday—nearly."

"Well, didn't you ever hear tell at Sunday school of a little feller named David that taken a rock-sling and killed a big giant named Goliath?"

"Yes, sir; but ——"

"Well, that there little feller David was a Jew."

"I know, sir; but—but that was so long ago!"

"It was quite a spell back, and that's a fact," agreed Judge Priest. "Even so, I reckin human nature continues to

keep right on bein' human nature. You'll be findin' that out, son, when you git a little further along in years. They learnt you about Samson, too, didn't they—at that there Sunday school?"

I am quite sure I must have shown enthusiasm along here. At that period Samson was, with me, a favorite character in history. By reason of his recorded performances he held rank in my estimation with Israel Putnam and General N. B. Forrest.

"Aha!" continued the Judge. "Old Man Samson was right smart of a fighter, takin' one thing with another, wasn't he? Remember hearin' about that time when he taken the jawbone of an ass and killed up I don't know how many of them old Philistines?"

"Oh, yes, sir. And then that other time when they cut off his hair short and put him in jail, and after it grew out again he pulled the temple right smack down and killed everybody!"

"It strikes me I did hear somebody speakin' of that circumstance too. It created a right smart talk round the neighborhood."

I can hear the old Judge saying this, and I can see—across the years—the quizzical little wrinkles bunching at the corners of his eyes.

He sat a minute looking down at me and smiling.

"Samson was much of a man—and he was a Jew."

"Was he?" I was shocked in a new place.

"That's jest exactly what he was. And there was a man oncet named Judas—not the Judas you've heered about, but a feller with the full name of Judas Maccabæus; and he was such a peart hand at fightin' they called him the Hammer of the Jews. Judgin' by whut I've been able to glean about him, his enemies felt jest as well satisfied ef they could hear, before the hostilities started, that Judas was laid up sick in bed somewheres. It taken considerable of a load off their minds, ez you might say.

"But—jest as you was sayin', son, about David—it's been a good while since them parties flourished. When we look back on it, it stretches all the way frum here to B. C.; and that's a good long stretch, and a lot of things have been happenin' meantime. But I sometimes git to thinkin' that mebbe little Herman Felsburg has got some of that old-time Jew fightin' blood in his veins. Anyhow, he belongs to the same breed. No, sirree, sonny; it don't always pay to judge a man by his laigs. You kin do that with reguards to a frog or a grasshopper, or even sometimes with a chicken; but not with a man. It ain't the shape of 'em that counts—it's where they'll take you in time of trouble."

He cocked his head down at me—I saying nothing at all. There didn't seem to be anything for me to say; so I maintained silence and he spoke on:

"You jest bear that in mind next time you feel moved to talk about laigs. And ef it should happen to be Mister Felsburg's laigs that you're takin' fur your text, remember this whut I'm tellin' you now: They may be crooked; but, son, there ain't no gamer pair of laigs nowheres in this world. I've seen 'em carryin' him into battle when, all the time, my knees was knockin' together, the same ez one of these here end men in a minstrel show knocks his bones together. His laigs may 'a' trembled a little bit too—I ain't sayin' they didn't—but they kept right on promenadin' him up to where the trouble was; and that's the main p'int with a pair of shanks. You jest remember that."

Being sufficiently humbled I said I would remember it.

"There's still another thing about Herman Felsburg's laigs that most people round here don't know, neither," added Judge Priest when I had made my pledge: "All up and down the back sides of his calves, and clear down on his shins, there's a whole passel of little red marks. There's so many of them little scars that they look jest like lacework on his skin."

"Did he get them in the war?" I inquired eagerly, scenting a story.

"No; he got them before the war came along," said Judge Priest. "Some of these times, sonny, when you're a little bit older, I'll tell you a tale about them scars on Mr. Felsburg's laigs. There ain't many besides me that knows it."

"Couldn't I hear it now?" I asked.

"I reckin you ain't a suitable age to understand—yit," said Judge Priest. "I reckin we'd better wait a few years. But I won't forgit—I'll tell you when the time's ripe. Anyhow, there's somethin' else afoot now—somethin' that ought to interest a hongry boy."

I became aware of his house servant—Jeff Poindexter—standing in the hall doorway, waiting until his master concluded whatever he might be saying in order to make an important announcement.

"All right, Jeff!" said Judge Priest. "I'll be there in a minute." Then, turning to me: "Son-boy, hadn't you better stay here fur supper with me? I expect there's vittles enough fur two. Come on—I'll make Jeff run over to your house and tell your mother I kept you to supper with me."

After that memorable supper with Judge Priest—all the meals I ever took as his guest were memorable events and still are—ensues a lapse, to be measured by years, before I heard the second chapter of what might be called the tale of Mr. Felsburg's legs. I heard it one evening in the Judge's sitting room.

A squeak had come into my voice, and there was a suspicion of down—a mere trace, as the chemists say—on my upper lip. I was in the second week of proud incumbency of my first regular job. I had gone to work on the Daily Evening News—the cubbiest of cub reporters, green as a young gourd, but proud as Potiphar over my new job and my new responsibilities. This time it was professional duty rather than the social instinct that took me to the old Judge's house.

I had been charged by my editor to get from him divers litigatious facts relating to a decision he had that day rendered in the circuit court where he presided. The information having been vouchsafed, the talk took a various trend. Somewhere in the course of it Mr. Felsburg's name came up and my memory ran back like a spark along a tarred string to that other day when he had promised to relate to me an episode connected with certain small scars on those two bandy legs of our leading clothing merchant.

The present occasion seemed fitting for hearing this long-delayed narrative. I reminded my host of his olden promise; and between puffs at his corncob pipe he told me the thing which I retell here and now, except that, for purposes of convenience, I have translated the actual wording of it out of Judge Priest's vernacular into my own.

So doing, it devolves upon me, first off, to introduce into the main theme a character not heretofore mentioned—a man named Thomas Albritton, a farmer in our county, and at one period a prosperous one. He lived, while he lived—for he has been dead a good while now—six miles from town, on the Massac Creek Road. He lived there all his days. His father before him had cleared the timber off the land and built the two-room log house of squared logs, with the open "gallery" between. With additions, the house grew in time to be a rambling, roomy structure, but from first to last it kept its identity; and even after the last of the old tenants died off or moved off, and new tenants moved in, it was still known as the Albritton place. For all I know to the contrary, it yet goes by that name.

From pioneer days on until this Thomas Albritton became heir to the farm and head of the family, the Albrittons had been a forehanded breed—people with a name for thrift. In fact, I had it that night from the old Judge that, for a good many years after he grew up, this Thomas Albritton enjoyed his due share of affluence. He raised as good a grade of tobacco and as many bushels of corn to the acre as anybody in the Massac Bottoms raised; and, so far as ready money went, he was better off than most of his neighbors.

Perhaps, though, he was not so provident as his sire had been; or perhaps, in a financial way, he had in his latter years more than his share of bad luck. Anyhow, after a while he began to go downhill financially, which is another way of saying he got into debt. Piece by piece he sold off strips of the fertile creek lands his father had cleared. There came a day when he owned only the house, standing in its grove of honey locusts, and the twenty acres surrounding it; and the title to those remaining possessions was lapped and overlapped by mortgages.

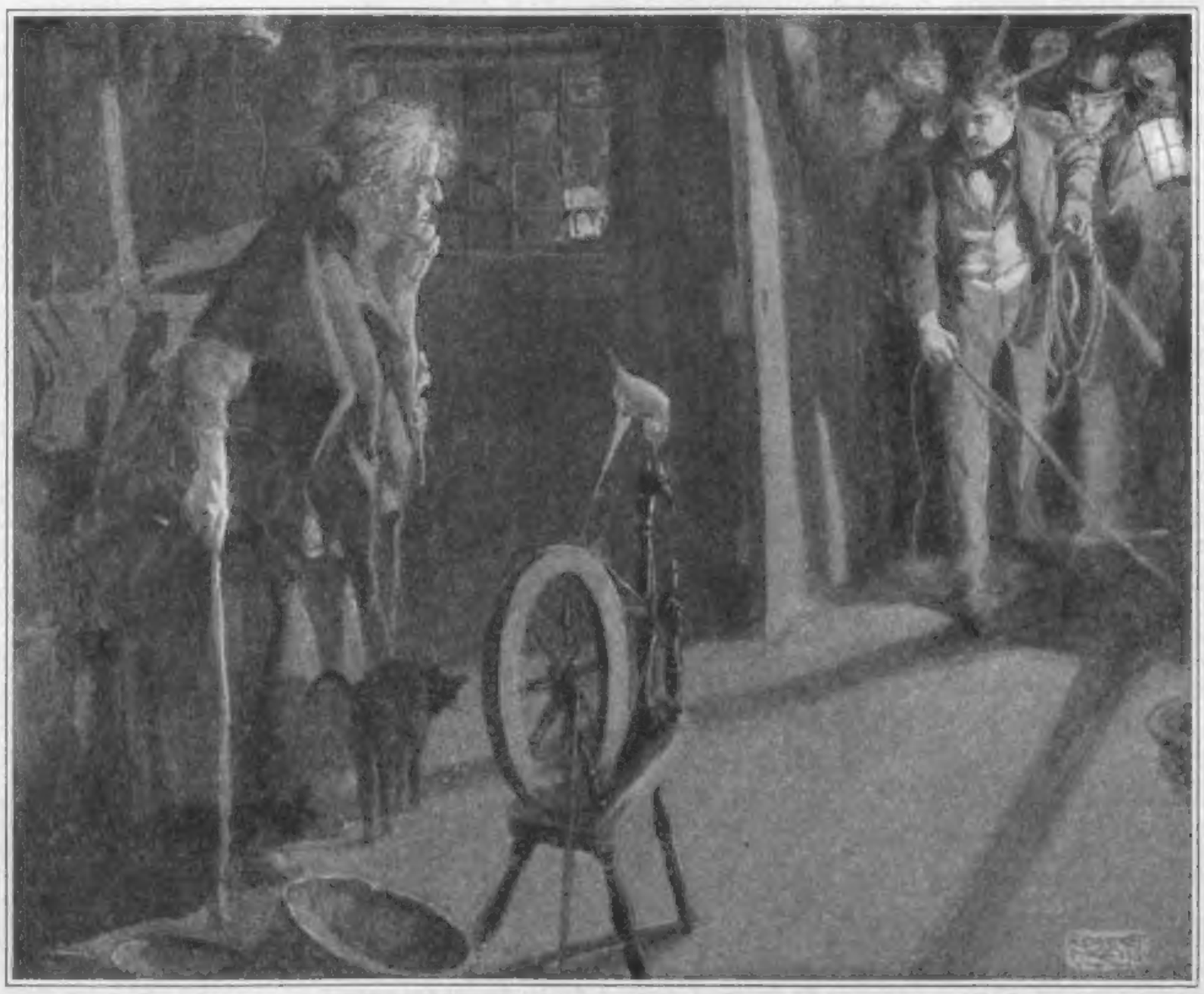
It is the rule of this merry little planet of ours that some must go up while others go down. Otherwise there would be no room at the top for those who climb. Mr. Herman Felsburg was one who steadily went up. When first I knew him he was rated among the wealthy men of our town. By local standards of those days he was rich—very rich. To me, then, it seemed that always he must have been rich. But here Judge Priest undeceived me.

When Mr. Felsburg, after four years of honorable service as a private soldier in the army of the late Southern Confederacy, came back with the straggling handful that was left of Company B to the place where he had enlisted, he owned of this world's goods just the rags he stood in, plus a canny brain, a provident and saving instinct, and a natural aptitude for barter and trade.

Somewhere, somehow, he scraped together a meager capital of a few dollars, and with this he opened a tiny cheap-John shop down on Market Square, where he sold gimcracks to darkies and poor whites. He prospered—it was inevitable that he should prosper. He took unto himself a wife of his own people; and between periods of bearing him children she helped him to save. He brought his younger brother, Ike, over from the old country and made Ike a full partner with him in his growing business.

Long before those of my own generation were born the little store down on Market Square was a reminiscence. Two blocks uptown, on the busiest corner in town, stood Felsburg Brothers' Oak Hall Clothing Emporium, then, as now, the largest and the most enterprising merchandising establishment in our end of the state. If you could not find it at Felsburg Brothers' you simply could not find it anywhere—that was all. It was more than a store; it was an institution, like the courthouse and the county-fair grounds.

The multitudinous affairs of the industry he had founded did not engage the energies of the busy little man with the funny legs to the exclusion of other things. As the saying goes, he branched out. He didn't speculate—he was too



One Night a Party of Men Broke Into Marm Perry's Cabin and Made Prisoners of Her and Her Cat

conservative for that; but where there seemed a chance to invest an honest dollar with a reasonable degree of certainty of getting back, say, a dollar-ten in due time, he invested. Some people called it luck, which is what some people always call it when it turns out so; but, whether it was luck or just foresight, whatsoever he touched seemed bound to flourish and beget dividends.

Eventually, as befitting one who had risen to be a commanding figure in the commercial affairs of the community, Mr. Felsburg became an active factor in its financial affairs. As a stockholder, the Commonwealth Bank welcomed him to its hospitable midst. Soon it saw its way clear to making him a director and vice president. There was promise of profit in the use of his name. Printed on the letterheads, it gave added solidity and added substantiality to the bank's roster. People liked him too. Behind his short round back they might gibe at the shape of his legs, and laugh at his ways of butchering up the English language and twisting up the metaphors with which he besprinkled his everyday walk and conversation; but, all the same, they liked him.

So, in his orbit Mr. Herman Felsburg went up and up to the very peaks of prominence; and while he did this, that other man I have mentioned—Thomas Albritton—went down and down until he descended into the Slough of Despond.

In the fullness of time the lines of these two crossed, for it was at the Commonwealth Bank that Albritton negotiated the first and, later, the second of his loans upon his homestead. Indeed, it was Mr. Felsburg who both times insisted that Albritton be permitted to borrow, even though, when the matter of writing the second mortgage came up, another director, who specialized in county property, pointed out that, to begin with, Albritton wasn't doing very well; and that, in the second place, the amount of his indebtedness already was as much and very possibly more than as much as the farm would bring at forced sale.

Even though the bank bought it in to protect itself—and in his gloomy mind's eye this director foresaw such a contingency—it might mean a cash loss; but Mr. Felsburg stood pat; and, against the judgment of his associates, he had his way about it. Subsequently, when Mr. Felsburg himself offered to relieve the bank of all possibility of an ultimate deficit by buying Albritton's paper, the rest of the board felt relieved. Practically by acclamation he was permitted to do so.

Of this, however, the borrower knew nothing at all, Mr. Felsburg having made it a condition that his purchase should be a private transaction. So far as the borrower's knowledge went, he owed principal and interest to the bank. There was no reason why Albritton should suspect that Mr. Herman Felsburg took any interest, selfish or otherwise, in his affairs, or that Mr. Felsburg entertained covetous designs upon his possessions. Mr. Felsburg wasn't a money lender. He was a clothing merchant. And Albritton wasn't a business man—his present condition, stripped as he was of most of his inheritance, and with the remaining portion heavily encumbered, gave ample proof of that.

Besides, the two men scarcely knew each other. Albritton was an occasional customer at the Oak Hall. But, for the matter of that, so was nearly everybody else in Red Gravel County; and when he came in to make a purchase it was never the senior member of the firm but always one of the clerks who served him.

At such times Mr. Felsburg, from the back part of the store, would watch Mr. Albritton steadily. He never approached him, never offered to speak to him; but he watched him.

One day, not so very long after the date when Mr. Felsburg privately took over the mortgages on the Albritton place, Albritton drove in with a load of tobacco for the Buckner & Keys Warehouse; and, leaving his team and loaded wagon outside, he went into the Oak Hall to buy something.

Adolph Dreifus, one of the salesmen, waited on him as he often had before.

The owners of the establishment were at the moment engaged in conference in the rear of the store. Mr. Ike Felsburg was urging, with all the eloquence at his command, the advisability of adding a line of trunks and suit cases to the stock—a venture which he personally strongly favored—when he became aware that his brother was not heeding what he had to say. Instead of heeding, Mr. Herman was peering along a vista of counters and garment racks to where Adolph Dreifus stood on one side of a show case and Tom Albritton stood on the other. There was a queer expression on Mr. Felsburg's face. His eyes were squinted and his tongue licked at his lower lip.

"Hermy," said the younger man, irritated that his brother's attention should go wandering afar while a subject of such importance was under discussion, "Hermy, would you please be so good as to listen to me what I am saying to you?"

There was no answer. Mr. Herman continued to stare straight ahead. Mr. Ike raised his voice impatiently:

"Hermy!"

The older man turned on him with such suddenness that Mr. Ike almost slipped off the stool upon which he was perched.

"What's the idea—yelling in my ear like a steam engine?" demanded Mr. Herman angrily. "Do you think maybe I am deef or something?"

"But, Hermy," complained Mr. Ike, "you ain't listening at all. Twice now I have to call you; in fact, three times."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Herman with elaborate sarcasm. "I suppose you think I got nothing whatever at all to do except I should listen to you? If I should spend all my time listening to you where would this here Oak Hall Clothing Emporium be? I should like to ask you that. Gabble, gabble, gabble all day long—that is you! Me, I don't talk so much; but I do some thinking."

"But this is important, what I am trying to tell you, Hermy. Why should you be watching yonder, with a look on your face like as if you would like to bite somebody? Adolph Dreifus ain't so dumb in the head but what he could sell a pair of suspenders or something without your glaring at him every move what he makes."

"Did I say I was looking at Adolph Dreifus?" asked Mr. Herman truculently.

"Well, then, if you ain't looking at Adolph, why should you look so hard at that Albritton fellow? He don't owe us any money, so far as I know. For what he gets he pays cash, else we positively wouldn't let him have the goods. I've seen you acting like this before, Hermy. Every time that Albritton comes in this place you drop whatever you are doing and hang round and hang round, watching him. I noticed it before; and I should like to ask ——"

"Mister Ikey Felsburg," said Mr. Herman slowly, "if you could mind your own business I should possibly be able to mind mine. Remember this, if you please—I look at who I please. You are too nosey and you talk too damn much with your mouth! I am older than what you are; and I tell you this—a talking jaw gathers no moss. Also, I would like to know, do my eyes belong to me or do they maybe belong to you, and you have just loaned 'em to me for a temporary accommodation?"

"But, Hermy ——"

"Ike, shut up!".

And Mr. Ike, warned by the tone in his brother's voice, shut up.

One afternoon, perhaps six months after this passage between the two partners, Mr. Herman crossed the street from the Oak Hall to the Commonwealth Bank to make a deposit. Through his wicket window Herb Kivil, the cashier, spoke to him, lowering his voice:

"Oh, Mr. Felsburg; you remember that Albritton matter you were speaking to me about week before last?"

Mr. Felsburg nodded.

"Well, the last interest payment is more than a month overdue now; and, on top of that, Albritton still owes the payment that was due three months before that. There's not a chance in the world of his being able to pay up. He practically admitted as much when he was in here last, asking for more time. So I've followed your instructions in the matter."

"That's a good boy, Herby—a very good boy," said Mr. Felsburg, seemingly much gratified. "You wrote him, then, like I told you?"

"Yes, sir; I wrote him. Yesterday I served notice on him by mail that we would have to go ahead and foreclose right away. So this morning he called me up by telephone from out in the country and asked us to hold off, please, until he could come in here and talk the thing over again."

"Does he think maybe he can pay his just debts with talk?" inquired Mr. Felsburg.

"Well, if he does I'll mighty soon undeceive him," said Kivil. "And yet I can't help but feel sorry for the poor devil—he's had an awful run of luck, by all accounts. But here's the thing I mainly wanted to speak to you about: You see, he still thinks the bank holds these mortgages. He doesn't know you bought 'em from the bank; and what I wanted to ask you was this: Do you want me to tell him the truth when he comes in, or would you rather I waited and let him find it out for himself when the foreclosure goes through and the sheriff takes possession?"

"Don't do neither one," ordered Mr. Felsburg. "You should call him up right away and tell him to come in to see me about it to-morrow at ten o'clock. And then, Herby, when he does come in, you should tell him to step over to the Oak Hall and see me in my office. That's all what you should tell him. I got reasons of my own why I should prefer to break the news to him myself. Understand, Herby?"

"I understand, Mr. Felsburg," said Mr. Kivil. "The minute he steps in here—before he's had time to open up the subject—I'm to send him over to see you. Is that right?"

"That's exactly right, Herby." And, with pleased puckers at the corners of his eyes, Mr. Felsburg turned away and went stumping out.

Physically Mr. Felsburg didn't in the least suggest a cat, and yet, after he was gone, Cashier Kivil found himself likening Mr. Felsburg to a cat with long claws—a cat that would play a long time with a captive mouse before killing it. He turned to his assistant, Emanuel Moon.

"What's bred in the bone is bound to show sooner or later," said Herb Kivil sagely. "I never thought of it before—but I guess there must be a mighty mean streak in Mr. Felsburg somewheres. I know this much: I'd hate mightily to owe him any money. Did you see that look on his face? He looked like a regular little old Shylock. I'll bet you he takes his pound of flesh every pop—with an extra half pound or so thrown in for good measure."

Long before ten o'clock the following morning Mr. Felsburg sat waiting in his little cubicle of a private office on the mezzanine floor at the back of the Oak Hall. He kept taking out his watch and looking at it. About ten minutes past the hour one of the clerks climbed the stairs to tell him that Mr. Thomas Albritton, from out in the Massac Creek neighborhood, was below, asking to see him.

"All right," said Mr. Felsburg; "you should send him up here to me right away. Tell him I said, please, he should step this way."

Presently, the clunk of heavy feet sounding on the steps, Mr. Felsburg reared himself back in his chair at his desk with an expectant, eager look on his face. In the doorway at the top of the stairs appeared the man for whom he waited—a middle-aged man with slumped shoulders, in worn, soiled garments, and in every line of his harassed face expressing the fact that here stood a failure, mutely craving the pardon of the world for being a failure. The yellow dust of country roads was thick, like powdered sulphur, in the wrinkles of his shoes and the creases of his shabby old coat. He had his hat in his hand.

"Good mornin', Mr. Felsburg," he said.

"Morning!"

Mr. Felsburg returned the greeting with a sharp and businesslike brevity. He did not invite the caller to seat himself. In the small room there was but one chair—the one that held Mr. Felsburg's short form. So, during the early part of the scene that followed, Albritton continued to stand, while Mr. Felsburg enjoyed the advantage of being seated and at his ease where, without stirring, he might, from beneath his lowered brows, look the other up and down.

(Continued on Page 77)

Somehow He Scraped Together a Meager Capital and Opened a Tiny Cheap-John Shop Down on Market Square

ONE AT A TIME—By H. C. Witwer

I'D RATHER be champion egg beater of the world than one of these average guys—good job, good pay, good citizens—and that lets 'em out! What? That's enough? Sure! For them kind of birds that's not only enough, that's all there is! That's all they want, that's as far up as they look—get me? They ain't got no more of this here personality thing than a toothpick or a lead pencil—they're just one of a million! They come and go—and nobody even looks up from the newspaper as they pass, because they'll be lots more of 'em along in a minute, the world's full of 'em—no, cluttered up with 'em!

Average guys, y'know. Ever see one of them books that some simp cheated his parents and disappointed his wife by wastin' the time to get together? They're full of stuff like this: "The average man drinks 8564¾ quarts of water a year and there are 40¼ pounds of salt in the average man's body" or "The average man walks twice round the world and three times past the church durin' a lifetime."

There's about four hundred pages of that spicy readin', showin' what the average guy does. His act is so full of old stuff that they got a book showin' every move he makes from the nursery to the undertaker. You can always tell what he eats, smokes, drinks and owes. He's like the ball bearin's on a sewin' machine—you don't see him or hear him and you never know he was there if he didn't bust now and then.

I been in one of these small burgs, and a guy would roll by in an auto who looked like Rockefeller's landlord, to the naked eye.

"Who's that bird?" I'd ask an onlooker.

"Heh?" he'd answer, takin' a flush. "Search me! One of them rich guys from uptown, I guess—town's full of 'em!"

Then another fellow would breeze by—on foot. Might have on an old shiny suit, a wrong hat and little or no shoes—and I'd see everybody wavin' their hands and greetin' him like he was a prosperous season.

"Who have we here?" I'd say to the native.

"Him?" he'd shoot back. "Him? I guess you don't belong round here, stranger; that's Joe Hawkins, champion quoit pitcher of this here county!"

And you'd think he was introducin' the President of the United States!

That's the difference between the average guy and the other kind—and down in its heart the whole world reasons the same way! So if you want your head to show above the mob, get away from the crowd that gets the write-ups in the Dictionary of Important Facts About the Human Race. If you can't do somethin' better than the average guy can, all right—do it worse! Anything so's you ain't just among those present in the telephone directory.

The best way to explain what I mean is to tell you the case of "Useless" Lennon, who only knew how to do one thing, but he did that so well he stood out from the other ball players of his time like Billy Sunday does from the average minister. Another thing—Useless will be remembered when all the other guys who played with and against him have to be looked up in the back files of the annual.

Lennon wasn't christened Useless—that is, not by his parents—his real name was William U. Lennon. When I first heard it I thought the U was put in the middle to make it harder, but he told me his father had been with the winners in the Civil War series and had named him after General Grant. Grant was in the box for us, y'know, and fooled the Confederate batsmen with a slow drop and an inshoot. Lee had somethin' on the ball himself, but his support, while game to the core, didn't have the big-league stuff and they lost out.

Well, I tried to figure out how to spell Grant with a U, but I couldn't do it without the book, so I put it up to Harry Lane, who was secretary of the club and once went to Harvard to sign a pitcher for me. He explains that Grant's first name was Ulysses—I made him write it out, because I never could repeat it. The nearest I could get was "Useless," and after I seen how well it fitted Lennon when he come to me, I let it go at that.

I found out later, bein' bothered as to why a big leaguer like Grant carried a trick front name like that, that this here Ulysses guy was knockin' 'em dead on the other side about the time Hans Wagner started to hang round the spring trainin' camps. He was a Chink or somethin' like that, I ain't quite sure. It's hard to keep track of them foreign guys, most of 'em only last a season in the big show anyhow.

Lennon, by some hook or crook, managed to ease himself into my wife's family as a Class C cousin. He started life as a baby, the same as everybody else, but when he got round twenty and had lost all the jobs in the neighborhood, he decided to become a ball player. He interviewed the Missus and I was selected as the fall guy.

We was in Chicago in the middle of a series that meant we went into first place if we won it and dropped to third if we didn't—and the Phillies beat the Braves. So you can see I was no more interested in the thing than the Kaiser is in the war. Three of the fastest men on the team were watchin' from the bench, unable to be of any more help than to ride the umpires, on account of cuts and bruises picked up in the first two games—and I was callin' in all the bushers I had farmed out.

"No, I Don't Claim to be No Pitcher, Although I Wouldn't Mind if That's All You Got Open"

At this critical moment, as the guy said as he fell off the roof—at this critical moment, along comes Useless Lennon. I'm sittin' in the lobby of the Auditorium Hotel after the third game, when the only guy I ever saw that really looked like the comic rubes in the movies breezes up to me and pipes: "Howdy, Cousin John!"

With that he laid down the largest steamer trunk in the world, a couple of packages wrapped in newspapers that featured colored comic sections, and pulled out a cloth checkerboard.

"Sakes alive!" he remarks, wipin' his forehead. "Sakes alive—don't this travelin' round the country in railroad trains get you dusty though?"

It had got to where people was lookin' round and grinnin' at us as they passed. I didn't blame them, because this guy was more pleasin' to the eye than anything else on view in the lobby. He was about six-foot-seven and easily as stout as a lead pencil—if he had swallowed a boiled egg whole it would have shown through his shirt, on the level! He's featurin' a hat that looks like Pawnee Bill had just throwed it away and a suit of clothes that was all the rage about the time Fulton invented the night boats to Albany. His thin, sharp face sticks out over a cut-away collar and a tie so red it looked like a three-alarm fire. He's wearin' his hair long to keep the wind off the back of his neck.

But it was his legs that caught the eye and held the attention, as we remark at the barber shop. Down to the knees they were the same as yours, but from that point on they had a stork lookin' like a dachshund. They seemed to trail down to the floor like ribbons on a Maypole—they were like a pair of stilts with trousers on 'em, except that they kinda quivered forward and backward with every breeze. They were some legs!

Well, that was Useless.

After the first flash I got at him, I turned back to the Sportin' Final without a word. I ain't no shrinkin' violet—but I was afraid the onlookers would think I was with him.

"Well, cousin!" he says, kinda hurt. "Ain't you goin' to shake hands?"

"Git away!" I shoots over the top of the paper. "The guy that made you up for this stunt double-crossed you. Your stuff is too coarse for the big time, try it over on the South Side. What is it—a revival of the Old Homestead, or is Giggly's Chewin' Gum slippin' you for this?"

He looks kinda puzzled for a minute, and I remember thinkin' he wasn't such a poor actor at that. Then he reaches in his hat and pulls a letter out of the inside band, handin' it over to me like he was goin' to holler "Sign them papers, curse you!" or somethin' like that.

"Now listen, friend!" I says, gettin' both sore and up off the chair. "I don't want to be mussy—I told you in a nice way to run along and peddle your rattlesnake oil or whatever your line is. But if you keep on pesterin' me right out in public here, I'm goin' to ease you through that door!"

"Wait 'til you read that," he comes back, "and I'll betcha you change your tune!"

And he folds his arms behind him and shakes his head as much as to say: "You don't know who I am!"

Somethin' made me take a look at the envelope and I seen it was addressed to me in the wife's writin', so I rip the thing open and read it. It was from the boss all right, and after I had waded through it I found out that if I kept sittin' in drafts in the hotel lobbies I'd get my old asthma back again; to be sure and wear my heavy ones at night in the West; that Aunt Ann was took with the quinsy again—and that the guy who would hand me this, if the train stayed on the rails, was my near cousin or almost relative, William U. Lennon!

At the bottom it said all I had to do was give him a job on the team.

Y'know, I'd heard about this bird before. Six or seven times the wife had threatened to ship him on to me, but I had a different idea of him altogether. Know what I mean? I had him figured as one of them young, clean-cut college kids who was knockin' 'em dead for old Yale or some joint like that and might actually be there with the makin's of a ball player. I never thought for a second he'd check up anything like this, so you can figure how I felt when I give Useless the up and down.

By this time the attendance round us has got so large I'm afraid the firemen will kick, so I grab him and beat it for the elevator.

"Come with me," I tells him, "before the movies kidnap you!"

I took him into my room.

"Now," I begins, "the first thing I want to know is, when do you leave?"

"Oh, I'm here to stay now!" he says, sittin' down and lookin' round the room like a guy in a doctor's office. "As soon as I get slicked up a bit I'll be ready to go with you and try on a uneyform. D'ye think you could put me in the game to-morrow?"

I looked out the window at Chicago for a while and then I says:

"No—I don't think so! I can't figure where I can find an openin' for you at all. I got nine men on the team now and that's all the positions we're allowed in this league, so you see what I'm up against. I ain't got no extry uniforms anyhow. Why don't you put it off till next season? Maybe somebody will throw up their job between now and then."

He plays on the bottom of his chin for a minute like it was a flute—I never seen nobody think that way before. Then he takes his hand away and looks over at me.

"Nope," he grins, "I'm here now and I guess I'll stay! I throwed up my job anyhow, so there's no sense in me goin' back. I could play without a uneyform for a few days—I'd be willin' to go ahead in my citizen's clothes till you could get me one made. Cousin May told me you'd give me a job as soon as I got here, because you was always short of help. She said not to mind anything you did, because you was quick-tempered, but to stay right with you until you give in"—he puts that trick hat of his on the bed and crosses them educated legs—"and that's just what I'm a-goin' to dew!" he winds up.

If you think I could have throwed him out the window and let it go at that it's because you didn't see him and—you don't know the Missus. This guy was so high from the ground that in order to wallop him on the nose you'd have to borreh a ladder, and when Mrs. Mac wants anything done, ten years' workin' experience has satisfied me that the best way is to do it first and argy it out afterward.

As soon as I read that letter I knowed I was up against it.

"Take your hat off the bed!" I says finally. "It's bad luck and I had enough for one day! What are you—a pitcher?"

"I got to leave it on the bed so's the brim won't curl on me," he tells me. "No, I don't claim to be no pitcher, although I wouldn't mind doin' it if that's all you got open."

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ON THE CURB—By Albert W. Atwood

OUT on one of the streets of lower Manhattan Island, in the open air, where the brokers freeze in winter, frizzle in summer and are driven from their posts by torrential rains, has developed of late the second largest stock market in this country, and perhaps in all the world. It is the great free-for-all poor man's stock exchange. It is the outside, the "curb" market; the strangest and certainly the most picturesque institution in the whole modern financial system.

The curb has no legal right to exist. It is as much a nuisance in the streets as a fight between neighborhood gangs. The police can drive it away in a twinkling; even the porters in near-by buildings almost hourly perform a shooing act as excited brokers swarm into their portals. But the curb is an older institution than even the New York Stock Exchange in its marble halls, and the police wink at the nuisance of it; for the curb performs a vital and at present tremendous function in the economic life of the country.

In its long history the curb has moved—or, rather, it has been pushed—from spot to spot and from street to street. Many futile efforts have been made to confine it within ropes. For the curb is like one of those elusive streams in the Western desert: In dry, dull times it dwindles away to small proportions, almost disappears; but when the floods of prosperity roar the tiny trickle swells into a mighty river and overflows all its bounds.

Such is the natural history of the curb. These are the boom days. Brokers ride home in their limousines, attain a new dignity, and vote to go indoors, with a roof over their heads. But they won't leave the street. There is an ancient affinity between brokers and curbstones, and the plain, simple truth is that there must always be an open, outside, overflow stock market, most especially in periods like the present, when new securities are being created by the billion. If the curb went indoors it would merely sink into futile unimportance and a new group of brokers would meet on some other street corner.

Out on the curb is the great crucible in which are tested the thousand-and-one hasty stock flotations of each new era of expansion in this country. It is a sort of back yard to the New York Stock Exchange, whose expensive respectability must not be intruded upon too suddenly or rudely by the newly rich among securities. Here on the curb every new child born of the excited enthusiasm of palmy, halcyon days of sudden fortune must be tried out before he enters the decorous, stately presence of his scornful elder-brother securities.

Here on the curb thousands of "pups" must wipe their shoes and wash their faces and otherwise prove themselves presentable before they go "inside." If they show up well they are "listed" on the "Big Board." If they fail in the hard daily tussle of the curb market—and of the many which start few indeed are chosen—their future is commonly that of oblivion.

The Back Yard of the Big Exchange

THE Stock Exchange and the curb are close of kin, but it is poor form to mention it above a whisper in the holy precincts of the former. One is the largest restricted stock market in the world, and the other is the largest unrestricted market; but their relationship is far closer than that. A majority—perhaps eighty-five per cent—of all business on the free-for-all curb comes from members or clients of members of the polite, regulated, restricted, antiseptic Stock Exchange. The more rigidly the Stock Exchange scrutinizes the stocks it allows on its floor, and the more severely it suppresses the cruder forms of speculative license within its own borders, the more surely and eagerly do men turn to the unbridled gambling opportunities of the curb; for there are the cheap stocks, new stocks, unregulated stocks, out of which every element of sudden gambling profit has not been squeezed in an effort to impart investment cleanliness.

Out on the Curb is the Great Crucible in Which are Tested the Stock Flotations of Each New Era of Expansion

"Oftentimes the side show, with its sword swallower, snake charmer and elastic-skin person, is far more satisfying as a means of entertainment than the main three-ring circus, which has bareback riders, tumblers, trapeze thrillers and clowns. Also, it is cheaper. Most institutions of the present day have their circus side shows: Street-car lines have the jitney; summer hotels have the boarding house; the legitimate drama has the movies. And the Stock Exchange has the curb market." Thus speaks one bilious and ill-advised critic.

But the curb is not to be scorned or made fun of. It serves useful as well as vicious ends and performs a mighty digestive feat. Here speculation, manipulation and gambling are rife. The caldron throws off plenty of spume; but that is not to be marveled at. Out of the mess of industrial creation there must be some dross. The birth of new industries is not a painless task. Fortunate, indeed, that the curb pot is big and always keeps boiling!

There is an element of mournfulness in the curb's perennial task of not only assimilating but nourishing along new securities for the Stock Exchange. Regularly every year curb statisticians make up regretful compilations of the year's losses to the Big Board. In a single year the curb lost such stocks as American Tobacco, Deere Preferred, J. I. Case, Guggenheim Exploration, Studebaker, United Cigar Stores, F. W. Woolworth and J. B. Reynolds Tobacco.

But the case is not so sad as it seems. There is always a new crop to come along. With cheerful, light-hearted airiness the curb has year after year taken up one new group of securities after another. It changes its stock as easily as a snake does its skin or the most giddy woman her summer hats. Whether the Stock Exchange snatches away the food it thrives upon, or fashions change, the curb merely tightens its belt until it can find another new output of shares. Only a few months ago it fattened upon seemingly endless, great, new steel and ordnance mergers. Now these have moved on up to the Stock Exchange or have gone out of fashion; and on the curb a long line of stocks representing every phase of the motor industry has become the rage, with never a word of fond memory even for the favorites that went before.

Trading in Imaginary Securities

THE curb is the world's largest temporary stock market. Therein lies its function. It provides a market for new securities, which are constantly being created, at the very beginning of the various enterprises, during the preliminary period of organization and prior to the actual commencement of business. It forms a great *ad-interim* market. When companies on the Stock Exchange fail, or go through reorganization, their securities are thrown out most unceremoniously. Then the curb comes to the rescue. It has no prejudice against stocks merely because a receiver has taken possession of the property.

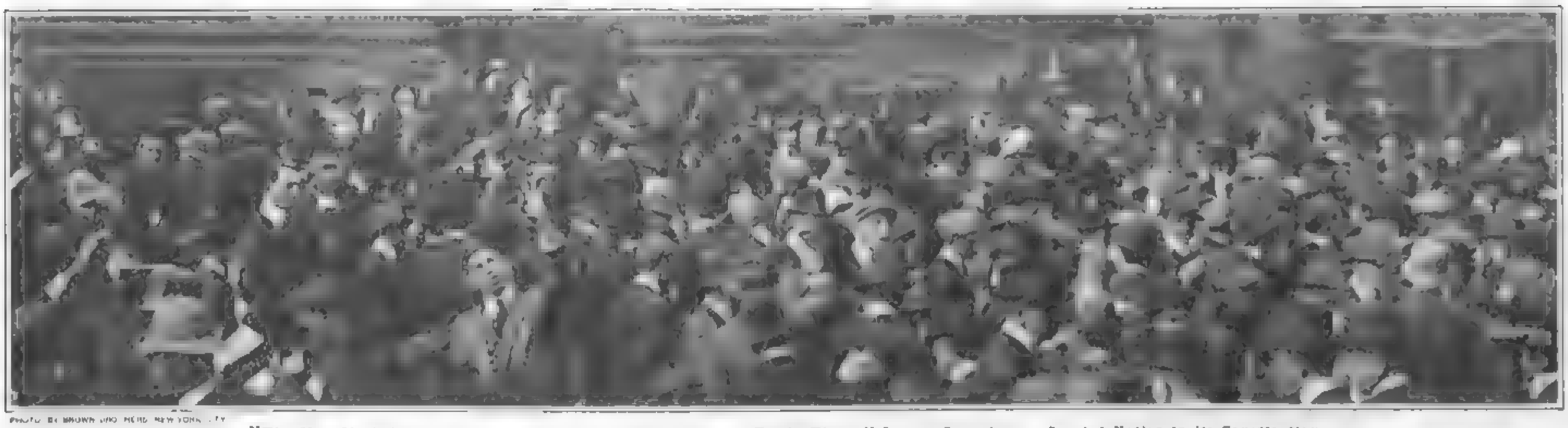
Then, too, the Stock Exchange is very particular about the engraving of securities. It does not favor admitting any stock or bond until the certificates are all ready and minutely inspected. Again the curb has no prejudices whatever. It will begin dealing in the stocks or bonds of any concern even before the company has been named, and long before the engravers have even received an order to turn out the certificates.

The curb once traded in an issue of New York State bonds that was never even considered by the state government. It rushes far ahead of realities in its eagerness for new excitement, and it calls this sort of speculation: "When, if and as issued"—or "W. I." for short.

It must not be supposed that this type of business is wholly confined to the irresponsible gambling of petty curb traders. Much of it comes from powerful banking houses that desire to create a favorable public reception for an issue of securities. Nothing is more helpful for this purpose than huge prior operations on the curb in "when-issued" contracts. The public reads of these big dealings and naturally supposes the new issue is in great demand. It is a gigantic form of preliminary advertising or publicity, regarded as perfectly legitimate, unless one gets caught buying an issue of securities that never comes into existence. And that is not so much a crime as it is a joke.

At times the curb has gone too far in its haste to anticipate new securities, and its authorities have forbidden any trading in government, state and municipal bonds before the proper officials have authorized them. Many times the curb traders have been fooled. They sought to make a

Curb Brokers are Mostly Very Young, Strong, Muscular, and Lusty of Voice. In Winter They Dress Like Eskimos; in Summer With Every Variety of Negligee



"The New York Curb Market is Open to All Who Choose to Trade There," Says a Conspicuous Special Notice in its Constitution

market for the ten-dollar par shares of Bethlehem Steel just because a brokerage firm asked the company to change from a hundred dollars to ten, the company never having had the slightest intention of so doing. But much of the "when-issued" trading is of great value to investors. When companies are dissolved, reorganized, merged, combined, their capital reduced, or any change of importance made in their financial structure, it is on the curb market first of all that the puzzled minority stockholder, the small investor, will discover what valuation the financial sharps place upon his new pieces of paper.

In fact, the curb will put a value upon anything in the line of stocks, bonds, scrip, certificates and other securities, with a single exception: It will not quote any security that is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. That is the one unpardonable, unforgivable sin that cannot, is not and will never be committed.

Every day brokers and financial editors of newspapers receive inquiries like these:

"What are curb stocks?"

"Why are stocks dealt in on the curb?"

"Why are they not listed on the Stock Exchange?"

"Why is there a curb?"

Public curiosity regarding the curb is spreading daily. It reaches to every nook and corner of the country, rousing and enlisting the interest of the most unlikely. Widows along quiet elm-bordered New England village streets; rough miners in the most remote camps; factory hands in Pawtucket, Rhode Island; farmers in Michigan—all these and scores of others have responded to the lure of quick money-making in cheap stocks on the big, seething outside market.

Out-of-Door Security Markets of Bygone Days

FOR the curb has an enormous attraction to the plain man and woman, whom the more aristocratic Stock Exchange seems to repel. It gets no end of free advertising by being out-of-doors. It thrives upon curiosity, humor and even ridicule. And this asset, free as the air, belongs to the curb alone. By the very reason of its being in the open the curb is one of the show places of New York. There is no admission fee required to look on. Thousands of out-of-town visitors daily gaze and gape upon the frantic performances of the youthful brokers. This out-of-doors existence on the street, in all kinds of weather, gives the curb a widespread reputation as a distinctive market.

There was a time in years past when visitors were admitted to the Stock Exchange. But it is harder to break into that holy of holies now than into the vaults of the Bank of England. Brokers who pay seventy-five thousand dollars for a seat are not to be stared at. Besides, there are too many cranks abroad these days. But the curb does not attract the attention of any but harmless cranks; for the crank—in the financial district at least—reacts almost entirely to the mere paraphernalia of wealth, to its marble and gold trappings.

So the curb gets the free advertising of its accessible openness. And it lives up bravely to what might be expected of it. In color, confusion, tumult and babel it has no peer. To all outward appearance it is the last word in the picturesque—in mob scenes, riot, turbulence, pandemonium, rapid change, nuisance and insanity.

At the present time this strange assemblage meets daily on Broad Street, just below Exchange Place. Its northern fringe impacts too closely upon the sidewalk in front of the big, solid Broad Exchange Building, and an employee of this huge structure makes it his pleasure and duty to drive off the brokers, along with the innumerable loiterers, sightseers, hangers-on and general camp followers that fringe the market. He drives them away because they are a nuisance in front of his building, though indescribably less of a nuisance there than in front of several other buildings farther down the street and closer to the heart of the market. But the difference is solely one of self-interest, the Broad Exchange Building's tenants being only partly curb brokers, while those of the adjoining buildings are almost wholly members of the outside talent.

Just when and where the curb market, as now understood, took its start are facts that history fails to reveal. The New York Stock Exchange itself was born on the street. The first dealings in securities were under a tree that stood at 68 Wall Street, and ever since that time some part of the markets for stocks, "puts and calls," and even foreign exchange, has been located on the sidewalks and curbs. During the Civil War it is believed that trading on the Street was heavier than on the Exchange. It began at eight o'clock in the morning and lasted until six P. M., or even later. At night the market was transferred to the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. William Street at that time was almost continually impassable by reason of the crowd of brokers.

For nearly a century the stock market of London was on the sidewalks and in the coffee houses of Change Alley. When France was given over to the delirium of the Mississippi Bubble, the street called Quincampoix "became the usual meeting place of the great lords as well as of the discreet burgesses. It was filled with excited throngs of men all day. It was found necessary to close its two ends with gates. Every house harbored business agents by the hundred, and the smallest room was let for its weight in gold."

So the curb has an ancient though at times irregular ancestry. Forty or fifty years ago a few brokers met in New Street after the close of the Stock Exchange and dealt in puts and calls. This feature is still retained in the same place where it originated. Then there grew up dealings in the actual stocks listed on the Exchange during periods of panic, when the Exchange was closed. Gradually, and in a desultory way, brokers who had gone from office to office met in small groups on street corners to buy and sell stocks that were not listed on the Exchange. For a time they obstructed the spot in front of the Sub-Treasury Building; but the police drove them on.

About fifteen or eighteen years ago a mining boom in the West and a great number of industrial combinations created a demand for an open market for securities that, because of their possibly short-lived nature, might not be admitted to the Big Exchange. From that time dates the real activity of the curb market, which met in front of the Mills Building. It is said that D. O. Mills, who, since his "forty-nine" days in California, had a warm spot in his heart for all men who braved the elements to earn a living, invited the brokers to come inside, and even expressed a willingness to provide them with a court in the center, so that they could have the sky over their heads. But all they did was to rush into the spacious lobby during rainy weather.

Finally the police moved the curb on down to its present and, the brokers hope, permanent location. Whether the police received too many complaints of noise; whether the street became too much of a quagmire during the rebuilding of the Stock Exchange; or whether the sensibilities of the Stock Exchange folk, in their beautiful new home, had become too acute to abide the nuisance outside their very windows—only the unimportant researches of an especially dry historian will ever reveal.

A Legal Description of Curb Market Antics

GIVEN enough complaints, and the police will always make the curb move on; but no force seems strong enough to wipe out and exterminate that old-established though movable market. Though the brokers have no legal rights on the street, they appear to have an ancient, intangible right to trade in the open, subject only to police regulation.

Only one serious effort has ever been made to suppress and abolish the curb, and that met with speedy failure. A lawyer occupying rooms in an adjoining building besought the courts some ten years ago to order the Police Commissioner to extirpate the curb. He produced plenty of evidence to show that the brokers obstructed the street, and maintained that it was an unlawful obstruction, and a nuisance to boot. The city of New York, in which title to Broad Street is vested, has no power, he pointed out, to license the permanent obstruction of a public street. He put his case in the usual quaint legal, but in this instance forceful, language:

"Upon the sounding of a gong said multitude, which consists of brokers, clerks, messengers, venders of drink and food, spectators, curiosity seekers, and other persons who habitually loaf around and in the vicinity of said inclosure, break forth, to the annoyance and discomfort of the surrounding neighborhood, with a volley of boisterous and discordant shouts and screams, which rend the air and are audible for several blocks; and pandemonium reigns until said gong sounds, at three o'clock. Communication is had directly through the atmosphere between persons in said assemblage and persons occupying positions at the windows of near-by offices in shrill and boisterous tone of voice, and their vociferous manner incites to disorder other persons; and they also join in the general confusion and noise making, so that disorderly conduct prevails from Wall to Beaver Streets.

"The purpose of a highway," he continued, "is for the passing and repassing of the public, which is entitled, so far as needed, to the full, unobstructed and uninterrupted enjoyment of the entire width of the layout for the purpose. Hackney-coach stands and lunch wagons have been ordered off the streets because they were permanent obstructions.

'Shop is set up in the street to the exclusion of persons desiring to use it as a thoroughfare, as effectively as if the butcher or grocer should remove thereto his wares to avoid payment of rent."

But all these arguments went for naught. About thirty brokers appeared and made their unprejudiced affidavits. The noise of the curb was music in their ears. Such was the purport of what they said. They handed in, one and all, an affidavit that read: "There has been absolutely no interruption of the traffic on the street or on the

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Conveying Orders to Buy and Sell by Frantic Finger Motions

The Boys They Left Behind Them

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

It Struck Me as Out of Order to See Them Walking Up the Street

HERE in Hoxie we don't go round making much of a shout about our patriotism. I guess we take it for granted, the same as we take Sunday and the sayings of old Ben Waller. On the Fourth of July, for instance, you won't see many big flags flying round Hoxie, but if you happen to go past the cemetery you will see plenty of little ones, faded and streaked perhaps by five weeks of weather, but more significant than if they were tinted with the bright colors of the rainbow. They won't all be Civil War flags either. The War of 1812 is represented well in the Hoxie cemetery, and the D. A. R. have placed their monuments over no less than seventeen graves.

No; we don't pour out patriotic oratory here in our part of Connecticut to any great extent; but if we have visitors on the Fourth and want to show off a bit we know how to go about it. We take them round to the place where Nathan Hale taught school, and then we drive to where Israel Putnam left his team to go and make his bid for immortality. Or if we turn the other way we can visit the birthplace of Samuel Huntington, who once signed his name to a somewhat momentous document that is often read on the Fourth of July and is generally known as the Declaration of Independence. Coming back we can stop for a few silent minutes before the place where Benedict Arnold was born and then, more briskly proceeding on our way, we can show our visitors where the parents or grandparents of five Presidents of these United States once lived, which is considerable historical record if you wish to think about it.

But of all the history which has been conceived or carried out in Eastern Connecticut I doubt if there is any more uproarious or exciting chapter than the one which has just been written. I will tell you frankly at the outset that the story which you are about to hear is almost incredible. But so many incredible things are happening these days that such a criticism has lost its force—rather, indeed, speaking for the truth of a story. If you had seen Benedict when he was a nice little boy in short trousers and heard his mother calling him "Benny," could you have believed that some day he would achieve such a measure of infamy? Or if you had seen Israel Putnam when he was a poor young farmer, geeing and hawing to his oxen and sitting up all night when he had a sick cow, could you have believed that in a few years he was going to perform such deeds that a king would have the chills upon hearing his name, and the whole map of the world would presently be changed? Such things as these, you know, are almost incredible, too, and I wish you would kindly bear them in mind while I tell you about the remarkable adventures of the boys of Company M.

We have in Hoxie—as you have in your town—a collection of fine young fellows known as the crowd, who are always on edge for excitement, and this edge is a very sharp edge—honed, strapped and always ready to jump in and shave the wiry red beard of adventure. If I were writing a study of heredity I should go back and show you that some of the ancestors of these young men had been crusaders, and some had been minstrels, and others had been buccaneers, pilgrims, pioneers, explorers and gentlemen of fortune in many a desperate undertaking. Unfortunately for romance, however, most of the occupations that I have mentioned have passed into the discard, and our young men in Hoxie—like those in your town—resemble that famous character of fiction who was all dressed up with no place to go—that is to say, they were primed for adventure and nothing came off. Meanwhile the blood of their forefathers was urging them on to the attainment of such thrills as they could find, without necessarily earning for themselves a niche in our county jail. Perhaps you may gather from this that we have a particularly wild lot of young bloods in Hoxie, but if you care to look round your own town I think you'll be able to find just such a crowd there. For that reason I like to think that this is not a local story so much as it is a story of America, though whether the moral is a good one or a bad one I shall have to let my readers decide for themselves.

About five years ago a troop of cavalry visited Hoxie, exploring and mapping the roads. The night after they had gone the crowd was in Mercier's drug store, when Ed Leahy suddenly exclaimed:

"Say, fellows, what's the matter with organizing a militia company here in Hoxie?"

Whereupon Ed, who is tall and thin, frowned round at the crowd from under his mop of hair as though he would eat up any and all objections as fast as they were offered. But instead of being greeted with objections, Ed's suggestion was received in that silence which always seems to imply a certain degree of merit, if not downright approval.

"We could certainly have some good rifle shoots," said Henry Starkweather.

Ed and Henry were old-time rivals for the target championship of Windham County and were barred from all the turkey shoots between Norwich and Putnam.

"And have a corking good clambake every year in Tilley's Grove!" piped up Fatty Riggs.

"Yes," said Frank Norris, who was studying law in Back & Darbie's office over in Danielson. "But if we organized a company we'd want an armory, wouldn't we? What would we do for an armory?"

Now that year Deacon Wiggins had decided to go out of the ice business, on account of various discouragements and deficits, and his ice house stood empty on the pond just over the railway track. It was an ugly-looking building, as ice houses are apt to be, but the frame was good and the roof was tight, and there aren't many boys in Hoxie who don't know how to handle a hammer and saw.

"I'll tell you what we could do," said Ed Leahy, frowning fiercely through his bangs, "we could buy Dece Wiggins' ice house and fix it up. He's been trying to sell it for the lumber there is in it, but so far he's only got one bid of twenty-five dollars, and that was from Dan Green. What do you say if we make him an offer for the whole business—land and all?"

Which was how it started. In less than a month Company M, of the Fifth Regiment, Connecticut National Guard, had been duly organized, and Ed Leahy had bought the ice house, pond and four acres of land from Deacon Wiggins. The price was one hundred and sixty-three dollars and seventy-five cents, which will show you whether or not the deacon was a close bargainer. After Ed had assessed his charter members and a determined-looking committee had called upon Hoxie's leading merchants, there was enough to pay the deacon in full and to start the improvements too.

Throughout that summer the boys worked upon their armory, putting in such time as they could spare from their regular work, and sending their committee to call upon Hoxie's leading merchants whenever anybody had a hunch that the time was ripe for another strike upon the cash registers of Main Street. The four acres were plowed and seeded down to a lawn. In the center of this a flagpole was raised and an old cannon was placed with a pyramid of balls on each side of it—relics obtained by Judge Prior from the state armory at Hartford. The outside of the building was made handsome with windows, clapboards and paint, and after the inside walls had been lined with metal siding and one end finished off as a clubroom—with an open fireplace and two pool tables Deacon Wiggins did everything but go and see the public prosecutor about the way in which he considered he had been stung.

The second winter the boys put a dancing floor in the main hall of the armory, and after that it was the social center of our town. Krauss' band made it their headquarters, the church fairs and carnivals were held there, the graduating classes of the Hoxie high school gave their receptions in it, the juniors played basketball there. So you can see that when the gun company started to build their new factory, and finally offered to pay thirty-five hundred dollars for the armory and the four acres of land that went with it, the offer was received with more indignation than interest.

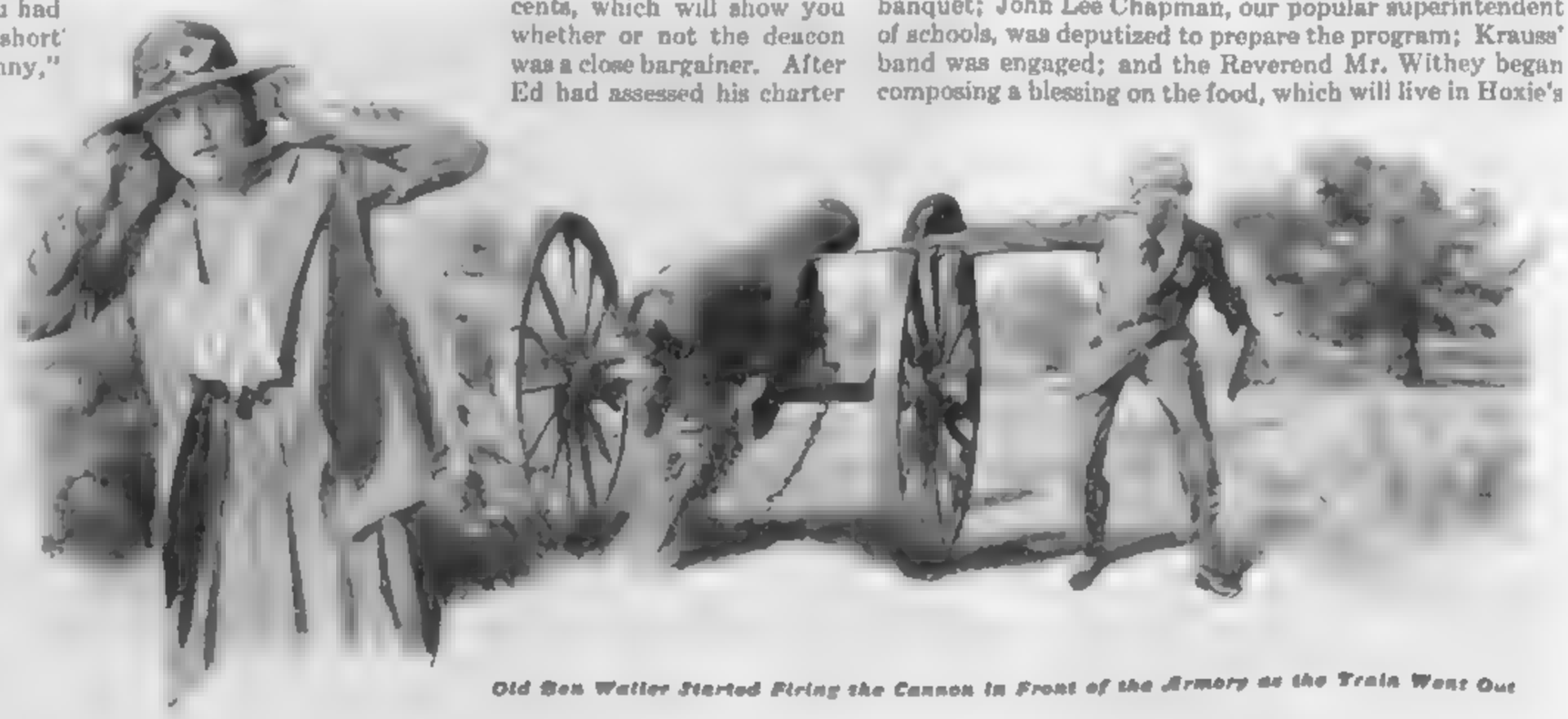
As old Ben Waller said, they might as well have tried to purchase Deacon Wiggins' whiskers for the small sum of a buffalo nickel—yes, and would have had a better chance of buying them too.

From all of which you can begin to see how we felt in Hoxie last June, when the papers came out with the news that the National Guard was to be sent immediately to the Mexican border. Some such thrill, I imagine, swept through Hoxie in 1776 and again in 1860. Wherever two or three citizens were gathered together, there were earnest consultations and stern, set faces; and whereas, the day before, the boys of Company M had been more or less average young American citizens, pursuing a more or less average allowance of life, liberty and happiness, overnight they had blossomed into heroes. And it was a poor throat that didn't feel a lump in it whenever a Company M boy went swinging down the street, his shoulders set back at the martial angle and on his face that look of patriotic exaltation which indicates the willingness to do or die.

We don't get the morning papers till the 8:15 comes in from Providence, but before noon that day arrangements were well under way for the farewell reception to the boys of Company M. Old Ben Waller voiced public sentiment as well as anyone I heard.

"This ain't to be no bean supper," said he, "nor one of those berry festivals. I was through Shiloh and I was through Antietam, and I want you to know that some of these boys are going away who'll never come back. So the least we can do is to give them a send-off which they'll remember as long as they live—'cause nobody knows how long they'll live to remember it."

With this as the ruling idea the various committees were speedily appointed. Within ten minutes the girls of the M. M. Society were put in charge of decorating the armory; the woman's club was made responsible for the banquet; John Lee Chapman, our popular superintendent of schools, was deputized to prepare the program; Krauss' band was engaged; and the Reverend Mr. Withey began composing a blessing on the food, which will live in Hoxie's



Old Ben Waller Started Firing the Cannon in Front of the Armory as the Train Went Out

memory as probably the longest and most eloquent grace ever uttered in the state of Connecticut.

As long as any of the present generation is alive that farewell reception is going to be talked about in Hoxie. At twenty-five minutes past seven the entire population had assembled at the armory, and those who couldn't get inside sat out on the grass. Everyone was on the watch and listen, and everyone seemed to be laboring under that electric tension that often presages a crashing thunderstorm. Promptly at half past seven, Krauss' band could be heard coming out of the Pansy Theater, drumming and fifing Yankee Doodle, and everybody felt a prickling of the scalp and whispered to everybody else "Here they come!" Then round the corner of the depot we caught sight of the band, heard it swing grandly into the Star-Spangled Banner, saw the khaki-dressed figures marching behind it, and in that moment Hoxie simply went mad with such a rich mixture of emotions that when the Reverend Mr. Withey arose five minutes later to ask a blessing on the food we felt so worn and spent that we were glad of the chance to catch our breath. But the dominie soon had us breathing hard again. As old Ben Waller said next morning: "If he had only thought to put in a mourners' bench the Reverend Withey could have saved every sinner in Hoxie then and there!"

And such a banquet—served both inside and outside the armory, with the boys of Company M sitting on a raised platform like the heroes they were! Such chicken potpies and turkey hash! Such mashed potatoes and rich gravy and horticultural beans! And up on the platform—the whisper ran round—the boys had clams in tomato catchup and were going to have all the lobster they could eat, too, before the ice cream was passed round. And when I tell you that there were eleven different kinds of lobster, including shrimp and tunny, you will get some slight idea of what the woman's club had been doing that afternoon. And when I add that the girls of the M. M. Society did nothing from eight o'clock till nine but cut the cake and dish out the ice cream, you can see again whether or not Hoxie was rising to the occasion and making the most of it!

I should like to tell you about the program, but it would take too long and I have such a lot to tell. This part of the entertainment ended with a speech by the first selectman, in which the boys of Company M were eulogized in such an enthusiastic manner that those of them who didn't turn as red as peonies finally broke out into a violent sweat. After that the floor was cleared and dancing began.

When She Cried "I'm Going to Kiss Them All!" There Was No Disorderly Retreat

It is probably a world-old picture—this of love and beauty dancing with their departing warriors—but it was new to our generation, and I doubt if there was anyone there who didn't feel its power in some form or other. Japanese lanterns were strung in and out among the bunting and under the trees outside. The band played, the breezes blew, the pond rippled; over in Bradford's meadow the committee on fireworks began letting off their rockets; and against this background of sight and sound I wish you could have seen the boys of Company M dancing with their wives and sweethearts, the trim khaki of the soldiers making a significant contrast to the silks and laces of their partners. Along toward the end of the evening the band played the Spanish Cavalier waltz, and first one and then another started to sing it, till they came to the lines:

And if I should fall
In vain you would call ——

When they got as far as that Fannie Pierce simply couldn't hold in any longer. She stopped dancing, threw her arm round Joe Pierce's neck and gave him a kiss which must have made his ears tingle. Taking her cue from this, perhaps, as soon as the dance was over, Nellie Carter ran across the floor and kissed Ed Leahy—Ed being captain of the company that year. Nellie is known as the belle of Hoxie, so when she almost hysterically cried "I'm going to kiss them all!" there was no disorderly retreat among the boys of Company M. She carried out her threat, too, dancing round the room like a sprite in her pink chiffon, while the band played The Girl I Left Behind Me, and everyone applauded till the armory rang again. As the Journal said that week: "It was a scene of indescribable emotion." It certainly was.

The next morning I got up late, and my first thought was "I wonder if they've gone yet." While I was dressing I saw Ed Leahy and Henry Starkweather walking up from the station, and somehow it struck me as distinctly out of order to see them walking up the street like that, after we had given them such a send-off the night before. "Still," I thought, sensibly enough, "they can't help it," and I called through the window to ask if there was any news.

"Not yet," said Ed. "But I hear that the Danielson boys are going down this morning with General Darbie, and I wouldn't be surprised if we got orders to take the same train."

But they didn't. All day long the boys waited at the armory. Along toward five o'clock Ed telephoned state headquarters, and was told that Company M wouldn't be wanted that night, but were to hold themselves in readiness the next day.

When the boys left the armory and started for their homes it struck me again as distinctly out of order to see them walking round Hoxie, after receiving such a farewell. I think that most of the boys felt the same way about it, but what could they do? They could only walk straight home, as though to keep their farewell as intact as possible, and try not to notice our puzzled looks.

"But they'll get off to-morrow, sure," was the final sentiment. "And say, wasn't that a grand old send-off they had last night?"

Next day was Thursday and still no orders came from Hartford. The boys waited at the armory all day, and that evening when Ed came out of the booth from telephoning Hartford, he looked decidedly worried.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he darkly remarked, "if I have to go up and talk to those guys to-morrow. Nothing doing to-night, boys!" he called out. "We can all go home!"

The boys went home and, though it might have been imagination on my part, it seemed to me that some of them were beginning to look sheepish. For forty-eight hours they had been holding themselves at a tension, and I think the reaction was setting in. If you think it over for a moment you will see their position. They had been fêted, eulogized, fireworked, prayed over, kissed and otherwise given a fond farewell—and there they continued to stick in Hoxie! Some of them were feeling more than sheepish, they were getting mad about it; and to tell the truth it seemed to me that the Hoxie folks were beginning to feel peevish too. For one thing, Jewett City and Moosup were beginning to laugh at us, and for another thing we had an uncomfortable feeling that I can't quite define. As nearly as I can express it, we felt that our farewell was hovering somewhere between the sublime and the ridiculous and was threatening to drop at any moment, with a jolt that would send a laugh all over Connecticut.

"What's the matter with those folks in Hartford?" seemed to be the general question. "Don't they think our boys can fight?"

If the "folks in Hartford" had any doubts about it I wish they could have seen Ed Leahy the next morning, when he received a long official-communication envelope, bearing the state's coat of arms.

"It's here, boys!" he exclaimed, and as he tore the envelope open he turned that shade of red which stands for importance and an agreeable feeling of heart's delight.

Half a minute later Ed's face clouded over like a thunder shower, and the redness of it no longer indicated nice emotions, but seemed rather to betoken apoplexy and the passionate breaking of bonds. Alarmed at these symptoms, a number of the boys crowded round him and read the letter over his shoulder. Five minutes later, I doubt if there was one person in Hoxie who hadn't heard the news. Company M, if you please, wasn't going to the front! Company M, if you please, was to be left at home!

Yes, Company M was to be left at home! The Danielson boys could go, and the Willimantic boys could ride away like heroes, but as for Company M, "only a certain percentage of troops are going from each state," read the letter, "and for the present, at least, your company will not be called for service. Respectfully ——"

"Yes!" said Ed, in a terrible voice. "Yes! And I'd like to have that respectful guy here for a few minutes! Say, boys, I'm going to Hartford and have a talk with these people. Maybe they think we're scared or something."

"Or maybe they think we're needed at home for the haying," said another bitter voice.

"Or maybe they think we're Rubes," said a voice more bitter than the other two. "Maybe they think that, living up here, we don't know how to travel!"

"Well, I'm going to travel to Hartford on that ten-thirty-four," said Ed. "I'll show 'em whether they can play us a trick like that and get away with it!"

But when he came back on the seven-one it only needed one glance at Ed to see that the Hoxie boys had got to stay home and, before we went to bed that night, our town was practically in a state of open rebellion against the Government. Looking back at it now, I believe the women were as mad as the men, especially when Ma'am Heney received a post card next morning from an anonymous correspondent in Putnam. Ma'am Heney is our official town gossip, and it wasn't long before most of the women in Hoxie had read that postcard:

The gallant lads of Putnam
Are fighting like the dickens
To keep the little Hoxie lambs
At home to feed the chickens.

Other anonymous post cards came from Jewett City and Danielson, addressed to various members of Company M. A few had white feathers pasted to them, but the others tried to be witty. Company M was nearly in tears of rage.

(Continued on Page 33)

The Iron Horse and the Gas Buggy

By Edward Hungerford

THE other day the convention of an important Episcopalian diocese was held in a large town in one of our Eastern States. The general passenger agent of a certain good-sized railroad which radiates from that town in every direction saw a newspaper clipping in relation to the convention, and promptly dictated a letter to his assistant there asking about how many passengers they had had as a result of the gathering. The reply was prompt.

"None!" it read.

The G. P. A. reached for his ready-packed grip and took the next train up there. He wanted to find out the trouble. It was not hard to locate. It was a pretty poor shepherd of a pretty poor flock who did not possess some lamb who commanded a touring car of some sort. And it was a part of the lamb's duty—nay, his privilege—to drive the rector to the convention. They came from all that end of the state—in automobiles; and what had in past years been a source of decent revenue to the railroad which covered that state ceased to be any revenue whatsoever.

This is only one of many such cases. Any county or state or interstate gathering held in a part of the country where road conditions are even ordinarily good may count on folk coming to it by automobile up to a one-hundred-and-fifty-mile radius; ofttimes from much greater distances. It is not argued that the trip is less expensive—the contrary is probably invariably true; only to-day they have the cars—and a meeting in an adjoining county gives a welcome excuse for a little trip. Need more be said?

Only this: Those same folk otherwise might have gone upon the cars. And the railroad's assistant general passenger agent could have sat down at his typewriter and written a neat little letter to his chief calling attention to the increased business resulting from the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the X. Y. G. C. this year as compared with that of last—the inference being nearly as clear to the chief as to the man who indited the letter.

Business That Steam Roads are Losing

MULTIPLY these lodge meetings, these convocations, these conventions, add to them high-school excursions and picnics and fraternity field days—almost without number; picture to yourself the highways leading to these high spots of American life crowded with private and public motor cars of all descriptions—and you can begin to realize a serious situation that confronts the passenger-traffic men of the big steam railroads. Upon the eastern and the western edges of the land, where highway conditions have attained their highest development, the situation is all but critical; in the central and southern portions of the country it is already serious.

Here is one of the big hard-coal roads up in the northeastern corner of the U. S. A. Its president lays much stress upon the value to the property of its anthracite holdings and carryings. Yet he is far too good a railroader to ignore the value of its passenger traffic. Because of this last, his road has built huge hotels and connecting steamboats. In past years its passenger revenues have even rivaled the tremendous earnings of its coal business. Because, however, of the competition of the automobile, these have slipped backward for the past few years. And the president of the road has reasoned it out in an ingenious fashion:

"There are four thousand three hundred and thirty-nine motor cars licensed in A——, T—— and their intermediate towns alone," he says. "If each of these carried three passengers twenty-five miles a day for a year their passenger miles would equal those of our entire system for the same time."

A passenger mile, let it be understood, is one of the units in estimating the traffic revenues of a railroad. It represents one passenger carried one mile and forms a stable basis of comparison for statistics of every sort. And it is passenger miles by the hundreds and the thousands that the railroads of New England are losing to-day. When one stands beside one of the well-traveled pathways of the Ideal Tour, the Real Tour or the Mohawk Trail, and sees touring cars, loaded to the gunwales with luggage, go whizzing by him—ten, twenty to the hour—he begins to realize this.

Not all of these folk would travel by train if there were no motor cars—some of them are riding for the pure joy of automobile touring—but many of them would go to the mountains or the coast anyway and so make a large addition to railroad passenger revenues. The vast increase in trunks handled over reasonably long distances by the express companies in these last few years is, in itself, something of an index of the volume of this through business that is traveling by motor to-day.

Now cross the country and take a quick glimpse at the situation in the Northwest. The president of an important steam road at Portland—which, in turn, controls both city and interurban lines extending out from Portland and Spokane—is peculiarly qualified to speak of the situation there.

"Though our road has not yet suffered severely from automobile competition," he says, "I anticipate that we shall lose this summer quite a proportion of our passenger business moving from Portland to the beaches, because of the completion of a hard-surface wagon road between it and Astoria. With us the question is vital. It is still more vital with our electric interurban properties. Throughout California, Oregon and Washington this class of railroad has suffered most severely from motor competition; and, with the decreased cost and increased effectiveness of the automobile, I expect such losses to increase rather than diminish.

"In all these states there have been large expenditures for improved highroads during the past five years; many times under the guise of providing easy and inexpensive transportation for farm products to markets. But these highroads, instead of being built from the transportation centers out into the producing region, so as to serve the farms, have almost invariably paralleled steam and electric lines. As a result, the transportation companies have been heavily taxed to construct and maintain highways for the benefit of competitors who are carrying both passengers and freight in direct competition with them."

Similar complaints are coming from the railroads all over the land. New York has appropriated and expended nearly one hundred million dollars in building a system of improved highways over the entire state. They are superb roads. Not only do they link all the cities and the big towns but they sometimes stretch for many miles through the fastnesses of the forest—you may drive for twenty miles through the Adirondacks on as perfect a bit of pavement as any city park may boast and yet not pass more than one or two human habitations in all that distance.

All of which is glorious—for the motorist and his friends; to say nothing of the hotel keepers and the garage owners on the route. But how about the railroad which covers the state of New York like a web and, because of the fact that it is its chief taxpayer, becomes automatically the heaviest contributor to these highways? It knows that every mile of improved road that is completed is going to mean a lessening of its revenues from local passenger traffic. And it can have, from that point of view, small comfort from seeing the increasing list of motor-car owners in the New York State towns.

For the moment leave the purely pleasure uses of the motor car. Consider a commercial possibility that is increasing almost overnight. The auditing departments of concerns which have from fifty to five hundred salesmen out in the field are beginning to acquaint themselves with gasoline and tire performances. Soon they will have need of such special knowledge. A single case will illustrate:

Two traveling men working out of Syracuse—one for a typewriter concern and the other for a wholesale grocery—decided to cooperate. Together, and out of their own funds, they purchased an inexpensive car and had its body so adjusted that back of the driving seat there was a compartment large enough for a goodly quantity of samples and the valises which held their personal effects. They had figured that, upon many of the local lines of railroad operating but two or three trains a day in each direction at the most, they could not, under the most favorable conditions, "make" more than four towns a day. From twenty to thirty per cent of their time was spent in the lobbies of hotels at country stations waiting for the up local or the down. With their automobile they now can get out of a town as soon as their business is done there. And during the past three months they have averaged six towns a day.

The Fat and Lean in Transportation

HERE is a possibility of the automobile that the railroads can hardly afford to ignore. One of the big New England roads noted in a recent month that its sale of mileage books—a form of railroad ticket designed particularly for the use of commercial travelers—had declined nearly twenty-nine per cent since high-water mark three years before. Investigation on its part showed that the traveling men all through its territory were beginning to get automobiles. The houses that employed them were encouraging them, either helping in the part purchase of the cars or, in some cases, buying them entirely. They, too, had discovered that their salesmen, no longer dependent on the train service of branch lines, could make more towns in a day.

Branch-line passenger service is closely related to this phase of automobile competition. It is the opinion of a good many shrewd railroaders that the big roads have not always given proper attention to the full development of this phase of their traffic. Some of the big roads—some of the smaller ones too—have given this business, oftentimes valuable in itself and never to be ignored as feeding possibility of main-line and competitive traffic, little or no attention. Other roads ignore it.

"It is unprofitable," they tell you with exceeding frankness. "If there is any money at all in the passenger end of the railroad it is in the long haul. We have our branch lines and, of course, we shall have to continue to operate them—as best we can; but they are the lean of our business. And we have to get a lot of fat on the long-haul traffic to even up with this discouraging lean."

It is because of this theory—very popular in some transportation circles—that so many branch-line railroads to-day operate no more, in many instances even less, trains

than they did twenty, thirty or forty years ago. The constant tendency has been to cut down service on branch lines. Such cuts generally come in the recurrent seasons of railroad retrenchment, but the trains taken off are rarely restored. For one thing the branch-line railroad does not often run in a genuinely competitive territory. For another, there is apt to be less protest from a string of small towns and large villages than from one or two larger cities with boards of trade whose secretaries are eternally nagging the railroads.

Yet these small towns and villages—ofttimes the nuclei and the birthplaces of our best Americanism—even the isolated crossroads, have some rights. One of the largest of these is the right of communication. Some of them, under the shrinkage of the train service of the single branch-line railroad that has served them, have found themselves, in turn, shrinking and hardening. The popular-priced automobile may yet prove their salvation. Already many of the smallest of them are beginning to expand. The tavern at the crossroads has been repainted and is serving chicken-and-waffle dinners, the general store thrives anew on its sales of gasoline and oil. But, best of all, the folk in adjoining villages visit back and forth. They mix and broaden. The intercourse they were denied by the railroad has been given them through the agency of the automobile.

Come now to the public use of the automobile. And, though many railroaders profess to scout the idea of the automobile's carrying passengers for pay, and state their belief that the increasing number of privately owned and operated cars represents their real problem, yet the motor bus operating cross-country begins to bear, in its relation to the steam railroad, a strong resemblance to the effect of the jitney upon the traction road. In this last case the opposition quickly reached a high and dangerous volume and then subsided. The reasons why the jitney, after being hailed with high acclaim all the way across the land, has disappeared from the streets of more than half of our American cities and towns are not to be told here. It is sufficient here and now to say that, save in the South and the extreme West, it has ceased to be a formidable competitor of the trolley. But, as the jitney of the city has diminished, its brother of the country roads has grown. And the various regulating boards, city and county, though generally looking upon the city boy with a forbidding look, have given nothing but encouraging glances to his country brother.

Motor Cars for Cross-Country Runs

THE other day I rode with Henry Sewall from Frederick to Baltimore. Henry is a colored man of unusually prepossessing dress and manner. He owns a seven-passenger motor car of 1916 model and a fairly popular-priced make. He keeps his car tuned up and clean.

I found the two of them in the main street of Frederick—just in front of one of the town's most popular hostelries. The car bore a placard stating that it would leave for Baltimore, forty-six miles distant, at five o'clock, and that the one-way fare for the journey would be one dollar and fifty cents. I asked Henry Sewall the time that I might reasonably expect to be at my hotel in Baltimore. He showed his even white teeth as he replied:

"'Fore seven 'clock, suh. Ah've been known to do it in less."

I glanced at the time card of the railroad that connects Frederick with Baltimore. It is a particularly good railroad, yet the afternoon train that it runs over the "old main line," as it calls that branch, left Frederick at four-fifty o'clock and did not arrive at a station, some ten "squares"—one never says "blocks" in Baltimore—from my hotel, until seven-twenty o'clock. Mileage and fare were practically the same as Henry Sewall's, but the train made numerous intermediate stops. And Henry announced, with the negro's love of pomp and regulation, that the laws of the state of Maryland would not permit him to stop and pick up passengers between Frederick and Baltimore—his license, with the imposing state seal in its corner, especially forbade that.

I rode with Henry. The softness and the sunshine of a perfect day in early summer; the knowledge that the old National Pike, over which we were to travel, was in the pink of condition; that we were to pass across the Stone Jug Bridge and through the fascinating towns of New Market and Ellicott City—were too much to be forsworn. And we had a glorious ride—the car filled and with but one stop of ten minutes at the fascinating Ellicott City, where Henry changed tires. But, even with this detention, I was at my hotel door promptly at seven o'clock.

Henry makes the round trip from Baltimore to Frederick each day of the week except Sunday, when his car is for general charter. Even on rainy days Henry's car is almost invariably filled—he manages to carry eight passengers besides himself. With a maximum earning capacity of twenty-four dollars a day and an average of only a very little less, Henry is earning a very good living for himself, even when he figures on the cost, the wear-and-tear and the depreciation of an automobile that is driven about one hundred miles a day.

There are many Henry Sewalls in and round Baltimore. Maryland to-day claims to have the finest highroads of any state in the Union. The cross-country jitney busses have not been slow to take advantage of this. They start at regularly appointed hours from a popular-priced hotel in the heart of the city, and the hours of their arrival and departure are as carefully advertised and as carefully followed as those of a steam railroad. When they are all starting out in the morning the scene is as brisk and gay as it must have been at the Barnum's Hotel in the Baltimore of nearly a century ago, when, with much ado and gay confusion, the coaches set out upon the post roads—for Frederick, for York, for Harrisburg, for Philadelphia and for Washington.

Yet the railroads that radiate from Baltimore have not seen fit to fight these newcomers for the traffic of from ten to fifty miles outside the city. They have made particularly serious inroads upon the earnings of one of the smaller of the steam lines which ordinarily derives a very good share of its earnings from its suburban traffic. There are good and sufficient reasons for the big railroads to hold their peace. Take Henry Sewall's opposition: The direct rail route to Frederick from Baltimore is a line exempted from through passenger trains and very largely given over to a vast tonnage of through freight. The officers of the road have from time to time given thought to the possibilities of increasing the local passenger service on that very line.

To do so, however, on the generous plans they had outlined among themselves would have meant either one of two things—they would seriously have incommoded the movement of the through freight, which is a railroad's largest source of profit, or else they would have been compelled to add a third track to that particular line. The income from the increased local passenger service would not justify the expense in either of these cases. Therefore, this railroad can afford to be indifferent to Henry Sewall.

There is a yet broader way of looking at it. Out of my old home town in Northern New York there radiates to-day nearly as complete a system of motor-bus routes as that from Baltimore. We have almost three hundred miles of superb new state highways in Jefferson County. And Watertown—our county seat—is a hub of no small traffic wheel. These busses, despite the arduous winters of the North Country—Watertown is reputed to have but three seasons, winter and July and August—keep going nearly the entire year round. They are, of course, patronized all that time; and the railroad that serves almost the entire North Country loses much local passenger traffic as a result of them. It is the largest taxpayer in the state of New York—the chief contributor to its hundred-million-dollar system of highways. Yet it, too, is not fighting these jitney busses. On the contrary, one of its high traffic officers said to me just the other day:

"We realize that the automobile is hardly apt to be a permanent competitive factor in any long-distance passenger traffic—and that is the only passenger traffic in which we see any real profit. And there is a still bigger way of looking at it: Every automobile that goes into the sections of New York which we serve means a movement of high-grade freight—the tires, the gasoline, the oils and the innumerable accessories that it constantly demands mean more freight. Besides this, if the automobile is developing the man on the farm or in the little village we shall, in the long run, profit. The development of the entire state of New York means the development of our railroad."

And that is a platform on which no business—no matter how large or how small it is—can ever lose.

Lines That Compete and Those That Feed

BUT is there not a possibility that the railroad can regain some of the traffic it has lost, temporarily at least, to the motor car? Is it not possible that the derided branch line may not be changed from a withered arm into a growing one? Amputation has sometimes proved effective. There are many branch-line railroads, which probably should never have been built in the first place, the owners of which have been wise enough to abandon them and to pull up the rails. Old iron has a genuine market value. Go back twenty years, when the trolley began to be a long-distance affair. A good many steam-railroad men looked with apprehension upon their branch lines. In most cases their apprehension was justified. In some cases they were very wise and transformed their small steam branches—particularly those on which there was no through traffic, freight or passenger—into trolley roads. In such cases they succeeded many times in forestalling a competing parallel trolley line.

For a time it looked as if the electric railroad might become a genuine competitor of the steam railroad. A good many interesting fantasies of that sort got into print. An enterprising interurban trolley company over in Illinois put on trolley sleeping cars between St. Louis and Springfield, and St. Louis and Peoria. It was said that the day was coming when a man could ride in a trolley limited all the way from Chicago to New York—a real train, with sleeping cars and dining cars and negro porters and manicures, and an observation platform. The Utica—New York—Chamber of Commerce got tremendously excited over the matter, and went all the way out to St. Louis and back in a chartered car taken right out of the press of traffic in Genesee Street.

But the trolley has not proved a competitor of the steam railroad. It has become in almost every instance a feeder, and as such is a valuable economic factor in the transportation situation. There have been no more sleeping cars placed on trolley routes; but a little time ago I found a Canadian Pacific box car on the shores of Keuka Lake, more than ten miles distant from the nearest steam railroad. A trolley road had placed it there, on a farmer's private siding. And he was packing it full of grapes—grapes to go overseas from some big Canadian port upon the Atlantic.

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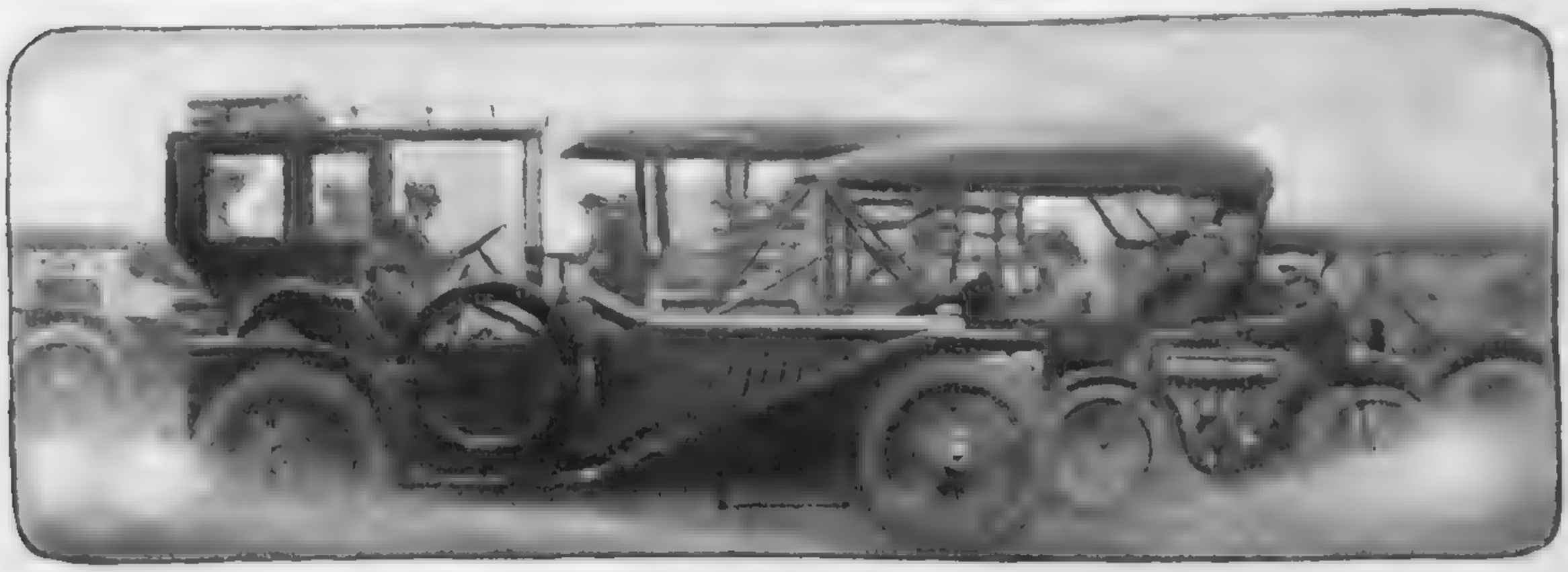

THE STUBBORN MAN

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"You're a Thief! I'll Have You Pinched!" Mr. Babcock Flung Frantically at Him

ANYONE in the neighborhood would tell you that Hogmeier was the stubbornest man alive. His place looked it.

The little frame house had never been painted and was now blackened by time and weather. There was no way of entering the front door, for the original intention of building a front porch had never got itself accomplished; so the unused doorsill stood two sheer feet above the ground. Only the side door and that at the rear were ever used. Where other farmhouses had wire screens in movable frames, this one had ragged mosquito netting tacked to the window casings.

A tool shed had been fashioned by making a rude frame out of the trunks of young trees and attaching that to the west end of the ramshackle barn, with some loose boards and a thatching of straw for the roof. A hutch for the pigs was contrived by laying rails across one of the V's in the rail fence that inclosed the barnyard and heaping straw and cornstalks round it.

Other shabby places might be found thereabouts. What distinguished Hogmeier's was its utter baldness, with not the least kindly screen of tree or shrub about the buildings; without the relief of a flower—hardly even of grass, for young pigs rooted at will all about. The stark ugliness thrust itself forward; it assaulted the beholder's eye; it seemed to say: "Well, blast you, look at me!"

A rusty letter box on a crooked post stood at the roadside in front of the house. An unpracticed hand had daubed the letters H O G upon its lid. There was no room on the lid for more letters of that size; but the proprietor had observed grimly:

"Guess they'll know that's me, all right!"

He had fixed ideas. He held that most farmers were lazy and shiftless, always hiring labor when they had no need of it, always running into debt; whereas the proprietor of a small farm should do all the work upon it himself and never in any case buy anything unless he could pay cash for it.

The practical application of these settled notions had made him unpopular. For example, his neighbors to the west, north and east wanted to tear down the old rail fences that marked the joint boundaries and put up wire. But Hogmeier wouldn't listen to that. He hadn't the cash to pay for wire, which was a conclusive reason for sticking to rails.

More important than that, he persisted year after year in trying to spray his grapes, potatoes and apples with an inadequate little hand sprayer. Scale throve on his apple trees, blight and bugs blasted his potatoes, rot decimated his grapes; and these afflictions spread to neighboring fields.

Year after year afflicted neighbors had labored with Hogmeier, striving to convince him of the folly of his system. Why, he could see for himself that he wasn't prospering by it! A ten-year-old child ought to comprehend that if he'd only buy a good power sprayer, or rent one, he'd soon save the cost. But it seemed the longer they argued, the madder they got and the more proofs they piled up, the stubborner he grew. Once an afflicted neighbor had lost all patience and cursed him to his face for a blockhead. But in many years that had happened only once.

Hogmeier was tall and gaunt, round-shouldered now, with huge hands and feet. His stiff, dark wire beard and hair were streaked with gray. A thin high-bridged nose thrust out from his lean face. When he came there, a young man, his right eye was gone—lost as a result of some youthful stubbornness, the neighbors surmised. That dead eyesocket, under its shaggy thatch, seemed a mutilation more vital and poignant than the loss of a leg or an arm—as though his life was a page that had been torn in two.

It was burly Tim Lanagan who cursed him—having stridden across the field to where Hogmeier was plowing, for the purpose of having it out with him about that matter of proper spraying. A vein swelled out in Hogmeier's forehead; a jarring rigidity affected his muscles, as though he had received the shock of an electric current; his one eye flamed at the insulter; he compressed his lips so tightly that the wiry hairs on the middle of his chin stuck out.

Then, slowly, as though his joints had grown stiff and unresponsive, he put the rusty lines over his round shoulders, turned and laid his horny palms to the paintless handles of the plow. The gangling rawboned roan colt which formed the nigh member of his team was always first to stop and last to start. To him Hogmeier spoke, not with a shout, as usual, but in a muffled tone: "Giddap, Bill!"—and so plodded away after the plow, leaving Lanagan.

Burly Tim Lanagan had no insuperable objections to a scrap, but he never cursed Hogmeier again; in fact, he felt mysteriously ashamed of himself.

In time the neighbors mostly gave him up, accepting him as one of the visitations of an inscrutable Providence. Yet they pitied him too. His two sons had grown up and left the neighborhood. His daughter had married and moved away. Only himself and wife were left on the farm—she a dumpy, shapeless little woman, seamed and gnarled with hard work.

This loneliness was considered more or less pathetic, and in that hard-working community Hogmeier's labors were regarded as almost inhuman. On the longest summer days he did his chores by lantern light. Besides grain, grapes and apples, he raised cucumbers and asparagus, requiring much hand labor. It was a common subject of conversation that they hardly saw how flesh and blood could stand it. But more often they pitied his horses.

Then a crisis descended upon Hogmeier out of a blue sky. It was with him, searching his vitals, one day in May as he plowed under a field of young rye for green fertilizer, preparatory to planting corn. In the preceding autumn a loquacious fat man had driven up to his house, introducing himself as an agent of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington. The Department, he said, was selecting a number of experienced farmers to make periodic reports on the growing crops in their neighborhoods. The compensation was two dollars a day, but any odd half hour devoted to viewing crops would count as a day's work—only the total must not exceed sixty dollars a year, being limited to that sum by Act of Congress.

Also, the Department was favoring its crop reporters by sending them, gratis, an assortment of rare nursery stock—imported fruit trees, such as a farmer in modest circumstances could hardly hope to buy, but which the Department wished to see introduced in the United States. The fat man assisted Hogmeier in checking off, on a long printed list, such trees as would probably thrive in that locality. Also, he paid him two dollars for that day's work.

There were a lot of papers to sign—some sample crop reports; the application for appointment as a crop reporter; the list of fruit trees; the triplicate voucher for the two dollars, one for the Department of Agriculture, one for the Treasury Department and one for Congress, as required by law.

Hogmeier could now see plainly enough how the trick was worked—that confused litter of papers on his dining table, with the loquacious fat man shoving this one and that one in front of him for signature. Among them, it seemed, was a promissory note for two hundred dollars.

Truman A. Babcock, usurer at Plum Hill, now claimed to hold this note as an innocent purchaser and demanded payment.

Si Prescott, in New Tryer Township, and Hank McGill, over in Garden Plain, had been taken in the same way. This had come out recently, as Babcock demanded payment of the notes. The story had circulated. Everybody knew about it. Hogmeier was well enough aware that his critical neighbors were chuckling in sociable amusement over the figure he cut as a gull—he, the man who wouldn't sign a note even to buy a power sprayer for the saving of his crops; who wouldn't incur a debt on any account! That, of course, was exactly the nub of the joke.

It searched his vitals, and his heart was a heavy blistering cinder of wrath. He'd never pay the swindling note! All the obstinacy in his nature locked on that. Yet there was the law, with its ruthless machinery of trial, judgment and execution, to be set in motion against him—and finally a sheriff out here, seizing his team and implements, or putting a lien on the farm, with a mountain of costs.

He knew well enough there was no resisting that; so continually the irresistible force and the immovable body met in his own soul and ground him. The wrong was monstrous and intolerable; but there were the implacable means of enforcing it upon him. He raged and writhed. Sweat, not induced by the sun, came on his forehead and wet the paintless handles of his plow.

He had a habit of looking afar with his single eye. An observer might have thought he expected to descry a portent, a mysterious sail that would one day loom over the edge of the world. Plodding now in the fresh furrow, as the green rye sod rolled over the share of his plow, he continually looked afar. Nevertheless, he saw Gil Weeks coming across the field, and divined why he came.

The small, beardless man, hard as seasoned hickory and spry in spite of his seventy-two years, walked with quick little steps—a battered straw hat on his head, a bandanna handkerchief knotted round his neck above the collarless calico shirt, his shapeless trousers held up by one suspender.

Much more than any other neighbor, Gil Weeks had kept on sociable terms with the stubborn man—largely because he couldn't help being sociable with everybody, but in some part from an ulterior motive.

His farm adjoined Hogmeier's on the west. Ten rods back from the road there was a little knoll, from which the land dipped down westward to a small swale, where water lay in a long puddle after heavy rains; and it was always somewhat marshy from two springs. This—roughly comprising an acre—was the only bit of land on Hogmeier's farm that was not cultivated. Three magnificent white-oak trees grew on the grassy slope from the knoll to the swale, and near the crest of the knoll stood a tall thicket of lilacs, now in gorgeous bloom. One could smell them across the plowed field. If Hogmeier's west line had run straight—as Gilbert Weeks considered it morally bound to do—this odd acre would have been included in Weeks' farm. But the immoral whim of some long-dead proprietor had moved him to make a jog in the line there; so the odd acre belonged to Hogmeier.

For more than twenty years Gilbert Weeks had been trying to buy it. He had a rectilinear mind and that illogical jog annoyed him. He wanted his east boundary to run straight, as boundaries should. Moreover, he had a practical mind and those splendid white oaks teased him, for they had already reached a stage where their value would increase but little through growth. Anybody could see they ought to be cut.

Hogmeier divined that this friendly neighbor had been pondering the matter of the fraudulent note in the light of his settled ambition to acquire the odd acre. But the neighbor was friendly. A sense of that unfaltering friendliness touched the afflicted man as gratefully as a cup of

water in a desert. He pulled the lines—the weary and sweating horses requiring no other invitation to stop—and sat down on the plow handles, his huge hands in his gaunt lap, smiling a little as the spry man came up.

Cocking his tight, hard little head to one side, Gil Weeks came out with his business plumply:

"Frank, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll give you two hundred dollars cash for that odd acre. Jerusalem, man, that's a big offer!"

"Yes; that's a fair offer, Gil—if I was wantin' to sell," Hogmeier replied mildly.

He turned his head and contemplated the white oaks with a far-looking eye. Their big masts rose straight and limbless for thirty feet and their outer branches touched fingers high above. They were leafing now in an airy world of delicate beauty, the myriad new leaves showing delicious tints of soft green, vernal yellow and faint red. Below them the lilacs spread their fragrant purple prodigally.

"My old woman planted them lilacs more'n twenty years ago," Hogmeier observed reminiscently.

He removed his tousled cap—much too warm for that season—and scratched his forehead with broken and blackened nails. Touched to the heart by the little man's friendliness in his sore affliction, he overflowed with rare confidence:

"I'll tell you something, Gil: We've always been talkin' of buildin' over there—if I ever git in shape for it. The old house sure looks like hell; but we say: 'Never mind; no use botherin' with this; wait till we build over on the odd acre.'" He dug crooked fingers into his wire beard and laughed a little. "I expect if you was to go over there and look close you'd find a path wore in the sod where I've paced off the foundations of the house for her. She's got it all planned—kitchen here and front room there. Probably it kinda keeps us goin'—especially her. We been livin' a good deal of our lives in that house that ain't never been built." For a moment he contemplated the noble trees, with their delicate and airy world of new leafage. "Them trees and lilacs, Gil, is the only decent-lookin' things on the place. I wouldn't sell." He replaced the tousled cap on his head deliberately and stood up, lines in hand.

This sudden confidence rather baffled Gilbert Weeks, who was an entirely unsentimental person. All he saw in it was an eccentric manifestation of stubbornness—and he had really been very hopeful of getting that odd acre this time.

"But, gosh-all-fishhooks, Frank," he pleaded with desperate earnestness, "you gotta sell something, ain't you? You gotta meet that note."

Hogmeier adjusted the lines over his round shoulders and replied calmly:

"Nope! I won't pay no note. I never signed none." His inner struggle boiled over a bit. "Look here, Gil; Babcock knows well enough I don't sign notes. He knows that, don't he? When this here fat skunk showed him a note he'd ought to 'a' asked me about it, oughtn't he? That's what a square man would 'a' done, ain't it?"

"But he's got the law on you!" Mr. Weeks exclaimed, still clinging to his vanishing hope.

That was just the grueling point in Hogmeier's own mind. A vein swelled on his forehead. He compressed his lips until the hairs on the middle of his chin stuck out, and turned to the plow.

"He can take his law and go to hell with it!" said Hogmeier doggedly. "I'll not pay him a cent."

The gangling roan was eight years old now, but still the first to stop and last to start. Seizing the paintless plow handles, Hogmeier shouted "Gaddap, Bill!"—and plodded away in the fresh furrow.

He slept badly these nights, tossing and turning in the bed, or lying interminably on his back, staring up into the dark. When he was at work, sweat, not induced by the sun, broke out on his forehead. The wrong that impended was monstrous, intolerable; flesh and blood simply couldn't submit to it. Yet there was the inexorable machinery of the law which no man could resist. And the alleged note fell due on the fifteenth, which was only a few days off. He could see plainly enough now how the infamous trick had been worked—that mess of papers, with the note slipped in among them.

On the twelfth he commissioned Gilbert Weeks to buy him a broad, thick slab of Prairie Jewel plug chewing tobacco—a relapse, for he had given over the habit of chewing tobacco more than ten years before. The evening of the thirteenth he spent in the barn, with the door shut and a lantern hanging by a nail in a stanchion. He sat on a potato crate, with a board across his lap, whetting a horn-handled knife with a long blade. It was a laborious process, for the knife was dull. He used a coarse whetstone first and then a fine oilstone, in an oak frame, which had hardly been used since he stopped shaving, thirty years before.

Back and forth across the stone he plied the blade, pausing now and then to try the edge by drawing it lightly over the ball of his thumb. When it bit smoothly into the skin, as a keen-edged razor should, he was satisfied. Next he fashioned a rude but effective vise by laying two boards together, tying a rope round them, and fixing a stout stick in the knot.

It was half past ten—a scandalously late hour—when he finished; but that mattered little, for he lay awake all night. Drowsiness was just coming upon him when the several irregular cracks and holes that time had brought in the old window shade began to show dimly. He lay still a few minutes as the dawn strengthened, and then got up, long before the sun.

It was a small bedroom, with four square posts to the oak bedstead—which had no springs, but a rope woven back and forth underneath, on which the straw mattress was laid. There was an oak bureau to match, with a cracked mirror above it, and a strip of rag carpet in front of the bed.

Some time after breakfast Hogmeier returned to this room and pulled from under the bed a squat trunk, covered with horsehide, which he had brought from Pennsylvania when he migrated West at the age of eighteen. From this trunk he took a big, finger-worn, time-stained envelope full of documents, which he thrust into the inner pocket of his faded coat. Then he drove to Plum Hill in a lumber wagon with a board laid across its box for a seat.

The nearly springless vehicle bumped and jolted fearfully over the hard, uneven dirt roads. When the jolting became unendurable Hogmeier stood up, planting his feet far apart. After his bones settled back into a normal state he sat down again and clattered on. By urging the shambling plow horses as much as was prudent he made the four miles to Plum Hill in forty minutes.

Truman A. Babcock's office was on the west side of Main Street, in a small one-story brick building, which was divided longitudinally into unequal parts. The broader part was occupied by a barber's shop, leaving a scant six feet of width for Mr. Babcock's quarters, which were furnished with a large safe at the farther end, an ancient black-walnut table with a nest of pigeonholes above it, and two plain chairs.

When Hogmeier entered the usurer occupied the chair in front of the table and was carefully figuring over, for the third time, the discount on one hundred and eighteen dollars for ninety-three days at the rate of twenty per cent a year. He had agreed to discount young Varnum's note for that amount and time at that rate, provided the young man could get his mother to secure the instrument by a chattel mortgage on her household furniture. As the young man was in a deuce of a mess, Mr. Babcock considered it likely his mother would consent.

He was a lank, awkward, neutral-looking person, with large hands and feet, straw-colored hair and a bushy mustache. His eyes were set close together and slightly crossed. When, at the sound of the opening door, they encountered Hogmeier's one flaming organ of sight, a rather startled look appeared in them and the usurer hastily swallowed his prominent Adam's apple. There was something about this gaunt, round-shouldered, work-gnarled, wire-bearded, one-eyed man—well, something that had a decidedly unpleasant suggestion.

Mr. Babcock had considered nervously that Hogmeier was the sort who might proceed to physical violence—and had half regretted having purchased his note at fifty cents on the dollar. Hence the jar to his nervous system as Hogmeier strode in, and a certain goneness at the pit of his stomach.

But Hogmeier, with a grim nod, went straight to the chair at the end of the table, sat himself down on it, put his tousled cap on his knee, and said plumply:

"Let's have a look at that note of mine you say you've got."

He was too well acquainted with Mr. Babcock's reputation to rely upon pleas or arguments.

While the usurer went silently to the big safe at the end of the narrow office and returned with a large leather wallet, Hogmeier took the broad slab of Prairie Jewel plug tobacco from his hip pocket. He was gnawing off a corner of it when Mr. Babcock seated himself at the table and opened the wallet, which was divided into compartments alphabetically marked. From the compartment G-H-I the usurer selected a note, which he handed to the caller. Hogmeier examined it attentively for some time and laid it on his cap.

"Well, sir," he said deliberately, "I don't see but one way I can pay you that note. That way is to sell that there odd acre of mine to Gil Weeks. He's been wantin' to buy it for some time—offerin' me two hundred dollars for it, payable first of October. I reckon Gil Weeks' note is good. If you'll take it I can pay you this note that way."

It seemed to Mr. Babcock—with his nervous anticipations of trouble from this thorny customer—that he had

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Plodding Now in the Fresh Furrow, He Saw Gil Weeks Coming Across the Field, and Divined Why He Came

OUR MOST HUMAN INDUSTRY

Days of Brass in Western Mining

A Montana Miner's Cabin in the Early Gold Days

By James H. Collins

THE fertile Eastern imagination—nourished on story and tradition, novel and film—wants its pictures highly colored! It is always either too credulous or too suspicious. It works on a hair trigger. And so, when you mention Western metal mining two visions rise in the Eastern mind, neither of them based on the realities:

First—the red-shirted Argonaut, the gold miner of forty-nine, with his boots, his whiskers, his bowie knife and his pick and cradle, digging big yellow nuggets out of the grass roots in some far gulch. He is a character as familiar to the East, in its conception of the West, as the movie cowboy.

Second—that bundle of gaudy stock certificates which lies tucked away in some dusty pigeonhole. Once upon a time the Eastern imagination was working at high potential, and the investor paid a thousand—or five thousand, or maybe ten thousand—dollars for those certificates, believing they were shares in a Western mine. The money was lost. The shares are worthless. Probably the project never gave the investor a fair chance to win, but the Easterner still believes that he has sunk his money in a Western mine and that he has learned his little lesson about the risks of that industry. If you admit that you are interested in a real mining enterprise the East will back away from you apprehensively—you must be an unsafe person.

Neither picture that fancy paints does justice to its subject—Western mining.

For one thing, the red-shirted miner of Bret Harte romance is now largely a figure of the past. Precious metals have given place to industrial metals. The days of gold have become days of brass—for copper and zinc, which make brass, are now the chief sources of mineral wealth in the Rocky Mountain regions. When war influences reached the Western mines, bringing a boom in prices and in production corresponding to the munitions boom in the East, the additional output of copper and zinc alone for the year 1915, measured in dollars, was worth more than our whole output of gold for that year—and records are still being broken. As for silver, it has become practically a by-product of the copper, lead and zinc mining.

Riches come out of the West nowadays not in nuggets washed from surface pockets, as in the days of the great gold rushes, but in hard ores, often of such leanness and taken from such depths that the mining and treating of them is a highly technical art.

Putting Mining on a Business Basis

THE successful Western mine to-day is a factory. It must be as well financed, organized and managed as any industrial plant in the East. In many cases the made mine is as safe and as legitimate an enterprise, within the peculiar limits of mining, as the average manufacturing or mercantile business, and offers as fair a field for money and for men—although it could hardly be recommended as an investment for the money of widows, orphans or nervous people generally. But with all its development on the side of money and of magnitude, Western metal mining offers abundant opportunity for adventure.

Before a mine can reach the manufacturing stage, with its costly workings and mill equipment, it has to be proved. That calls for development of a prospect by a group of investors willing to take a chance. Before a prospect can be developed it must be discovered, and this calls for the prospector, with his donkey and his grubstake. The whole progress of real mining, from picking up the first pieces of mineralized rock to extracting the last fraction of one per cent of metal from the ore, is full of romance, and fascination, and opportunities, and human nature.

The business of mining, although it can be as legitimate and as safe an occupation in its final stages as is that of any cotton mill or machine shop in New England, adds to these certainties of business about as big and fair an element of gambling as may be found in the whole country.

If the average grocer, or clerk, or college graduate could go out exploring in New England, with a prospect of finding a cotton mill or machine-tool factory that somebody had overlooked, and if a group of his friends, who believed in him, could furnish money at the rate of ten to twenty-five dollars apiece while he was searching—they sticking to their books and counters and later participating in profits that might run into millions—such conditions would roughly represent, in the East, what is still common enough in the West, and probably will be so for years to come, despite the domination of big mining by big capital. It all starts with the prospector.

In the West itself to-day there is a wide difference of opinion about the prospector and his opportunities, present and future. Some authorities maintain that he is disappearing and attribute to that fact—if it is a fact—a growing scarcity of good new mines and developments. Unless something can be done to increase prospecting, they say, mining must decrease. Others agree that the prospector is disappearing, but believe that he ought to fade away—that he is a figure of the past, and that his results do not justify his labors. They point to modern devices like the diamond drill, with which a hill, in a mineralized section, can be explored with such thoroughness and economy that in comparison the old-time prospector's surface scratchings are more or less haphazard and futile. They say that prospecting will soon be organized on an engineering basis, with motor-truck laboratories for testing all the likely outcrop in a mineralized region, so that where once months were wasted in bringing in a few specimens for assay, now the whole region can be raked with a fine comb in a single summer, and the gleanings tabulated on a card system, ready for the capitalist.

Still others think of outfitting the prospector himself with a card system, so that he can be turned loose in the hills to send back everything he finds, good or bad, labeled with letters and figures; and then this great mass of specimens, once assayed, can be catalogued and cross-indexed in the same way.

But it is by no means certain that the old-time prospector is disappearing before the march of mining progress. The motor-truck and card-index schemes appear to be more efficient in theory than they are in the actual discovery of minerals, and even the diamond drill cannot always be depended on, where mineral veins have a perverse way of running straight up and down and eluding the drill, as in the case of the country round Butte. The prospector is still very much in evidence in the West. He finds far more than his share of mineral. The scientific mine expert may point out the prospector's inefficiency, maintaining that only one prospector in ten ever finds anything of value, and that only one prospect in a hundred ever proves worthy of development, and that hardly one development in a thousand ever makes a big mine. Yet the prospector persists and frequently finds things that discredit the experts. Never a year goes by but some practical prospector, with experience and faith and work, develops a mine in some region that the experts have declared barren of mineral in paying quantities.

Not long ago, for instance, an old-time prospector uncovered lead ore—running fifty per cent, with eight ounces of silver to the ton—near an Idaho camp, on ground over which miners and mining engineers had been walking for twenty years.

One of the richest zinc mines in the Cœur d'Alene district was the result of the work of a certain prospector who built his cabin up a gulch and started a tunnel in slate rock, which, most of the authorities declared, had never been known to carry mineral in that region. The boys down in camp made fun of Jim, the prospector, and when he persisted for years with his tunnel they said that he stuck to the place because the tunneling in slate rock was easy. When the European war broke out his mine was still unknown to fame; but it had already proved its worth by shipments of rich ore, and when the boom in zinc came along it was developed into one of the greatest zinc properties in the world. Its shares had been sold for years at twenty-five cents on the little mining-stock exchanges of the West. During the past two years this mine has paid shareholders more than four million dollars, or almost ninety per cent of its total capitalization. A share that could have been bought for a quarter of a dollar three years ago now yields six dollars a year in dividends. Every prospector in the West hopes to locate some such mine when he leaves for the hills with his burro and tools; and the chance that those expectations may be realized is what leads the average Westerner to chip in toward the grubstake that keeps the prospector out working.

The Neglected Sneer Zone

ONE of the Western colleges of mines was sending its graduating class away with its diplomas. The students wanted to spend the summer prospecting, with a view to acquiring experience, if not wealth. They went to a well-known mining engineer for advice, a man who is both optimistic and conservative.

"Where had we better go to prospect?" they asked.

"Well, I'll tell you the most likely place. Go into the sneer zone round any established mining camp. Every camp has its sneer zone. It is the place where all the wise miners and engineers refuse to look for mineral and insist that nobody but a fool would expect to find anything. The sneer zone is virgin territory, and you'll have as good a chance there as in any place, and usually better."

This engineer has another illuminating term for a certain form of mining. Once upon a time he decided to take a year off and go prospecting himself. He set out with some pretty strong notions about the inefficiency of the practical prospector. Because the prospector has chiefly only a common-sense knowledge of geology and rocks, it seemed to the engineer that a trained man ought to be able to do better in locating mineral. At the end of his year, however, the engineer returned a wiser and poorer man, having found nothing worth development. The best asset he brought back was increased respect for the prospector.

"I knew rocks, all right," he admitted, "but was deficient in the ability to do the goat work necessary to good

prospecting. Technical knowledge is of little value without the strength and patience to climb and explore."

Probably the greater number of successful mines have had their foundations laid by this same kind of goat work, for there is something in the detailed searching of the real prospector that no other method of locating metal has yet approximated. Two centuries ago the Spaniards in Mexico understood it and sent the Indians out to explore for gold and silver. These dark-skinned prospectors took no grubstake. They went into the wilds, understanding that failure to find treasure meant death. As a consequence, practically all the surface gold and silver in Mexico was located then.

Our own country was almost unexplored until the gold rush to California. This was followed by two generations of surface prospecting, with periodical discoveries that led to the erection of big gold camps in different sections of the West. Then the rich surface deposits of silver, copper, lead, and so forth, were located and worked, until all the easily won metal had been found. The metallurgists hold that all this surface metal in the West, the "Come and find me!" stuff that revealed itself at the first stroke of the pick, has been located and worked. They admit they may be wrong and discoveries to-morrow might alter this opinion. But there is no doubt that the prospector to-day must climb as well as dig, and that he searches for outcrop of mineral that would have been passed by as worthless not so many years ago, and rightly, because it was actually worthless until improved methods of treating the ore had been devised.

The prospector is a character. Very often he is an old-timer, a follower of gold rushes, and has been a figure in mining camps for the past twenty or thirty years. Once, perhaps, he worked at some routine trade, but Dame Fortune called him, and he laid down his tools to take the trail into some bonanza district, and got a permanent slant toward prospecting. Every mining stampede, since the days of forty-nine, has bred its swarm of prospectors, and because there have been fewer bonanza strikes in recent years some mining men fear that the race of prospectors is in danger of becoming extinct.

The true prospector is an incurable optimist. He will come in with specimens from a find of sufficient promise to induce investors to buy his claim. He may feel, in the conservative part of his nature, if there is such a part, that this claim may never be fulfilled, and that a sale outright would bring him more money. Yet will he sell outright? Not if he is a true prospector! From first to last the lure of the game lies in those hidden factors—the riches that may be waiting in the earth. Half a dozen times in his life he may have taken small fortunes from pockets of rich ore—and spent them. Again and again he may have let the bird in the hand fly away, because he preferred to try catching two birds in the bush.

This optimism is absolutely essential to his calling—to take him through rough country and to keep him digging hopefully in the face of hardship and discouragement. This very optimism may lead him to strike a rich find on ground that others have passed over again and again. An eminent expert says that optimism and a "hunch" are the prospector's strength and the average mining engineer's weakness. For the prospector is always expecting to find something with the next blow of the pick, while the sophisticated engineer often goes into a district with his mind all made up to find nothing. Again and again men have stumbled past mineral indications unwittingly because they have had a tiresome trip.

After optimism, probably the best qualification for a prospector is industry. It takes hard climbing and digging to locate the lean, deep ore veins that now count most in Western mining, and the prospector who will not go to the bottom of a proposition, after climbing to the top, is not likely to succeed.

The value of industry is being shown in the new gold camp of Oatman, in Arizona, a prohibition state. Ordinarily such a gold camp would be feverish with drinking and gambling. But now the utmost possibilities in the way of dissipation are grape-juice highballs and a game of pool. Because they cannot spend money in any other way the miners are spending it in prospecting trips, either going off themselves with their savings, or advancing a grubstake to some prospector. It has been estimated that thirty per cent of the entire pay roll at Oatman is being spent for prospecting in the vicinity, and nowadays it is such persistent industry that unearths metal.

Old-Fashioned Placer Mining in the Black Hills

Having optimism, industry and experience, the prospector needs nothing more except a grubstake, and this is obtained with very little difficulty—for the whole West has an interest in mining. It is much like the interest in ships and sailors that leads the people who live round the seaports of England and Northern Germany to organize shipping companies of many shareholders owning small interests, often in a single ship. Mining is spread so widely over the West, and it is so constantly in the general thought, that pretty nearly everybody has some sort of mining investment. The professional man will be paying his fifty or one hundred dollars monthly into a development syndicate; the scrubwoman and porter invest their savings in low-priced mine stock, putting away dimes and quarters that may one day pay big profits; and the merchant and politician are probably grubstaking a prospector.

Half a dozen persons, paying in twenty-five dollars a month through the summer, when prospecting can be done, are enough to finance a search for metal, and this plan is generally followed in the West, though occasionally one man may finance a prospector. It works very well, on the whole. A prospector, once off for the wilds, has plenty of opportunities to be dishonest. He might make a rich strike and conceal it from his backers. But it is said that the average prospector plays square. Sometimes a Weary Willie, masquerading as a prospector, will obtain grubstake backers and then disappear—apparently into the wilds, but really to live out an easy summer in some remote camp.

Prospecting is the real article in outdoor life. There are hundreds of thousands of business men in this country to-day, shut up in offices, who long for the woods and the trout stream and revel in the Open-Road school of poetry and in the Beloved Vagabond style of novel. If such men would grubstake and accompany a prospector the West declares that they would get as near the real outdoors as it is possible to be—woods, trout streams, open road and beloved vagabond, all put up in the same package.

The prospector starts off with his supplies packed on a donkey, traveling up a cañon or gulch, with his eyes wide open. In some of the desert mining country of the Southwest his donkey is now replaced with an old automobile that is not past its usefulness. He keeps a sharp watch along the floor of the cañon, looking for float or mineralized rock. This may be found in very small specimens, and it takes considerable judgment to determine values nowadays, in view of the lean and unusual ores that form the basis of profitable mining. When he finds float it is an indication of outcropping veins somewhere in the hills above. But where? His specimens may have been carried a long distance down the cañon before they were picked up. Even if they came from some spot immediately above him the hills are high and steep and rough. The outcrop may now be covered with earth or hidden in undergrowth. When the indications are promising he begins to climb and search, and

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A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

IF THE widow called Dorcas, and known as a "disciple" in the Church at Joppa, could have written one chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we should know more about church work among the laity of that period. If Phebe had written her experiences in the Church at Cenchrea we should know more than we do about Saint Paul. She would have made it her business to find out what that "thorn in the flesh" was which has puzzled so many commentators; and she would have told us. As the women in this church discuss our presiding elder, she would have written about Paul—how he looked; his favorite psalms; what the congregation thought of his sermon. But she never could have remembered what he said. This may explain why there is no Book of Dorcas, no Gospel According to Phebe—even in the Apocrypha. Being women, they would have told too much not essential to salvation but most awfully faithful to just the personal lives of the Apostles.

And I reckon this is the reason that even to this day there are no church histories written by women. They know how too well. We should get the truth; all the thumb marks of human imperfections on the brethren's perfections. If Susanna Wesley had written the early history of Methodism she might have omitted John Wesley's rules, which are now the vows we take when we join the church; and she never would have thought of putting in his sermons, which all young itinerants must memorize before they are received into "full connections." But she would have told the troubles her son John had with his wife; how difficult he found it to curb the ardor of his field preachers; what an awful time her son Charles had when composing his hymns; how hard they both worked; what privations they endured—and so forth and so on. It would not have been a history of Methodism at all, but a tender biography of her sons.

I am not complaining, you understand. But I say it is queer, when you consider how much more active women are, and always have been, in the service of the Christian religion, that they never do get the chance to tell what they know about the church and the brethren—which is a sight more than anyone suspects—except the Almighty.

If the women in this church at Berton could compare notes with Dorcas of Joppa, and Martin Luther's wife, and Susanna Wesley, we should find a remarkable similarity in our experiences. Conditions, customs and creeds vary from age to age; but there are two ever-conflicting forces that do not change at all—the nature of human nature, and the spirit of Christianity.

We have served our time in this church with passionate, headstrong preachers just as devoted to the ministry of Christ, according to their ability, as Paul was, and about as hard to get on with as John and Barnabas found him to be when they went off with him on a missionary journey. We have had young ones like Timothy—gentle, patient, not so effective; delicate enough to take a little blackberry cordial for the stomach's sake during the summer season of bowel complaints. We have had just as good saints here as anybody's saints. We get the same kind of jades, too, occasionally, who inspired Paul to order the women at Corinth to cover their heads—meaning really their scandalous faces, I believe!—and keep silent in the church.

But, with us, she always gets in the choir, where her head covering shows to better advantage than the dingy bonnets of good women, and where she makes the music and the worst troubles we have.

Within the church we also have our humble publican, seated far back, who wears on his sorrowful face the Lord-be-merciful-to-me-a-sinner expression, which endears him to us more than the virtues of some of our hardened saints.

I am about to write a little history of our church at Berton. It will be a family history, because I am a woman and can rarely remember more than the text of last Sunday's sermon.

If anyone wishes to know why I am doing this let him look inside his own church; not as a stranger, who sees rows of men and women seated in a kind of Christian relaxation, taking a Sabbath rest from secular life, but as every one of us knows each other—in the simplicity of faith and in the hard struggle to do right according to our perversities.

That is one reason. Here is another: Public opinion is a Grand Jury that brings an indictment every hundred years or so against whatever is wrong, whether it is our government, social institutions or the Christian Church. All revolutions and reforms are preceded by these indictments. And they are brought as often against the malpractice of religion as against any other evil.

Loyola voiced such a verdict when he formed the Society of Jesus, which was a pure and devoted brotherhood. But it produced the Jesuits of the Inquisition. Martin Luther did the same thing in a different way. And the Protestants started clean. When the Church of England returned to the pomp and circumstance of a too formal and worldly bred piety, John Wesley organized the society called Methodists. This church has prospered so much that it begins now to prosper too much. Presently the Grand Jury will sit again.

There is something wrong; I do not know what it is. Sometimes I think we deceive ourselves and practice for the benefit of the church the same covetousness and greed that we condemn in the people of the world. We gratify the same instinct for wealth and cover the sin of it with the name of the Christian Church.

Anyhow, a queer true bill was returned against our Methodist Church here recently, with amazing consequences. Therefore, as one writes an epitaph to the memory of a good man, so do I now set down the story of this little meeting house and the people who made it and loved it, knowing that presently the new order must begin and former things must pass, put away as we fold the garments of the dead.

The Methodist Church in Berton is a little old gray house, with a long-necked belfry. The eaves come very low. The doors on week days are like sorrowful eyes closed in prayer for the members who may be doing what they ought not to do. On Sundays they are wide open, like the heart of a good man. The bell in the belfry is not too loud: one of those singing Sabbath bells heard only in village churches. In summer weather the shadows of many leaves fall upon the roof from two great oaks, like phantom wreaths of shade and sun. In winter winds their naked boughs lock arms above it as if they held it, like the love of God, in a firm embrace.

The inside is filled with a brown gloom from the unpainted walls and pews, which have darkened to a deeper, richer tone, very soft and kind.

On the first Sabbath in every month the communion table stands within the altar, a white cloth spread over the bread and the wine, and the two goblets. We still take the sacrament here from a common chalice, decently trusting the Lord to save us from each other's contagion. If there is anything else in this world so much like the memory of "His loving kindness, oh, how great!" as an old church like this, with the people kneeling, saint and sinner side by side, about this altar on such a day, neither doubting nor judging one another for the moment, I have never seen it.

But, however we may dignify an altar, Nature or accident comes in and humanizes it. Directly after the war nails were scarce, and the pulpit was made of boards pegged together.

One of the pegs fell out, doubtless jarred from its hole by Brother Myrick, who was a powerful preacher, with a prophet's beard and a Sinai countenance. He often pounded the Bible during his discourse.

On a Sabbath late in October he was preaching from the text "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life." The brethren listened drowsily; the elder women dozed, mulled in the wine of the Word. Brother Myrick lifted his voice, endeavoring to hold their attention. "S-e-a-r-c-h the Scriptures, my brethren!" he shouted, waving his right arm in a fine gesture and bringing his fist down with a bang upon the open book.

Instantly everybody sat up; every neck craned; every head turned sidewise, one ear toward the pulpit; eyes rolled at the preacher, who had drawn back and flattened himself in petrified amazement against the wall behind him. A sound like closeted thunder issued from beneath the Bible. It filled the house—a sibilant, angry sound, as if the prophets had risen in wrath from First and Second Kings.

We never admit it; but, whether civilized or savage, we are always expecting the miraculous. And nobody really likes it. The angels only know what fires of unwilling faith and terrified superstitions were kindled in the minds of that congregation as the noise increased.

Suddenly, while we expected the very heavens to fall, Brother Myrick clapped his hands to his head, leaped into the air and cleared the pulpit at a bound. He was pursued by a swarm of bumblebees, which encompassed him about like a cloud of witnesses. They continued to boil in a furious, smoking mass of wings and stings from that peghole beneath the book board, where they had made their winter quarters.

We did not wait for the benediction.

Those first years when we had the pegged-board pulpit seem the best to me, in spite of the fact that we made it harder for one another than we do now.

I can remember when women did not wear their gold breastpins to divine services. I was a little saucer-faced girl, just beginning to study the catechism and learn how to gossip like a little squab Pharisee, when we had a scandal about the preacher's wife's bonnet. She was a bride and still wore her wedding clothes when she appeared in the church that first Sunday. Her hat was a bewitching little cocked-up thing, put on her head sidewise for the glory of love rather than the glory of God. Sitting close to my mother I divided my attention during the sermon between the vision of this beautiful hat and Mrs. Withers, who was also studying it with malevolent intensity.

Immediately after the services Mrs. Withers led the young wife aside. I followed at a little girl's convenient eavesdropping distance.

"That must come off!" said the old lady sternly, pointing at the flagrant bow raised like an iridescent hallelujah on the side of the hat. "Such vanities are strictly forbidden by the rules of our church!"

There was a flash of resentment in the bride's eye, a gesture of quick defiance. Then her countenance fell. Along with so many preachers' wives, she passed under the yoke of Sisteren tyrannies for her husband's sake.

"Very well," she answered faintly, her eyes swimming in tears, her lips pressed tight to keep back what she must not say.

My sympathies were all with her as she went meekly out of the church. At the same time I did not doubt that Mrs. Withers was right. It is only within the last few years that the rules in our Discipline have been modified enough to permit a woman to wear such a thing without perjuring herself. But even then the leaven of liberty was working in the vain and tender hearts of women. The next day my mother and two other sisters called upon the bride. They asked her for her bonnet. She yielded it, still terrified. It looked like a picked bird, for she had already removed the bow. In the evening they returned it to her, covered with the prettiest flowers in their bandboxes; and mother kissed her and told her not to worry about the dragon of righteousness in Sister Withers, who was really a good woman in her hard-fisted way.

This happened in the days when two or three brethren, who were spiritually minded, occasionally waited upon another brother whom they had managed to overtake in a fault and reproved him.

Free will was a doctrine that gave us the only advantage over the Baptists, who believed in election, and the Presbyterians, who believed in predestination. We dared not practice it on one another.

Nevertheless, we had more accessions to the church "by profession of faith" than we do now. More penitents came to the altar for prayers, repented, believed, and were saved from everything but their other sins.

A Sound Like Closeted Thunder Issued From Beneath the Bible

I say "other sins" because conversion redeems a man only from the transgressions he has already committed. It does not insure him against the other kind, which he is certain to develop, encouraged by his own righteousness. For every virtue you acquire, there are two or three attendant shortcomings. The effort to live as a citizen of heaven here is like straddling the grave and trying to exist in two worlds at once, without naturalization papers in either. It cannot be done—not all the time. So long as we are in the flesh, the scenes of the soul are laid there, with enough going on to keep everybody busy.

When we put both feet in the grave, and pass through it, they are laid beyond. I have yet to see the man or woman, lacking in this practical wisdom, who does not become a Pharisee or something not quite equal to a square deal in just the truth. We are obliged to judge one another, even if we are commanded to "judge not." Dove-and-serpent wisdom consists in remembering that "with what judgment ye judge . . . it shall be measured to you again"; and go ahead with your judgments, prepared to take and profit by the consequences. And it's all very well to live in love and charity with your neighbor; but if she permits her chickens to scratch up your garden and sicks her dog on your cat, you cannot. The thing to do is to kill her chickens and your cat, and clear the decks so that you can. My idea is to do my best, no matter how bad it is, and never to bear malice. This is the spirit of the law. No one can live up to the letter of it without damaging his soul or the other fellow's with too much meekness, which is incipient hypocrisy. I am always in a position to thank my Heavenly Father that I have good reasons for knowing I am no better than my neighbors.

What I am trying to say is that when you settle down in the Christian life; when the years take hold of your knees so that it is hard to rise from your prayers; when you are old and sad, and wise enough to know your own ever besetting sins as others have known them all along—you cease to expect perfection in yourself or in others. You realize with comfortable Christian fortitude that, after all, perfection in this changing world is bound to be imperfection to-morrow.

This reminds me that some years ago the Holiness people got into our church and nearly ruined it before we could live them down. I had my share in that by convicting Mary Fisher.

She lived next door to me then. And her chickens lived in my garden. I admit that I had a wayward cat, which she claimed committed depredation in her kitchen. We were both in an unchristian frame of mind when the revival came on. We had a traveling evangelist that year to help with the meeting, not suspecting until he was in full swing that he preached "sanctification."

When things warmed up, half the church members began seeking this deeper work of grace. It was like Mary to get it first. She was a nice little woman, with a thin body and economical features. And she had a soul like a sparrow, which was always falling to the ground in order to make sure that the Lord numbered the very hairs of her head. She claimed the "second blessing" with hallelujahs of rejoicing; said the very roots of evil had been taken out of her.

I sat in my pew behind the choir and watched her work over Taggy Lipton, who wanted sanctification but was too honest to claim it.

After the meeting was over and we had settled down in our strictly human natures once more, I revolved a certain thing in my mind. I went to see Sister Massengale, whose only worldly amusement is to raise game chickens for her own table. I loaned her my cat and borrowed the fiercest-looking rooster she had.

The next morning I was awakened at daylight by the most awful racket in the garden. I ran to the window. There were four or five hens sitting on the fence, with their wings down, cackling as if they'd die if something

I Never Saw a Happier Woman Than Lorena Was as She Walked From That Courtroom

didn't stop. Mary was there, too, not more than half dressed, with the hairpins she rolls her bangs in every night sticking up like porcupine quills. She was jumping up and down, smacking her hands and screeching loud enough to bring the town marshal.

In the middle of the garden her old Plymouth Rock rooster faced the game as a fat clown would face a slim young knight-errant. They were not saying anything, those roosters; but the Middle Ages never saw a duel with swords conducted in a manner more ceremonious or with deadlier intentions. Their neck feathers were roached up like Elizabethan ruffs. Every time Mary's rooster dropped his wing to kick it with his claw, the game would flirt out his long leg and spur him somewhere. Once or twice they clinched, did their worst to each other's heads, drew off, took aim and started again.

It did not last long. Before I had time to realize that I was promoting cockfighting across the street from the parsonage and church, the Plymouth Rock dropped beneath a well-aimed thrust. The game made a low cock-a-doodle-doo remark to the hens on the fence, stepped into the potato patch and helped himself to a bug, as if killing an adversary was merely an early-morning incident.

At the same moment Mary caught sight of me at the window.

"I'll pay you for this, Mary Thompson; I will, if it's the last thing I ever do!" she screamed, pink with fury.

"Remember you are sanctified, Mary Fisher; and 'Vengeance is mine, . . . saith the Lord,'" I shouted back.

We stood measuring mortal minds for a moment; then Mary went into the house.

The next Sunday we sat side by side in the church. It was Communion Day. When those who were "in love and charity with their neighbors" were invited to come forward and partake of the sacrament, I made haste to accept the invitation; but Mary hung back.

These little incidents, so trivial, make up the family life of a church, and they have more effect upon it than the Conference assessments. How many times have I seen church members watch some brother on Communion Sunday to see whether he'd dare take the sacrament, having private knowledge of a difficulty he'd had with another brother; in fact, it requires courage to stay away, for everybody wants to know why you do. And they will find out. Fortunately the Lord is hospitable. I doubt that he objects when a bitter-hearted saint occasionally sneaks up and takes what's offered.

There is always somebody in the church who makes religion a kind of cross-stitch between piety and persecution. I have known a Christian woman to aggravate her husband about his soul in a way that was little short of diabolical. Sally Parks told me this story herself.

"When I married Sam," she said, "he was not a Christian; but I never rested until he professed and joined the church. I didn't worry him or plead with him. I just set aside Friday of every week to fast and pray for my husband. I kept it up for ten years. During that time I had four babies and did most of my own work, except on Fridays. Then I went to my room and left him to manage the best way he could. He knew what I was doing and it used to make him mad at first; but after a time he got used to it. At last he gave in and joined the church. But I tell you it was hard on me!"

It was harder on Sam. Everybody in town knew his wife was praying for him. He was a good man. You couldn't have told from his walk and conversation that he was dead in his trespasses and sins; but the consciousness of knowing that we knew what his wife did to him on Friday took the spirit out of him. He wore the expression of a sheep-killing dog. Finally he went to the pastor about it.

"Brother Wrenn," he said, "I wish you'd stop my wife from praying and fasting for me every Friday."

"Why, what do you mean?" demanded Wrenn, astonished.

"Maybe you don't know how it feels to have your wife desert you one day in the week and take the whole of it to backbite you to the Lord. It's unfaithful!" Sam whimpered.

"Well, why don't you repent and join the church then?" the preacher asked.

"I ain't wicked," he answered indignantly. "I'm a decent, honest man. And I just can't stultify myself by sneaking up and admitting before all the folks that what she's been telling on me to the Lord for ten years is so. It's been going on for ten years, I tell you!" he shouted. "I can't stand it much longer. I'm thinking of getting drunk!"

Sally never admits that part of it; but the story goes that Brother Wrenn called on her and advised her to change her Christian tactics.

Shortly afterward Sam joined the church. He's done very well in it ever since—not what I should call a fierce laborer in the vineyard, but a useful man when it comes to squeezing out the last quarter of the preacher's salary and raising funds to paint the parsonage.

As a church, we have grown in the love and knowledge of Christ by the grace of God; but we grow in numbers the best way we can, not so much by proselyting as by offering salvation on easier terms than some other church.

We get the second-blessing people because we believe in an emotional religion as the world believes in emotional music or poetry, or oratory or politics. We get the backsliders from other churches, because there is no satisfaction in belonging to one which predestinates you to damnation after you have fallen from grace and feel badly enough about it anyhow. We cherish backsliders, which is a credit to our doctrines and our patience, as it is proper to keep a sick man in a hospital instead of turning him out because he gets a backset now and then.

Doctor Edd is one of these infirmary souls, subject to almost fatal lapses in his efforts to be a Christian. He joined the Baptist Church when he came here, years ago, to practice medicine. He is a good doctor and soon had the best people in town as his patients. But though he is not a drunkard, he drinks periodically. And when he does he puts his whole mind, body and soul into his cups.

The Baptists turned him out during one of his protracted sprees. Then he reformed and joined the Presbyterians. They bore with him until he reflected upon the dignity of the church. It was his inebriate fancy when he went on a spree to imagine someone was desperately ill, and he would start at a gallop to save a life.

One day he rushed into the study where Doctor McAndrews, the Presbyterian minister, was preparing his next sermon, and ordered him to bed. The old Scotchman protested that he was well and had no need of a physician.

"But you are not well, my dear sir. Don't I hear you preach every Sunday? Don't I know a sick preacher when I see him!" exclaimed Doctor Edd, swaying on his legs but firm in the conviction that this was a matter of life or death. "Let me see your tongue!" he demanded.

The indignant minister was forced to comply. The doctor wrinkled his nose at it and said it confirmed his worst suspicions. He refused to leave the house until he saw the minister undressed and in bed, all of which was accomplished with angry opposition on one hand and threats of violence on the other.

For this unseemly conduct he was dismissed from the Presbyterian Church. But he had a horror of being a lost sheep. He wished to be among good people, even if he was not good. He was like a beseeching alien who has had the kingdom of heaven quarantined against him. At the beginning of our next revival he asked to join our church. He was contrite and he was hopeful. We received him.

He goes on an occasional spree, bringing us into disrepute as a lax church. Then he recovers himself, with a cheerfulness and courage that are sublime. He remembers his sins no more forever. We lose hope of his reformation, but he never does. He is the official publican in our church. He sits on the back bench looking tragically worn, like a good soul crucified in his own flesh. When he is not there we miss him. We are more sorrowful over his one transgression than over the many committed by hardier Christians, which do not prevent them from being present.

He has lost all his practice except among the poor and unrespectable. We do not know how he lives. But he is generous. He is so ready to serve that it is as if we had done him favor when the pastor asks him to go ten miles to attend a sick woman who cannot be cured but who wants a doctor just to hearten her up. He is the one man among us who knows, next to God, who the poor are that keep their poverty concealed as if it were a disgrace. And he never betrays them. But he will come by very privately and take up a collection of ham bones out of my smokehouse, and wheedle me out of a dress I don't really want to part with, for one of his secret mendicants.

Sometimes I have thought maybe Doctor Edd will be one of those "lasts" here who shall be "first" in the kingdom of heaven. But I cannot see him so. I always think of him seated somewhere in a darker place behind the shining hosts, troubled about his wings, hiding his crown, waiting to serve.

Dregs in the bottom of the cup is a figure of speech used to denote the unfit and the unlovely; but sugar settles to the bottom too. And it matters not how much we stir this church with disputes and scratching piety; there remains the sweetness of two or three saints that is never dissolved in our bitterness. This is a good deal to say for them, because presently you will see that there are many bitter-herb souls and stinging-nettle Christians among us.

Sister Molly Brown is one of those sugar-cured in the Scriptures of love and patience.

She is a tall woman with a long, homely face, high, red-knobbed cheek bones, small, faded brown eyes, and a

It is as if We Had Done Him Favor When the Pastor Asks Him to Go Ten Miles to Attend a Sick Woman

beautiful mouth which neither years nor poverty seems to change. It is a very sweet double line of benevolence in an otherwise forbidding countenance. Her feet are wide feminine flapjacks, which she slaps down with violent energy when she walks. She is a widow and she keeps the only boarding house in Berton. It is a kind of adult orphans' asylum for anybody who comes along, from the man "without a job" to Doctor Edd, who is the orphan Molly always has with her. She bears with these people, the dyspepsia of the school-teachers, the butter-eating extravagance of those who didn't pay their last month's bill. She slaves for them in a way that tries my patience, but never her own. She defends them to the last ditch and does their laundry besides.

She never visits as other women do; never goes anywhere except to church, where she is to be seen every Sunday seated in one of the foremost pews, fast asleep, nodding unconscious amens to the preacher. Sometimes it is funny to watch her—the damaging-to-all-of-us parts of the sermon to which she wags assent. I reckon this nap she takes during Sabbath services, having dismissed her boarders and her cares, is the soundest sleep she gets.

She is always heels over head in debt at the stores, but her credit is wonderful. It is based, like faith, on "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Every merchant in this town will tell you she is a "good moral risk."

She keeps a bone barrel in her woodshed. On the morning of the day the Woman's Missionary Society meets she piles the bones on a wheelbarrow, takes them to the butcher and sells them for ten cents, with which she pays her dues to the society. Sometimes I think Molly Brown's dimes ought to count for more than they do when the Mission Board of our church is making appropriations for just the traveling expenses of its officers.

If someone is ill or in trouble, or has fallen from grace, her domestic nature undergoes a swift and radical change. She leaves her laundry in the tub. She casts her boarders from her, neglecting them shamefully; and she goes out to comfort or to seek and to save that which is lost. When we see her kiting along on a winter morning, with a shawl pinned over her head and her hands wrapped in her apron for warmth, we know someone is in affliction, and that presently that one will have a cook, a housemaid, a nurse and a spiritual adviser by her side.

You never can tell where poetry will break out in a community. One day Molly said this to me in answer to a question I should not have asked:

"I am not sure of my salvation, Sister Thompson. I ain't, to say, as faithful to the church as I ought to be. Sometimes I want to get out of it and do what I do just for the Lord."

I looked at her inquisitively.

"Seems as if I just divided with Him," she continued. "It's confusing. My life's slipping away from me into a journey through things I don't know and can't see. I feel as if I'd walked a long, long way with my eyes holden, just touching folks as I passed, as the blind do. It seems strange, when I know everybody here and never go about much." She finished simply, never suspecting that she has been across country many a time to the strange kingdoms of God.

I do not question that Emily Peters is as good as Molly; but she's different. She has what I call a sheep-face soul. You can see it every time you look at her—a poor, dumb thing somewhere in her, which stares at you from her large, blue, beseeching eyes asking you, for the love of mercy, to spare her. She is not good; she knows her transgressions are many and her sins very grievous; but oh, she is trying so hard, so hard to do right! And do I think the pastor can help her if she tells him everything? I always advise against that extreme course.

"You are a single woman, Emily, and you should be modest about your faults. Don't admit 'em to anybody," I say.

As a matter of fact, I doubt that she ever had the courage to commit a real, upstanding sin in her life; but she is forever doing something to herself, keeping fasts, giving tithes of all she has now and then. She reads a book of religious meditations, one for every day in the year; and she would never take the one intended for Tuesday, February the eleventh, say, for Friday, February the fourteenth.

She is the same way about her health. She takes exercises with writhings most awful to see, developing secret muscles. If her head attracts her attention with an ache she goes about all winter with a black veil wrapped round it and with her little withered face sticking out. But most often it's her digestion. Then she will wear the whole hot summer a bandage round her, just to see if it won't help. But it never does. She can't eat green corn without being "upset," no matter what she does. This year she got an idea about her feet. One day I met her coming down the street, bent forward, elbows akimbo, walking with her toes turned in. She looked like a sheep escaped from the shambles, with its legs tied.

"What on earth's the matter, Emily!" I exclaimed, distressed to see her in such a fix.

"It's bunions," she said, stopping, but careful to keep the ends of her shoes touching. "I've two awful corns on the bottoms of my feet, and I've heard walking pigeon-toed will cure them."

That is Emily Peters, inside and out, Job's own sister in the flesh and a neurasthenic invalid in the spirit. But you cannot induce her to take a firm stand in the church for anything, she is so afraid of making herself worse than she is. When we have a row in our missionary society she's a neutral. When the congregation is split, like the Red Sea, over whether we shall have an evangelist to help our preacher, during a revival, or repent of our sins the best way we can under his familiar preaching, she is still a neutral. When I see her at such times, sitting three benches in the rear of the argument, I could spew her out of my mouth for being neither hot nor cold. But you will find her in your church too.

"Mrs. Triggs Wishes to Speak to You About the Hymns for Next Sunday"

Like all Gaul, every church is divided into three parts—the Christians, the hardened saints, and the choir. The Christians are the least conspicuous. The pastor never finds out who they are until he has been with us long enough to look about him. They never "lead in prayer," or testify in an experience meeting of their victorious struggles. They do what they are told to do and let it go at that. But this church wouldn't last twelve months if it were not for their dull presence among us. You may see them every Sabbath day occupying all the temperate zone behind the hardened saints and the choir, like a windbreak between them and Providence: middle-aged bald-headed men; middle-aged double-chinned women, who listen to the sermon, try their best to remember the text, and never fall out with the preacher.

My experience is that most of the rows and schisms in this church start with the saints. I have seen many an Old Adam steward, like Tom Warren, sitting in the amen corner, with a horned soul—not satanic, but the ordinary spreading antlers of an aged steer, usually lowered to goad the preacher in the flanks or some other steward in the ribs.

For ten years three or four of our prominent members have conducted a feud with the ferocity of outlaws. Old Man Warren fell out with Roger Peters about the line fence between their two farms. The Discipline of our church forbids a brother to go to law with another brother; so they occupied all their spare time in moving that fence back and forth until they hated each other like poison. Peters changed his seat from the right-hand side of the pulpit to the left, so as not to be near Warren.

This disturbance led to the investigation of line fences throughout the entire community, and it was found that more than half of them were "in dispute." Some of our members quit the church. But the epidemic spread to the Baptists. They had no church rules to hold them down; so the court dockets for two years were filled with cases about line fences. When they were decided the men who lost quit the Baptists and came to us, with their bitterness sticking to them.

Preachers came and preachers went. They exhorted, prayed, pleaded in vain. They could not bring harmony between these brethren, contending like unarmed savages over their dividing lines. The women took up their husbands' quarrels. Mrs. Warren said she would not speak to Mrs. Peters—not if she "met her face to face." The young people and sinners looked on. The church began to lose its grip in the community. Sometimes for a whole year, if we had a very tactful pastor, there would be a lull in the racket—merely a truce. Tom Warren and Roger Peters would not vote together, even to reduce the pastor's salary. And it was a sight to see Warren go up one aisle and Peters up the other to take the morning "offering"; then stand so far apart with it before the altar that the blessing asked scarcely reached from one basket to the other.

Meantime the relax of these disturbances was felt in the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies. We could not agree upon any way to raise funds as we had done before, with ice-cream festivals in summer and oyster suppers in winter. By way of adding to the general confusion some members of the Aid Society decided to have a rag carpet woven for the parsonage parlor. They compounded their rags and old clothes for this purpose. When the weaving was done Mrs. Warren told the pastor's wife to send for the carpet, sew it together and put it down. This was Mrs. Wrenn, who was expecting her second baby and was frail. Therefore, she did not feel equal to the labor of making the carpet.

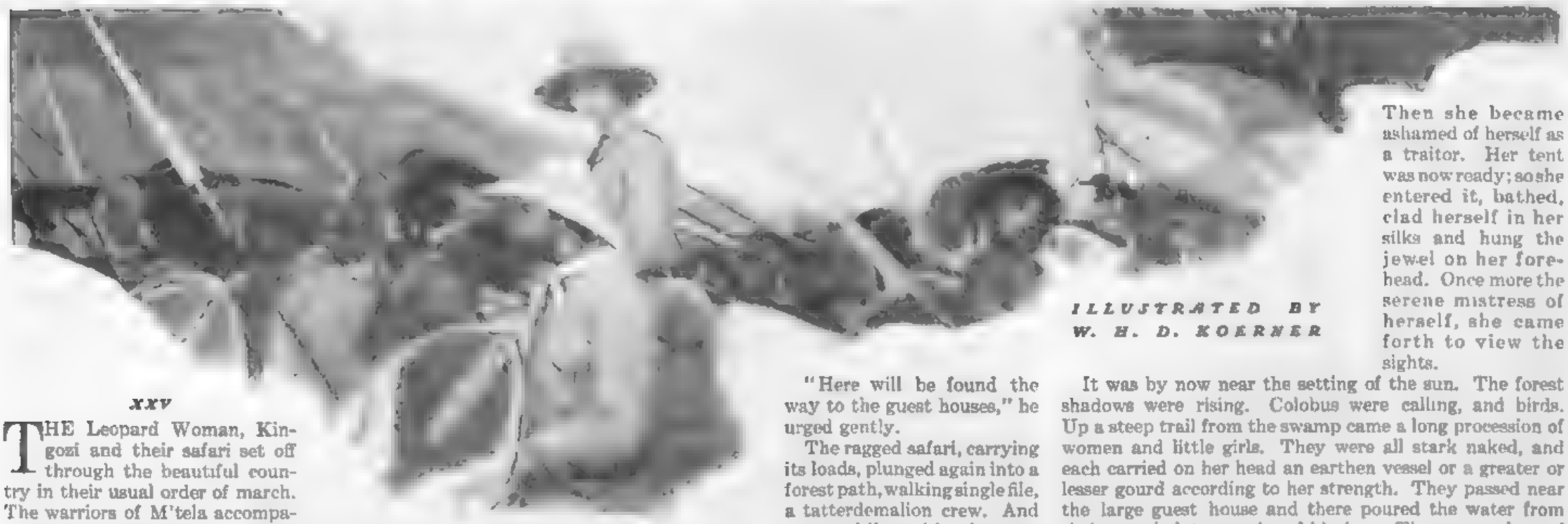
Mrs. Warren said she had suspected Sister Wrenn of being too proud; now she knew she was, since she had her nose turned up at that carpet.

Sister Wrenn was rebellious. She had a little money of her own and showed her independence by refusing to call anybody brother or sister. I doubt that she was altogether satisfied with the situation. No preacher's wife is; but few of them dare say so.

(Continued on Page 81)

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By Stewart Edward White



ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXV

THE Leopard Woman, Kingozi and their safari set off through the beautiful country in their usual order of march. The warriors of M'tela accompanied them, walking ahead, behind and on either flank. The drums roared incessantly, the trumpets of horn sounded. It was a triumphal procession, but rather awe-inspiring. The safari men did their best to imitate Kingozi's attitude of indifference, and succeeded fairly well, but their eyes rolled in their heads.

The Leopard Woman sat her donkey and surveyed it all with appreciative eyes. In spite of Kingozi's reassuring words, the impression of savage power as the warriors debouched from the wood had been vivid enough to give emphasis to a strong feeling of relief when their intentions proved peaceful. The revulsion accentuated her enjoyment of the picturesque aspects of the scene. The shining, naked bodies, the waving ostrich plumes, the glitter of spears, the glint of polished iron, the wild savage expression of the men, the throb of barbaric music, appealed to her artistic sense. In a way her mind was at rest. At least the striving was over. Kingozi had made his decision; it was no use to struggle against it longer. She had no doubt that now they were virtually prisoners, that they were being conducted in this impressive manner to a chieftain already won over by Winkleman. The latter had had more than the time necessary to carry out his purpose. Kingozi's persistence was maddeningly futile; but it was part of the man, and she could not but acquiesce.

They marched across the open, grassy plain and into the woods beyond. A wide, beaten track took them through, as though they walked in a lofty tunnel with green walls through which one could look, but beyond which one might not pass. Then out into the sunlight again, skirting a swamp of plumed papyrus with many water fowl, and swarms of insects, and birds wheeling swiftly catching the insects, and other larger birds wheeling grandly above on the watch-out for what might chance. This swamp was like a green river flowing bank high between the hills. It twisted out of sight round wooded promontories. And the hills, constantly rising in height, crowned with ever-thickening forests, extended as far as the eye could reach.

At the end of the straight vista they turned sharp to the right and climbed a tongue of land—what would be called a "hog's back" in the West. It was grown sparsely with trees and commanded a wide outlook. Now the sinuous course of the papyrus swamp could be followed for miles in its vivid green; and the tops of the forest trees lay spread like a mantle. The top of the "hog's back" had been flattened, and on it stood M'tela's palace.

The Leopard Woman stared curiously. There was not much to be seen. A high stockade of posts and wattle shut off the view; but over it could be distinguished a thatched roof. It was rectangular instead of circular and appeared to be at least forty feet long—a true royal palace. Smaller roofs surrounded it. Outside the gate stood several more of the gorgeous spearmen, rigidly at attention. Not another soul was in sight.

But whatever there seemed to be lacking in either the cordiality or the curiosity of the inhabitants was more than made up for by the escort. With admirable military precision, a precision that Kingozi would have appreciated could he have seen it, they deployed across the wide open space at the front of the plateau. The drums lined up before them. In the echoing inclosure of the forest walls the noise was prodigious. And then abruptly, as before, it fell. In the silence the voice of the old headman was heard.

"Here will be found the way to the guest houses," he urged gently.

The ragged safari, carrying its loads, plunged again into a forest path, walking single file, a tatterdemalion crew. And yet a philosophic observer might have caught a certain nonchalance, a faint superiority of bearing on the part of these scarecrows, ridiculous when considered over against the whelming numbers, the military spruceness, the savage formidability of the wild hordes that surrounded them. And if he had been an experienced as well as a philosophic observer he could have named the quality that informed them. Even in these truly terrifying, untried conditions it persisted—the white man's prestige.

The forest path, wide and well-trodden, led them a scant quarter mile to a cleared wide space on the very edge of the hill, which here fell abruptly away. A large, circular guest house occupied the center point, and other smaller houses surrounded it at a respectful distance. To the right hand were the tops of trees on a lower elevation; to the left and at the rear the solid wall of forest; immediately in front a wide outlook over the papyrus swamp and the partly clothed hills beyond.

Their guides—for there were several—indicated the guest houses and silently disappeared. The safari was alone with its own devices.

Kingozi's practical voice broke the slight awe that all this savage magnificence had imposed.

"Cazi Moto!" he commanded. "Tell me what is here."

He listened attentively while the wizen-faced little headman gave a detailed account, not only of the present dispositions, but also of what had been seen during the short march to M'tela's stronghold. At the conclusion of this recital he called to the Leopard Woman.

"I am here, near you," she answered.

"You must be my eyes for this," he told her. "Look into the large guest house. Is it clean? Is it fairly new?"

She reported favorably as to these points.

"I am sorry, but I must take it over for myself," he said. "Matter not of comfort, but of prestige. You would do best to pitch your tent somewhere near. Cazi Moto, let the men make camp as usual."

"Very well," she agreed to her part of this program. Her manner was very gentle; and she looked on him, could he have known it, with eyes of a tender compassion. His was a brave heart; but Winkleman must long since have arrived.

She moved slowly away to superintend the placing of her tent, reflecting on these matters. It was decent of Winkleman to keep himself in the background just at first. Time enough to convince poor blind Kingozi that the game was up when he had to some extent recovered from the strain and fatigue of the long journey. But Winkleman was a good sort. She knew him—a big, hearty, bearded Bavarian, polyglot, intensely scientific, with a rolling, deep voice. He must have had ten days—a week anyway—to use his acknowledged arts and influence on the savage king. Kingozi had said a week would be enough—and Kingozi knew!

She sighed deeply as she thought of the doom to which his own obstinacy had condemned that remarkable man. Her eyes wandered to where he sat in his canvas chair, superintending through the ever-efficient Cazi Moto the details of the camp. His shoulders were sagging forward wearily and his face in repose fell into lines of infinite sadness. Her heart melted within her; and in a sudden revulsion she flamed against Winkleman and all his diabolical efficiency. After all, this little corner of an unknown land could not mean so much to the general result, and it would be so glorious a consolation to a brave man's blindness!

Then she became ashamed of herself as a traitor. Her tent was now ready; so she entered it, bathed, clad herself in her silks and hung the jewel on her forehead. Once more the serene mistress of herself, she came forth to view the sights.

It was by now near the setting of the sun. The forest shadows were rising. Colobus were calling, and birds. Up a steep trail from the swamp came a long procession of women and little girls. They were all stark naked, and each carried on her head an earthen vessel or a greater or lesser gourd according to her strength. They passed near the large guest house and there poured the water from their vessels into a series of big jars. Thus every drop of water had to be transported up the hill, not only for the guest camp, but for all M'tela's thousands somewhere back in the mysterious forest. These women were of every age and degree of attractiveness; but all were slender, and each possessed a fine-textured skin of red bronze. Except the very old, whose breasts had fallen, they were finely shaped. The rays of the sun outlined them. They seemed quite unaware of their nakedness. Their faces were good-humored; and some of them even smiled shyly at the white woman standing by her tent. Having poured out the water they disappeared down the forest path.

Thence shortly appeared other women with huge burdens of firewood carried by means of a strap, after the fashion of the Canadian tumpline; and still others with *m'wembe*, bananas, yams, eggs, *n'jugu* nuts and gourds of smoked milk. Evidently M'tela did not do things by halves.

The usual routine of the camp went on. Supper was served as usual, and as usual the Leopard Woman joined Kingozi for the meal. The occasion was constrained on her side, easy on his. He asked her various questions as to details of the surroundings, which she answered accurately but a little absently. She spoke from the surface of her mind. Within herself she was listening and waiting—listening for the first sound of shod feet, waiting for the moment when Winkleman should see fit to declare himself and end the suspense.

So high was this inner tension that she fairly jumped from her chair as a demoniac shrieking wail burst from the forest near at hand. It was answered farther away. Other voices took up the cry. It was as though a thousand devils in shuddering pain were giving tongue.

"Tree hyraxes," Kingozi reassured her.

"Those tiny beasts!" she cried incredulously.

"Just so. Sweet voices, haven't they? Some of these people must be wearing hyrax robes"

And, indeed, she remembered seeing some of the soft, beautiful karosses.

But now from the direction of M'tela's palaces arose a confused murmur, that swelled as a multitude drew near. The drums began again. Soon, the Leopard Woman described, torches began to flash through the trees. At the same moment Cazi Moto came to report.

"Build up a big fire," commanded Kingozi. He turned to the Leopard Woman.

"This is likely to be an all-night session," he said resignedly. "If you want to get out of it I advise you to go now. Not that you'll be able to get any sleep. But if you stay you must stick it out. It would never do to leave in the middle of the performance. Some of it you won't like."

"What is it to be?"

"Ceremonial dances, I fancy."

"I think I shall stay," she said slowly.

In her heart she thought it extremely unlikely that the performance would last all night. Indeed, her own opinion was that Kingozi would be a prisoner within an hour.

Kingozi settled himself stolidly in his chair before the fire, that was now beginning to eat its way through an immense pile of fuel, where during all subsequent events he remained in the same attitude.

The Leopard Woman, on the contrary, looked with all her eyes. The torches came nearer. People began to pour out from the woods. There were warriors in full panoply; lithe, naked men carrying only wands peeled fresh to

the white; women hung heavily with cowries, other women with neither garment nor ornament, their bodies oiled and glistening. A deep, rolling chant arose from hundreds of throats, punctuated and carried by a sort of shrill, intermittent ululation. The drums were there, but for the moment they were not being beaten in cadence; only rubbed until they roared in undertone to the men's chanting.

M'tela

All these people divided to right and left in the clearing of the guest camp and took their stations. More and more appeared. The space filled, filled solidly, until at last there was no break in the mass of humanity except for a circle forty feet in diameter about the fire.

Suddenly a group of fifteen or twenty men detached themselves from the main body and leaped into this cleared space. The great chant still rolled on; but now a varied theme was introduced by a chorus of the near-by women. The dancers were oiled to a high state of polish, naked except for a single plume apiece and a sort of tasseled tail hung to a string belt. They clustered in a close group near the fire, facing a common center. In deep chest tones they pronounced the word *goom*, at the same time half crouching; then in sharp staccato head tones the word *sup;* at the same time rising swiftly up and toward their common center. It was like the ebb and surge of a wave, the alternate smooth crouch and spring over and over again—*Goom, sup! Goom, sup! Goom, sup!*—and behind it the twinkle of torches, the gleam of eyes, the roll of the deep-voiced chanting.

Endlessly they repeated this performance. The Leopard Woman, watching, at last had to close her eyes in order to escape the hypnotic quality of it. In spite of herself her senses swam in the rhythmic monotony. All outside the focus of the dancers turned gray—*Goom, sup! Goom, sup!* Was it never to end? And then it seemed to her that it never would end, that thus it would go on forever and that so it was just and right. The men were tireless. The sweat glistened on their bodies; but their eyes gleamed fanatically—she floated off on a tide of irrelevant thoughts.

Hours later, as it seemed to her, she came to herself suddenly. Kingozi still sat stolidly in his chair. The dancers were retiring step by step, still with unabated vigor continuing their performance. They melted into the crowd.

Now a pell-mell of bizarre figures broke out. They were bedecked fantastically; some of them were painted with white clay; one was clad in the skins of beasts. There was no rhythm or order to their entrance; but immediately they began to dash here and there, shouting.

"It is the Lion Dance, *mensakib*," Cazi Moto told her in a low voice. "That one is the lion; and they hunt him with spears in the long grass."

The chase went forward with some verisimilitude, and yet with a symbolic syncopation that indicated the Lion Dance was a very ancient and conventional ceremony. These dancers gave way to a chorus of singers. For interminable hours, so it seemed, they chanted a high, shrill recitative, carried in fugue by deeper voices. The burden of the song was evidently an impromptu. Occasionally some peculiarly apt or pleasing phrase was caught up for endless repetition. And in the background, against the farther background of the undistinguished masses, those who had formerly carried on their performances in the full glare of front-row publicity and the camp fire now continued their efforts almost unabated. The impressive utterers of the *goom, sup* shibboleth, the slayers of the symbolical lion, continued still.

Indeed, as the night wore on and one group of dancers succeeded another, the homogeneous crowd began to break into varied activity. Each took his turn as principal, then fell back to form part of the variegated background. Each dance was different. Warriors fully armed flashed shield and spear; witch doctors crouched and sprang; women stamped in rhythm; the elephant was hunted; the crops sown and gathered; all the activities of community and individual life were danced; the frankness of some saved from obscenity only by the unconscious earnestness of their exposition, and the evidence of their symbolism that they were not the expression of the moment but very ancient customs.

The Leopard Woman watched it all with shining eyes. The emotion of the picturesque, the call of savage wildness, the contagion of a mounting community excitement caused the blood to race through her veins. The drums throbbed against her heart as the pulse throbbed against her temples. She resisted an actual impulse to rise from her chair, to throw herself with abandon into an orgy of rhythm and motion. Perfectly she understood those who, having reached the breaking point, dashed madly through the fire scattering embers and coals, or who darted forward to kiss ecstatically the white man's feet, or who reached a wild paroxysm of nerves to collapse the next instant into exhaustion. She was brought to herself by Kingozi's calm voice.

"Sweet riot, isn't it," he remarked. "They're working themselves up to a high pitch. It's always that way. You would think they'd drop from sheer weariness."

"How long will they keep it up?" she asked, drawing a deep breath and trying to speak naturally.

"So it got you, too, a little, did it!" he said curiously.

"What do you mean?"

"The excitement. It's contagious unless you are accustomed to it. I've seen safe and sane youngsters go quite off their heads at these shows, and dash down and caper round like the maddest *shensi* of them all. Felt it myself at first. It draws you, like wanting to jump off when you look down from a high place." He was talking evenly and carelessly. "Enough of this sort of thing will make a crowd see anything. Devil-worshipers, for instance. They see red devils, after they work up to it, not a doubt of it."

"Thank you," she answered his evident purpose to bring her to herself.

"All right now, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, to answer your question—I've known dances to last two days."

"Heaven!" she cried dismayed.

"But this is to prepare a suitable entrance for His Majesty. We'll hear from him along toward daylight." He held out his wrist watch toward her. "What time now?"

Somehow the simple action seemed to her pathetic. Her eyes filled, and she stooped as though to kiss the outstretched hand.

Never again would the worn, old wrist watch serve its owner, except thus vicariously!

"It is ten minutes past the twelve," she answered in a stifled voice.

"We must settle down to it. If you want tea or something to eat, tell Cazi Moto." He resumed his stolid demeanor.

The dancing continued. Every once in a while women threw armfuls of fuel on the blaze. The tree hyraxes, outscreeched and outnumbered, fell into silence or withdrew. Above, the stars shone serenely; and all about stood the trees of the ancient forest. Outside the hot, leaping, red light they drew back aloof and still. They had seen many dances, many ebbs and flows of men's passions, for they were very old.

The Leopard Woman's vision blurred after a time. She was getting drowsy. Her thoughts strayed. But always they circled back to the same point. She found herself wondering whether Winkleman would appear that night.

A few hours earlier than Kingozi had predicted—in fact, not far after two o'clock—the wild dancing died to absolute immobility and absolute silence, and M'tela arrived.

He appeared, walking casually as though out for a stroll, emerging from the end of the wide forest path. Central African natives are never obese—comic papers to the contrary notwithstanding. Nevertheless, M'tela was a large man, amply built, his muscles overlaid by smoother, softer flesh. He possessed dignity without aloofness, a rare combination, and one that invariably indicates a true feeling of superiority. As he moved forward he glanced lazily and good-humoredly to right and left at his people, in the manner of a genial grown-up among small children. He wore a piece of cotton cloth dyed black, so draped as to leave one arm and shoulder bare, a polished bone armlet, and a tarboosh that must have been traded through many hands.

"The *sultani, bwana,*" murmured the ever-alert Cazi Moto.

M'tela wandered to where Kingozi sat. The white man did not move, but appeared to stare absently straight before him. At ten paces M'tela stopped and deliberately inspected his visitor for a full half minute. Then he advanced and dropped to the stool an obsequious and zealous slave had placed for him.

"*Jambo, papa,*" he said casually.

His manner was perfect. The thousand or so human beings who crowded the clearing might not have existed. Himself and Kingozi, two equals, were settling themselves for an informal little chat in the midst of solitudes. His large, intelligent eye passed over the Leopard Woman, but if her appearance aroused in him any curiosity or other interest, no flicker of expression betrayed the fact.

As he heard the form of address a brief gleam of satisfaction crossed Kingozi's face. Whether it has been transferred from the English, or has been adopted more directly from the babbling of infants, "*papa*" is perfectly good Swahili. When M'tela addressed Kingozi as "*papa*" he not only acknowledged him as a guest, but he admitted the white man to the intimacy that exists between equals in rank.

M'tela was friendly.

XXVI

TWO days passed. By the end of that time it had been borne in on the Leopard Woman that Winkleman had not yet arrived. Kingozi and M'tela circled each other warily, like two strange dogs, though all the time with an appearance of easy and intimate cordiality. As yet Kingozi had neither confided to the savage the fact of his blindness nor visited the royal palace. The latter ceremony he had evaded under one plea or another; and the infliction he had managed to conceal by the simple expedient of remaining in his canvas chair. Later would be time enough to acknowledge so great a weakness, later when the subtle and specialized diplomacy he so assiduously applied would have had time to do its work.

For M'tela was initially friendly. This was a great satisfaction to Kingozi, though none knew better than he that any chance gust of influence or passion could veer the wind. Still it was something to start on, and something more or less unexpected and unhoped for. M'tela himself supplied the reason in the course of one of their interminable conversations.

"I am pleased to see the white man," he said. "Never has the white man come to my country before; but always I knew he would come. One time long ago my brother, who is king of the people near the Great Water, said these words to me: 'My brother, some day white men will come to you. They will be few, and they will come with a small safari and their wealth will look small to you. But make no mistake. Where these few white men who look poor come from are many more—like the leaves of the grass—and

Outside the Gate Stood Several More of the Gorgeous Spearmen, Rigidly at Attention

their wealth is great and their wonders many; and for each white man that is speared ten more come, without end, like water flowing down a hill. I know this to be so, for I am an old man and I have fought, and of all those who fought the white man in my youth only I remain.' So I remembered these words of my brother always."

"You are a wise man, O king," said Kingozi, "for those words are true."

Hourly Kingozi cursed his eyes. With this man so well-disposed, a day—a single hour—of the white man's miracles would have cemented his friendship. But Kingozi was deprived at a stroke of the great advantages to be gained by cutting out paper dolls, making coins disappear and appear again, and all the rest of the bag of tricks. He had not even the alternative advantage of a store of rich gifts with which to buy the chief's favor. This crude alternative to subtle diplomacy he had scorned when making out a small safari for a long journey.

To be sure he was not doing badly. A box of matches and instructions in the use thereof went far as an evidence of munificence. Sparingly he doled out his few treasures — the gaudy blankets, coils of brass, copper and iron wire, beads, snuff, knives, and the like. They were received with every mark of appreciation. In return firewood, water and food of all sorts came in abundantly. But these, Kingozi well knew, were only temporizing evidences of good feeling. Time would come when M'tela would ceremoniously bring in his real present—assuredly magnificent as beseeming his power. Then, Kingozi knew, he ought to be able to reciprocate in degree. He could not do so; he could not use his accustomed methods; he could not even exhibit his trump card—the deadly wonder of the weapon that could kill at a distance.

At the Appointed Spot They Fell Upon Him and Bore Him to the Earth in Spite of His Strength

Nevertheless, he would have awaited the outcome with serene indifference could he have been certain of a clear field. The arrival of Winkleman would, he secretly admitted, upset him completely. Winkleman—another white man, possessed of powers he did not possess, of wonders he did not own, of knowledge equal to his—would have no difficulty in taking the lead from him. Certainly Winkleman had not yet arrived and he was long overdue. On the other hand, neither had Simba or Mali-ya-bwana reported; and they were equally overdue. These were ticklish times; and Kingozi had great difficulty in sitting calmly listening to the endless inconsequence of a savage.

The Leopard Woman could not understand how he did it. Her inner nervous tension, due as much to a conflict as to suspense, drove her nearly frantic. She knew that Winkleman's appearance spelled defeat for Kingozi; she knew that she should hope for that appearance—and deep in her heart she knew that she dreaded it! But as time went on without tangible results she began to long for it as a relief. At least it would be over then. And Kingozi—Oh, brave heart! Oh, pathetic figure—if anything could make it up to him ——

The morning of the third day came. Usual camp activities carried them on until nine o'clock. Kingozi was settled in his chair awaiting what the day would bring forth. The Leopard Woman, coming across from her tent to the guest house, stopped short at what she saw.

Across the way, a half or three-quarters of a mile distant, beyond the green papyrus swamp, on the slope from the edge of the forest, appeared a long file of men bearing burdens on their heads. Even at this distance she made out the color of occasional garments of khaki cloth or the green of canvas on the packs. She arrived at Kingozi's side simultaneously with Cazi Moto.

"A safari comes, *bwana*," said the latter. "It is across the swamp."

Kingozi's figure stiffened.

"What kind of a safari?" he asked quietly.

The Leopard Woman answered him. There was no note of jubilation in her voice.

"It is a white man's safari," she told him. "I can see khaki, and they are marching as a white man's safari marches."

"Get my glasses," he told Cazi Moto. Then to her, his voice vibrating with emotion too long controlled: "Look and tell me—fairly. I must know. Whatever the outcome, you must tell me the truth. It will not matter. I can do nothing."

"I will tell you the truth," she promised, raising the glasses.

For some moments she looked intently.

"It is Winkleman's safari," she announced sadly. "I have been able to see. It is a very large safari with many loads," she added.

Kingozi's face turned gray. He dropped his face into his hands. Gently she laid her hand on his bowed head. Thus they waited, while the safari, evidently under local guidance, plunged into some hidden path through the papyrus and so disappeared.

XXVII

LET us now follow Simba, Mali-ya-bwana and their six men, and the two strange *shenzis* who were to act as guides.

They started off across the veldt at about four o'clock of the afternoon and traveled rapidly until dark. The gait they took was not a run, but it got them over the ground at four and a half to five miles an hour. Shortly after sundown they stopped for an hour, ate, drank and lay flat on their backs. Then they arose, lighted a candle end in the mica lantern and resumed their journey. Thus they traveled day and night for three days. There seemed to be neither plan nor regularity to their journeying. Whenever they became tired enough to sleep they lay down and slept for a little while; whenever they became hungry they ate; and whenever they thirsted they drank, paying no attention whatever to the time of day, the state of their larder or the distance to more water. No ideas of conservation hampered them in the least. If the water gave out, they argued, they would be thirsty; but it was as well to be thirsty later from lack of water as to be thirsty now from some silly idea of abstention. No white man could have traveled successfully under that system. Nevertheless, the little band held together, and arrived in the fringe of hills fit and comparatively fresh.

Here they encountered people belonging to M'tela's tribes; but their guides seemed to vouch for them, and they passed without trouble. Indeed, they were here enabled to get more food and to waste no time hunting. At noon of another day, surmounting a ridge, they looked down on a marching safari. The two *shenzi* guides pointed and grinned, much pleased with themselves. Their pleasure was short-lived, for they were promptly seized, disarmed and tied together. The grieved astonishment of their expressions almost immediately faded into fatalistic stolidity. So many things happen in Africa!

Mali-ya-bwana and one of the other men proceeded rapidly ahead on the general line of march. The rest paralleled the safari below. After an hour the scouts returned with news of a water hole where undoubtedly the strange safari would camp. All then hurried on.

Concealed in a thicket, Simba proceeded with great zest to make himself over into a *shenzi*. In every savage is a good deal of the small boy, so this disguising himself pleased him immensely. Taking the spear in one hand and the "sacred bone" reverently in the other, he set out to intercept the safari.

It came within the hour. Simba, almost unremarked, regarded it curiously. There were over a hundred men, all of tribes unknown to him with the exception of a dozen, who evidently performed the higher offices. The common porters were indeed *shenzis*—wild men—picked up from jungle and veldt as they were needed, and not at all of the professional porter class to be had at Mombasa, Nairobi, Dar-es-Salaam or Zanzibar. Simba's eyes passed over them contemptuously; but rested with more interest on the smaller body of *askaris*, headmen and gun bearers. These also were of tribes strange to him, but of East African types with which he was familiar. They were all dressed in a sort of uniform of khaki, wore caps with a curtain hanging behind, and arm bands gayly emblazoned with imperial eagles. All this was very impressive.

Simba conceived a respect for this white man's importance. Evidently he was a *bwana m'kubwa*. The supposed savage experienced a growing excitement over the task he had undertaken. All his training had taught him to respect the white man as such; and now he was called upon to abduct forcibly one of the sacred breed—and such a specimen! Only Simba's undoubted force of character sustained him.

For Winkleman was a big man in every way, tall, broad, thick, with a massive head, large features and such a tremendous black beard! Well had he deserved his native name of Bwana Nyele—the Bearded Master.

Simba awaited the moment of greatest confusion in the placing and pitching of the camp, and then advanced timidly, holding out the bone Kingozi had given him. His courage and faith were very low. They revived instantly as he saw the immediate effect. It was just as Kingozi had told him it would be; and as there was nothing on earth in a bit of dry bone that could accomplish such an effect except magic, Simba thenceforward went on with his adventure in complete confidence.

(Continued on Page 58)

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Working on Salary

BROADLY speaking, the inhabitants of the United States subsist on farming and on pay checks; but half of those engaged in agriculture are hired hands too; so it comes round pretty largely to the pay envelope.

Apparently salaried positions are increasing, and salaries are increasing also. That is certainly true of manufactures. Recently the Census Bureau published its report on manufactures in 1914. It shows nearly a million salaried employees, which is well toward three times the number in 1899. Comparisons show that salaried employees steadily increase in a much greater ratio than wage-earners. From 1899 to 1904 the former increased forty-three per cent and the latter only sixteen per cent. From 1904 to 1909 the respective increases were fifty-two per cent and twenty-one per cent. From 1909 to 1914 they were twenty-two per cent and six per cent.

Salaries have increased in an even higher ratio, the percentage of gain in total salary payments for the three periods being fifty-one, sixty-three, thirty-seven. In 1899 the average salary was ten hundred and forty-six dollars a year. In 1914 it was thirteen hundred and thirty-six dollars—comparing with an average wage of five hundred and eighty dollars. To put it another way, in 1899 five and a quarter dollars was paid in wages for every dollar paid in salaries, while in 1914 only three and an eighth dollars went in wages for every dollar in salaries.

Time was when ownership of a business was the goal of normal young ambition, and a lot of nonsense has been written about the superior independence, certainty of tenure and opportunity for advancement that ownership is supposed to imply. On the whole, the profits of small ownership are decidedly uncertain, while twenty thousand commercial failures last year, nearly all of small concerns, indicate the precarious nature of the tenure.

Nowadays an ever-expanding salary list—whose only limit, as to the amounts paid in specific cases, is the sky—offers young ambition its most inviting field in about ninety cases out of a hundred.

A large part of the real prosperity of the United States is found along the upper ranges of the pay roll.

Manufactures Since 1914

THE Census report on manufactures in 1914 is somewhat out of line, because it was taken at a time of decided industrial depression. We made in that year goods valued at twenty-four billion dollars against twenty billions in 1909; but the increase was only seventeen per cent against forty per cent in the preceding five years, and thirty per cent in the five years before that. Depression is shown by the fact that at the end of 1914 fewer wage-earners were employed than five years before.

Since 1914 there has, of course, been a tremendous gain, both because the volume of output is greater and because prices are higher. Perhaps the gain since 1914 has been as great as that in the preceding five years, and we are now manufacturing goods at the rate of about thirty billion dollars a year. This would imply a huge national income, far larger than that of any other country; and it implies a positively wide distribution of wealth, because only with a positively wide distribution of wealth could that volume of goods be absorbed. But a great many chinks are still meagerly filled.

The average wage in 1914 was five hundred and eighty dollars against five hundred and twenty in 1909. On the other hand, there was much unemployment, the number of wage-earners on the pay roll in December being smaller by six hundred thousand than in March, and smaller—as mentioned above—than at the end of 1909.

Joys of Neutrality

WHAT neutral sovereignty is actually valued at nowadays, in spite of much fine talk about it, is illustrated by the situation of Switzerland. A correspondent writes that the Central Powers recently threatened to cut off the sovereign republic's supplies of coal, iron, steel, chemicals, and various other necessary commodities, which reach her across their frontiers, unless she compensates them by permitting the exportation of certain goods to the Central Powers.

On the other hand, the Allies give her most positive assurance that if she does permit exportation of the goods in question to the Central Powers her oversea trade will be stopped.

By the new law of nations neutrality is nobody's dog.

International Federation

A SMALL volume by G. Lowes Dickinson contains what one has no great hope of finding nowadays—namely, a quite sane discussion of the war by a belligerent citizen. He says: "For the actual outbreak of this war I believe a few powerful individuals in Austria and Germany were responsible. But the ultimate causes of war lie much deeper. In them all states are implicated. Wipe Germany from the map and, if you change nothing else, the other nations will be at one another's throats in the old way for the old causes. While nations continue to contend for power, while they refuse to substitute law for force, there will continue to be wars.

"And while they devote the best of their brains and the chief of their resources to armaments and military and naval organization each war will be more terrible, more destructive, more ruthless than the last."

The state of Europe, internationally considered, has long been a state of anarchy, with each individual nation relying finally upon its own force, heeding the flimsy restraints of so-called international law or not heeding them, as it judged expedient. The remedy is to set up a real rule of law by international federation. Certainly there were plenty of wars before there was a German Empire. Extinguish that empire and there would still be plenty if Europe's political mind were animated by the old motives of national jealousy and lust for mere power. In the present war two great international federations have begun to take shape.

The Great Grab Bag

HERE is a neat little table showing appropriations by Congress for the fiscal years 1916 and 1917. You notice at once that the footing of the second column is larger than that of the first by something like five hundred million dollars. You see that increases in the two items Army and Navy account for about four hundred millions of it, and you console yourself with the thought that probably the country's exigencies require that much greater armament. But nearly every other item shows an increase too. There is a million here, three millions there, ten millions in another place.

As to some of these items, such as twenty millions for a nitrate plant and forty millions for rivers and harbors, you have heard enough specific criticism to raise at least a grave doubt. As to the remainder, you have only the general and melancholy fact that neither yourself nor anybody else on earth really knows how necessary or expedient they are or how much they might be reduced without impairing the efficiency of the Government if the money were handled to the best possible advantage.

Nobody in particular is really responsible for this list of items as it finally goes over to the Treasury and is paid out in veritable money. Above all, nobody has any definite idea as to how much preventable waste any or all of the items contain.

Both parties have spoken approvingly of a national budget system. Which one will promise a comprehensive, nonpolitical, scientific overhauling of Government accounts?

War and Shipping

IN VIEW of the size and duration of the conflict it may still be said that the war has destroyed but little of the wealth which existed in July, 1914. Under the heading of destruction of tangible wealth much the biggest single item, no doubt, is shipping; and, as we have mentioned before, losses in shipping have been virtually replaced by new construction; so the belligerent nations probably have to-day as great a tonnage of merchant vessels as they had at the beginning of the war.

But a British shipping authority points out that this is a very inadequate view of the matter. Before the war England was increasing its merchant fleet at the rate of over a million tons a year; so if there had been no war its fleet would have been more than two million tons greater instead of having barely kept even. And the pressure upon shipping—especially that commandeered by the government—has been so great there was no time for ordinary repairs, the result being an excessive depreciation, equivalent to the loss of at least a million tons. All together, this expert figures that the British merchant fleet is worse off because of the war to an extent that may be expressed by four million tons, or nearly twenty-five per cent.

In every direction war causes huge loss in this way—that is, it prevents normal growth and brings excessive depreciation.

Fear and Disease

MEASLES and whooping cough each cause more deaths than scarlet fever, but not nearly so much fear. There is a general opinion that modern science has virtually disarmed diphtheria, while croup has long been popularly regarded as harmless; yet diphtheria and croup together kill as many people yearly as dread typhoid fever. Smallpox, in the registration area of the United States, has, in fact, become almost negligible as a cause of death. Out of nine hundred thousand deaths in 1914 only two-hundred and twelve were from that disease; but its power to inspire fear is great.

The whole country has been startled by some hundreds of deaths from infantile paralysis. Quarantine regulations were put into effect in many places. By taking any particular disease in the calendar and printing details of the deaths from it for three successive weeks people generally can be brought into a quite panicky state of mind regarding it—preserving meantime a cheerful indifference to the ailments that are actually going to kill them.

The Campaign

CAMPAIGN criticism of President Wilson's dealing with Germany is mere partisan claptrap. No President would have protested, at the time, against the invasion of Belgium. No President could have prevented the Lusitania crime. In the submarine business Mr. Wilson's course has been that which the best interests of this country required, and to this writing it has been eminently successful.

But the Democratic Party has been in control of the government three and a half years. It came into power denouncing Republican extravagance and promising economy. It has not only made no reasonable effort to redeem that pledge, but, all the circumstances of the case considered, has exceeded its predecessor in extravagance. Government service is rather more extensively honeycombed by the spoils system than it was four years ago.

In criticizing these things Republicans are on solid ground—only the criticisms sound odd in the mouths of those who made the pattern of extravagance and inefficiency which the Democrats have followed and enlarged.

We hope Mr. Hughes will devote much of his campaigning to attacks upon Democratic waste and incompetence in the administration of the government. But, in view of its record, what specific and binding pledges can his party give? That is the point we should like to hear discussed.

Work for Idle Hands

OBVIOUSLY there is no solution for the problem of unemployment except by putting the idle hands at work. The British experiment of unemployment insurance leaves the real problem untouched, though mitigating its effects. Pensioning a man capable of productive labor while he lies idle may be better than turning him over to a soup kitchen; but it is certainly much worse than giving him useful work to do.

An efficient and economical agency that sought out all possible jobs and directed to them as much idle labor as they could absorb would help somewhat; but the basic fact is that in certain times there are simply not enough jobs to go round. A railroad or mill that is laying off its old hands has no place for new ones. When industry is contracting, labor is thrown out automatically and inevitably. The shrinking structure has no place for it.

We believe it is possible to create a reserve of employment and that there is no other solution for the problem of unemployment. Certainly there is no end of things that might profitably be done, which still ordinarily go undone or half done. There are over two million miles of public highway in the United States, for example, of which less than one-tenth is improved, as the Department of Agriculture defines improvement.

It would be possible, by an arrangement embracing nation, state and county, to absorb a great quantity of idle labor by undertaking extensive road improvements in slack times, lessening the roadwork as industry was able to recall the labor.

NEW MORTGAGES FOR OLD

WITH us it wasn't exactly a case such as you see in the movies—of the grinding miser, with one mortgage on the farm and another on the hand of our fair daughter, and our choosing the foreclosure of the loan or being thrown out on the highway; but it was a mortgage, and it worried us. It was one of those old-fashioned loans that never fall due, are always due, payment of which may possibly never be demanded, but which may be called to-morrow. To be sure, in our part of the world the holder of a mortgage is not supposed to want more than his interest; and he is usually an investor who lives on his income and would not know what to do with the farm if he got it; and we were not worried about being foreclosed. As a matter of fact, though, it never seemed right to my wife or to me that the loan could legally be called at any time.

The thing that bothered us was this: We had been studying our situation, and we had made up our minds that there was no prospect of our ever making much headway in money matters unless we provided ourselves with better farming equipment. A twenty-acre tract of the farm was so wet that it was useful for nothing but pasture, and even as pasture it was not profitable because, for lack of drainage, it was hummocky and grew a small and decreasing amount of poor grass and weeds.

The remedy was plain—underdraining. It was sour, too, and needed lime. The hillslopes—perhaps ten acres—leading down to this flat were springy and spouty. Half the crops got off with a bad start every spring, and some years we could not get on this hillside for weeks after we should have been working it; and then the soil would be cloddy and the crops poor.

Borrowing Into Prosperity

UNDERDRAINING would make these thirty acres the best on the farm, and would add a good third to its productiveness. With the land drained and limed we could grow clover, timothy and possibly alfalfa, and corn enough to fill a good silo—and we had no silo. With a silo we could keep ten cows, or maybe fifteen, and our milk returns would seem like affluence to us. We could see as plain as day that, if we had the money to put into these productive improvements, it would mean prosperity. We had studied the farm papers and college bulletins, and the friendly advice given us by the Agricultural Department at Washington, and knew that wisely purchased equipment is the best investment for the farmer. We sat down and figured thus:

It would cost on the average twenty-five dollars an acre to drain the thirty acres—or, say, eight hundred dollars to be on the safe side. The silo would cost us two hundred dollars more. Here was about a thousand dollars called for right off the bat. Then we were not satisfied with our cows. They were fair cows, and we were very fond of them; but, just between us, they were scrubs. Not bad cows at all, but not the cows to make money on. When a farmer takes care of his own cows, and can't keep very many, he ought to keep good ones. It doesn't cost a cent more to keep a cow that yields ten thousand pounds of milk a year than it does to maintain the animal that gives only twenty-five hundred. So you should keep as good ones as you can afford, unless you are keeping them for the pleasure of their society.

Besides, we had only five cows. We had three heifers coming on, which were good, dairy-bred grades and might be good enough for our reorganized farm—or they might not. Possibly we should be obliged to pay two hundred dollars a head within a year for seven to ten cows—and that might mean sixteen hundred dollars more. Try as we would, we couldn't figure our way out with less than two thousand dollars of new investment—and we should have taken twenty-five hundred, at a fair rate of interest, with the full assurance that the marriage of the money with Dame Nature and our own management would bring in the interest three times over every year—after we got started.

Now I had never known the name of the owner of my mortgage. It was given to our bank, but I knew the bank had disposed of it and now acted only as the agent of the real mortgagee. So I went to the bank and asked whether it would be possible for me to get from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars additional on my loan, or on a second mortgage. "Plunging pretty heavily, aren't you?" asked the cashier.

Then I explained to him that this loan, instead of being an extravagance, was really a necessity. I had it down pat, and I finally convinced him.

"Well," said he, "that farm is easily worth ten thousand dollars after you have made those improvements—and your encumbrance will be only four thousand. It would be safe enough; but the holder of that mortgage doesn't happen to have funds for the increase now. Otherwise, I should suggest that he take all of it and make a new mortgage covering the whole loan."

"But," I said, returning to my first idea, "I thought someone might be willing to take a second mortgage ——"

The cashier shook his head. Second mortgages were not a desirable form of investment. He would not recommend one to any customer of his bank.

"It would be better to look for somebody who would advance the whole five thousand ——"

"Forty-five hundred at the most."

"Well," said he, "whatever it figures up to. Call next time you are in town! I'll see what I can do for you!"

"Maybe the bank might make the loan?" I ventured.

"No," said he. "No, no, no! Not good banking, you know. Money is tight just now. But I'll see what I can do among our customers."

Well, the next time I went to town I called on the cashier again. He told me that, though the bank had no available funds, his father-in-law, the vice president of the bank, happened to have the money and was willing to make the loan. The interest would be six per cent, and there would be a two per cent commission.

"Let me see," said I; "two per cent of twenty-five hundred ——"

"Two per cent of forty-five hundred dollars," said he. "This is an entirely new loan, you know."

"But," said I, "I want only twenty-five hundred dollars. I already have two thousand dollars on which my father paid a commission twenty years ago."

He was very patient and kind, and explained to me that, in view of the fact that the whole loan was renewed, it would be necessary for me to pay a two per cent commission—not to the bank, but to the bank's father-in-law, who made the loan.

"And what will the holder of the old mortgage do with the two thousand dollars?" I asked.

"Oh, he will make another loan of two thousand dollars to some other farmer."

"And get a commission," I asked, "of two per cent?"

"Certainly," said the cashier.

"Well, then," said I, "for the purpose of getting twenty-five hundred dollars with which to drain thirty acres of land, build a silo and get some better cows, I shall have to pay out ninety dollars for commissions, and somebody else will have to pay out forty dollars, making a hundred and thirty dollars in commissions caused directly or indirectly by the borrowing, on my part, of twenty-five hundred dollars. That seems pretty steep to me."

The New Rural Credit Act

THE cashier explained that I did not understand, that it was the regular thing, and that each loan was an independent transaction; but that if I did not want the money on that basis it would make no difference, as money was in great demand. I told him I would go home and talk with my wife about it, and would see him again when I brought in my cantaloupes. After all, ninety dollars was all I had to pay; and though it was plenty, I figured that it would pay me to make the loan, and I had no doubt that my wife would agree with me. When I drove into the yard, however, she ran out to me quite excited.

"Charlie," said she, "do you know that Congress has passed a law to help people get money on farm mortgages at a lower rate of interest?"

I was not at all enthusiastic. I had heard more or less about rural credits, and had made up my mind that the whole thing was very largely political hot air. So I grunted rather than replied.

"Humph!" I said. "They have been talking about that for years. There's nothing to it."

"But," she said, "they have actually passed the bill; and the President has signed it."

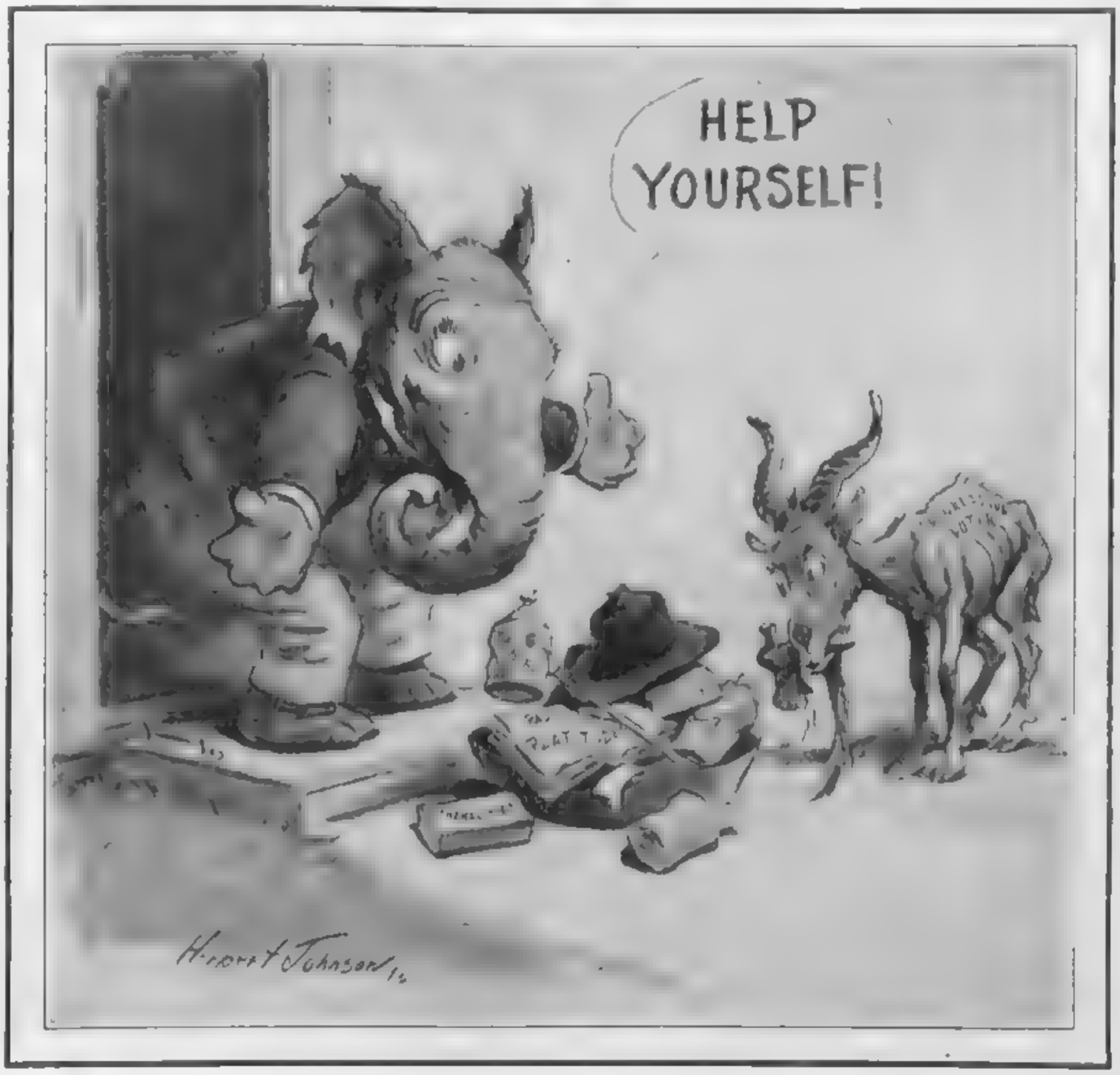
"Well," said I, "you will find there's some hitch or catch in it somewhere. The Government at Washington never does things like that for the farmers. It's all bunk."

"Well," said she, "it won't do any harm to study it, will it? Don't be so pessimistic; there's a first time for everything. I have been reading about this in the farm paper, and unless the editor is mistaken this thing is going to work."

So we sat down and read over together everything the paper said about it, and it did sound convincing; but I was not convinced. So after supper I walked down to the home of William Allen, down the road a quarter of a mile, to talk about it, and found him and his wife in the act of reading all about it in their farm paper, just as my wife and I had been doing.

"What do you think about it?" said I.

"Well," said William, "the whole thing was designed to look good and it does look good, but whether it is good or not is another thing. What do you say about writing to



the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington and asking him for blanks and other things? He'll know what we want."

"He may," said I; "but unless we know, I don't see how he can. This act provides for two ways of getting money—out of a new kind of privately owned bank or through coöperative associations of borrowers. I don't believe there's a privately owned land bank in this state yet that is chartered under the act, and we certainly haven't a coöperative organization of borrowers; and I don't suppose we ever shall have. We aren't much on coöperation here."

"Let's see," said William. "It takes ten borrowers to start an association. If I could find the other nine we would have one."

"Well," said I, "I will reduce the necessary number to eight."

"Are you looking for a loan?" said he.

"Yes, but I didn't know you were."

"Well, I am," said he. "My brother and I own this farm, and I have got to buy him out. I want to make some improvements too."

"Let's do a little detective work," said I. "If we will just take up the neighbors round here, one by one, we can come pretty near telling who really needs a loan."

"Why," said he, "anybody needs one of these loans rather than a straight old-fashioned mortgage. These loans can run for ten, fifteen, twenty and even as high as forty years, and they are paid off gradually by annual installments or annual dues—just a few dollars a year."

"I'd have had my two thousand dollars paid off years ago if I could have paid a little on the principal every time I paid the interest," I said; "but I did not have the face to offer the bank twenty-five or thirty dollars, and I never could save up the two hundred or three hundred dollars that I thought was as little as the bank would like to take."

"Now listen," said he; "you and I are both thinking of the same thing—organizing one of these National Farm Loan Associations. The thing for us to do is to find out how it is done, and then get the neighbors interested until we have eight other men, or more, who would rather have money at five per cent than six per cent—and maybe we can get it for less than five—and who prefer to put their mortgages in shape so that they can pay them off after five years, or let them run for forty if they wish, and if they do let them run from thirty to forty years will have them worked off by paying every year only about the same amount they would pay on their present mortgages as interest without getting any credit at all on the principal."

"Yes," said I dubiously.

"Charlie," said he, "if we don't succeed in doing this thing we don't deserve to have cheap money on easy terms. It looks to me as if the Government has done its share and has opened the opportunity for the farmers to help themselves. If we cannot help ourselves we're no good. Are you willing to admit that we're no good? Well, I'm not; and I'm going to work on this proposition of organizing a National Farm Loan Association right here in this neighborhood—now; and I want you to help me."

"William," said I, "I am with you."

And this was how our National Farm Loan Association was started.

Cheaper Money for Farmers

Farmers are a pretty conservative class. They must be; for new things are experiments, and the farmer who tries an experiment on anything but the smallest scale is sure, if it fails, to sink in it all the profits from much larger operations. This being the mental attitude of the neighbors, Will Allen and I had our work cut out for us in persuading them to consider the matter of forming a National Farm Loan Association. It seemed sort of presuming on our part to dive right in and plunge on a new system. But we were convinced, and we worked to convince our friends on five points:

1—Landowning farmers can, under the Federal Farm Loan Act, procure mortgage loans much easier than through commercial banks. This is because the commercial banks need to keep their money at command all the time and ought not to be asked to loan much money on farm mortgages.

2—The rate of interest will be lower under the Federal Farm Loan Act than it has been, and more uniform all over the country. This is because the law enables great quantities of farm-land bonds to be sold in denominations of from twenty-five to several hundred dollars, and thus even poor people will be able to invest in farm loans. These bonds will be eagerly sought for by investors, small and large, because each of them, instead of depending on the success or failure of one particular farmer, is based on the general success of farms all over the country, and it can never be that all farms are failures. There is a guaranty fund back of the mortgage, in the form of the capital of the local association, and each one is guaranteed not only by the local National Farm Loan Association that indorses it but by the bond of a great Federal Land Bank, taking in one-twelfth of the United States. Each bond not only is guaranteed by this Federal Land Bank but is indorsed by eleven others just as good.

In other words, no farm-loan bond under the Federal Farm Loan Act can be unsafe, unless all the farm-loan bonds made under it all over the United States are unsafe. Therefore, they will command the lowest rate of interest that the lender is willing to accept on a perfectly safe security, that is not taxable—this last feature ought to help a good deal. Interest rates ought to be much more uniform, because the safety is uniform; and the Federal Land Banks ought to have no difficulty in reaching loanable money wherever it exists. That has been the trouble in our neighborhood—people having money to invest in farm loans either didn't know of our local needs or were too far away to care for dealings with us.

3—The farmer himself may choose how long a time his mortgage shall run. This is a great advantage, as every one of the neighbors could see.

Provisions for Easy Payment

Mr. Peterson, who was one of the last we canvassed, said that he wanted to make a long-time loan on the annual-installment plan, but that there was always a possibility that he would come into some money, which he might get next year or might not receive for thirty years—or might never get. If he got it he wanted to pay off his loan. But when we showed him that after five years he could pay off the loan whenever he had the money, or make partial payments as low as twenty-five dollars, he decided on a loan that would be paid off in thirty-six years if he paid only six per cent a year. This feature of the Federal Farm Loan Act seemed to appeal to everybody. It provides so many easy methods of repaying the loan.

4—The Federal Farm Loan Act provides for those who are not landowners, but who are in shape to become owners of producing farms by getting loans.

5—There isn't a lot of red tape to be tied, untied, unraveled and bothered with.

That was hard to understand at first. We were afraid the thing would be so complicated that it would be too much for us; but we found it was as easy as rolling off a log—provided we had good security and wanted the money for purposes that are proper under the law.

It really was fun after we got into the business. It was hard to get some in, because they were timid as to the effect it would have on the holders of their present loans.

"What if we don't get these loans, after all?" asked Mrs. A. L. White, who had been struggling with a four-hundred-dollar mortgage since her husband's death. "Suppose the folks who have mortgages that we are planning to pay off get mad when they find we are forming a National Farm Loan Association and call in our loans—and then we fall down on getting the money?"

"We won't fall down," said Will Allen. "The Federal Land Bank has the money to begin business with, and after business is begun we'll have no difficulty. They don't have any in other countries. We may not get quite such cheap money as we hope to do; but we'll get the money. Besides, the people who hold the mortgages aren't that sort. What they'll do is to begin buying the new land bonds. And, though they won't get quite so much interest maybe, they'll have less trouble and will own something that they can sell or borrow on anywhere—no foreclosures, and a great Government system of land banks to do business with, instead of wondering whether you and I and Charlie here are going to be on the dot with our interest. It isn't going to make anyone mad, and it won't make any difference if it does. This thing is not going to fail. You trust Uncle Sam, Mrs. White!"

But Mrs. White didn't come in. She said she knew where she stood under the old mortgage, and as she didn't want to borrow any more she'd let bad enough alone.

It took just about a week to get ten of us together who rather thought we'd go into the thing and form a National Farm Loan Association. Will Allen said, though, that some always dropped out at the last minute because of cold feet, or something else, and we had better get plenty while the getting was good. So we went on and collected the names of seven more. It looked as if we should have twenty members by the time we got our charter; for, though it is true that there are always some who will drop out when you are obliged to have them, it is equally certain that some will come in unexpectedly when you can get along without them. Human beings are made that way.

It was a rather exciting time when we had our meeting for the purpose of organizing. We meant to use the schoolhouse, but it was so pretty out in Smith's woods that we went over there. We decided this the day before the meeting, and sent the word round so the women could bring along something to eat and drink; and we had one of the busiest and pleasantest picnics I ever attended.

Ira Daniels brought his notary public's seal and a little typewriter; and we studied the Federal Farm Loan Act and drew the papers accordingly. Ira is a notary public, and has been a justice of the peace, but I believe Will Allen, or Miss Scott, the teacher, could have drawn the papers just as well—all but the affidavits. They needed the notary's seal. All we had to do was to say in the paper we signed that we desired to borrow money under the provisions of the Federal Farm Loan Act, and did, by the signing thereof, enter into articles of association for the purpose of forming a National Farm Loan Association, to carry on its business in Walnut Township.

We made the articles pretty brief, though we had the right to adopt any regulations we chose, not contrary to law; but we felt that, if we put nothing into them except what was necessary, there would be no question. We all signed these articles and elected a board of five directors. In doing this we followed the methods prescribed by law for the election of national-bank directors. We had a copy of the National Bank Act for this purpose. The Federal Farm Loan Act requires this method of electing directors.

The directors elected were William Allen, James Peterson, F. J. Willcox, M. B. Smith and myself. I suppose I was put on because I had taken such a deep interest in the association; but the rest were selected because they were the most responsible and safest men we had. It is an office that carries responsibility but no salary; so the people were free to pick the best without electioneering. Ira Daniels was elected secretary-treasurer at a salary of thirty cents an hour for time actually spent on our work. He suggested this scale of payment himself. Ira was elected by the board of directors in the presence of the meeting—or the picnic. William Allen was made president in the same public way, and F. J. Willcox vice president.

The Loan Committee

The loan committee was made up of old Mr. Alexander Pendleton—who had moved into our neighborhood, after being in the real estate and loan business in the city for years—M. B. Smith and myself. We put Mr. Pendleton on this committee because he is so cautious. He would be sure to keep the rest of us from taking chances on approving poor loans. There is no sort of use in being anything but safe in approving loans, for if we approved too large a one, or one for an unwise or illegal purpose, the Government appraiser would turn it down, anyhow—as he ought, of course. If every loan is made safe the whole system will be like the rock of Gibraltar; and all of us agreed that safety first should be our motto!

Well, we gave the secretary-treasurer, Ira Daniels, the duplicate of the articles of association. After the loan committee had made a written report, stating that each one of us was a land owner or was about to become a landowner in this neighborhood, and how much money we wanted to borrow—and after we had each made affidavit according to law as to our loans—the whole bunch of papers was sent to the Federal Land Bank in our district. The formation of the association took some little effort, as I have stated, but it really didn't absorb much of our time, because we did most of the canvassing in town on Saturdays, and when we met our neighbors driving along the road or went to see them evenings. And after the association was actually formed, coming into it was easy. As a matter of fact, Ira Daniels does most of the work.

What we wanted our loans for brings up a matter that seems to me very interesting. We happened to have in our association one of every sort of loan the law permits. You know, of course, that money can't be borrowed through National Farm Loan Associations for every purpose. I suppose the reason Congress had for passing the law was to make the farmers more prosperous. So if a man wants the money to spend in high living—or in living at all, for that matter—he has to borrow in some other way. If a farm won't support a man in his living expenses the loan isn't very good, anyhow. I wouldn't belong to a National Farm Loan Association that made loans for anything but productive purposes, even if the law allowed it.

Each one of us had to subscribe five per cent of his loan, to start the capital of our association, which was to be paid only if the loan was granted, and then be invested by the association in the stock of the Federal Land Bank. In case of a default in any of our loans—that is, in case any member fails to pay his installment when due, and in case our association defaults also—we are liable to an assessment of another five per cent. But our association is allowed to deduct a small commission each year from the interest it collects on the loans made by the Federal Land Bank to our members, in anticipation of the dividends it will receive. So there is no reason why it should default in its indorsement, unless very many of our members default. We can protect ourselves against any assessment by being careful about the loans, and if we aren't the Government appraiser who has to approve them will be careful for us. So the danger is much less, I figure, than it is for a stockholder in a national bank. On the five per cent—it was one hundred and twenty-five dollars in my case—I expect to get dividends from the stock it purchased in the Federal Land Bank until my loan is paid off. Then I shall get the one hundred and twenty-five dollars back, or use it to pay the final balance on my loan, and then cease to be a member of the association. You see, these are associations of borrowers and nobody else.

Help for Tenant Farmers

The law provides, as one of the purposes to which money borrowed may be put, first: the purchase of land for agricultural uses. Will Allen came under this head, because he wanted to buy his brother's share in the farm. And when we were about through organizing, a tenant farmer, Oliver Adams, who had worked the Sweetzer place for years, came in and joined, making affidavit that he expected to buy the farm he was working.

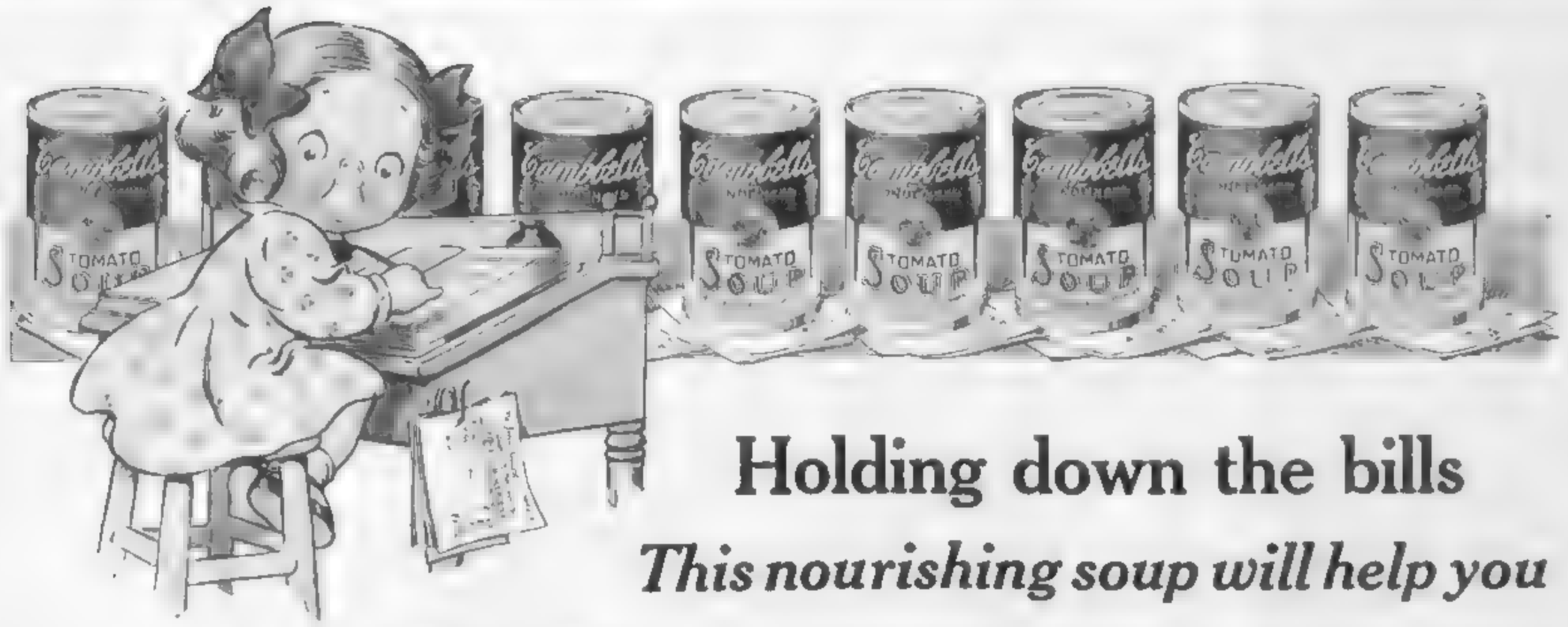
Sweetzer was going to California, and Oliver gave him a cash payment of ten hundred and fifty dollars that he had saved, applied for one of our loans for fifteen hundred, which is fifty per cent of the value of the farm, and gave Sweetzer a second mortgage for four hundred and fifty. He will make good, we feel certain; and we are glad to have in our association perhaps the first tenant farmer in the United States to use the Federal Farm Loan Act as a means of getting a farm of his own. I hope there will be millions of them in a few years.

The second object for which money may be borrowed is "for the purchase of equipment, fertilizers and livestock necessary for the proper and reasonable operation of the mortgaged farm." My underdraining and silo and better cows came under this head, I suppose. So did the loan of Ira Daniels, who wanted to buy two manure spreaders and invest the rest of his loan in a contract for stable manure in the city. He had under contract enough manure to cover a hundred acres of land—and, with freight added, he was getting it cheap. This loan will actually be more productive, I believe, than any other made through us.

The third class of loans is for money to provide buildings and for the improvement of farm lands. Jason Williams simply had to have a barn and a little house for his hired man. His loan came under this—and his farm is good for it, even if he had spent the money for toy balloons; but, of course, the law wouldn't allow a thing of that kind, no matter how safe it might be.

The fourth kind of loan is the kind most of us took out—even a part of mine was of the fourth kind—"to liquidate indebtedness of the owner of the land mortgaged existing at the time of the organization of the first National Farm Loan Association established in and for the county in which the

(Concluded on Page 30)



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Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Concluded from Page 28)

land mortgaged is situated, or indebtedness subsequently incurred for purposes mentioned in this section." I quote from the Federal Farm Loan Act, a copy of which is now owned by each member of our association.

M. B. Smith's case is a special one under this section. M. B. owed fifteen hundred dollars, which represented the most unproductive investment I know of. When Dan Cullom was running for sheriff three years ago he induced M. B. to indorse his notes for money for his campaign—and he lost. M. B. had to pay the notes, and Dan skipped to Alaska, declaring with his parting breath that he would pay Smith to the last penny. This certainly was a foolish thing for Smith to do, but the debt existed before the first association was formed in our county, and M. B. had the right to borrow money to take up the obligation.

"But," said Will Allen, "now that the rural-credit system is organized, we had all better look out how we get into debt for such unproductive things, if we expect to join in the future. The Federal Farm Loan Act will not allow farmers to indorse notes, speculate on the stock exchange, or go into debt for wildcat stocks, after the associations are in existence, and then borrow money through the system to liquidate the debts."

"That's all right with me," said M. B. "From now on my debts will be for productive purposes. I shall pay cash for my foolishness!"

I suppose such a limitation is necessary. If the policy of confining the loans to productive purposes, or to the purposes specified in the bill, is to be pursued—and we think it ought to be—this limitation must be enforced. Otherwise a man who wanted money for some other purpose could beat the law by going into debt for a patent right or a gold brick, and then claim the loan for the liquidation of an old debt. Such must go to other lenders for accommodation.

The American farmer may object to having his purposes inquired into, but I notice that the banks wish to know what a business man wants money for, if he asks for very much.

We were glad Oliver Adams came in, because he made the fourteenth member. We aren't superstitious, but we would rather not have started with thirteen at the amortization table. We should have had fifteen if Walter Wells hadn't quit us at the last moment. He is pretty well off and is farming on a scale a little larger than the rest of us.

"I'll have to beg off," said he.

"Why?" asked Will Allen. "You promised faithfully you'd come in; and we need you."

"Well," said Walter, "if you insist I'll stick; but you don't really need me, and this Farm Loan Association isn't quite equal to the demands of my farming. I have been figuring it over, and I don't see how I can get along with less than fifteen thousand dollars. The law forbids loans through you of more than ten thousand. My present mortgage is nine thousand. I owe at the bank, for things that won't pay me back for two or three years, thirty-five hundred more. I want to take that up. And I want a six-cylinder motor car!"

"You plute!" said Will.

"And then," went on Walter, "they are organizing a joint-stock land bank down at the state capital, and I believe I shall be able to get more adequate accommodations from it."

His case shows the necessity—or, at least, the propriety—of having banks authorized under the Federal Farm Loan Act that can do business with farmers like Walter Wells, who either want more money than the coöperative associations can get, or want it for purposes not justified by coöperative associations; or who, for any reason, do not wish to borrow through the coöperative associations. Walter went away with the approval and good wishes of all.

After we were organized Ira Daniels did most of the business. I know we got our charter and I know we got our money on the loans. The Widow White came in as soon as she saw the color of the money borrowed by the rest of us. Funny thing too—our banks have had more farmers' money and money derived from farmers' business than ever before. It all gets into the banks sooner or later, anyhow.

I have told this story to show that there isn't anything mysterious in the matter, or anything difficult about organizing to borrow money under the Federal Farm Loan Act. Any body of people who know enough to go to the post office for the mail know enough to organize. The children in school could do it. After that, the question of providing the money is up to the Federal Land Bank.

We farmers have few and simple duties in the matter; but they are very important. We must work with the Government appraisers in good faith. We must have good men on our loan committees, so that all loans approved by us will be fit to go through. We must use judgment in passing on the loans, both as to the amount in comparison with the value of the farms and as to the purposes of the loan. Above all, we must see to it that each of our members meets every installment as it falls due.

The law is a great new agency for furnishing money to finance the business of farming. For thousands of years, I suppose, other business men have had their own systems of finance. We have had to get along with a financial system designed for the uses of other business. Now the Government has opened up a loan system especially for us.

This is a very great and important thing. It may be the greatest blessing the farming world has ever had bestowed on it since the passage of the Homestead Act. It gives the farmers control over their own finances, if they care to assume it. If they assume it they owe it to themselves to do everything they can to carry out the purposes of the Federal Farm Loan Act in good faith.

If they do not assume control of their own loan business the Government has opened a way for a new kind of loan company—the Federal Joint Stock Land Banks—which will no doubt take control of the whole business. So far as our neighborhood is concerned, we prefer the coöperative association of borrowers to the joint-stock association of lenders; but everybody to his taste! Men like Walter Wells cannot get what they want from such associations as ours—and there are, of course, others situated as he is.

The National Farm Loan Association like ours—is especially adapted to the uses of farmers doing a small or medium-sized business and to the undeveloped regions where land is cheap. I hope other associations will be as well pleased with its workings as we are.

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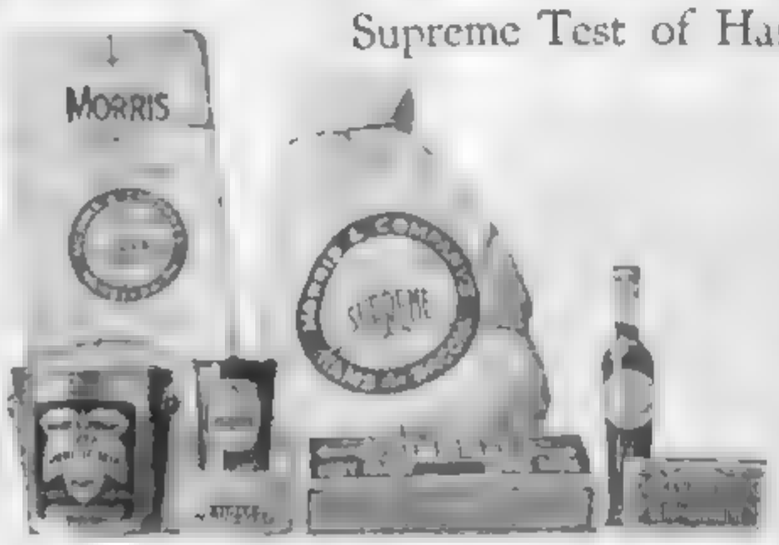

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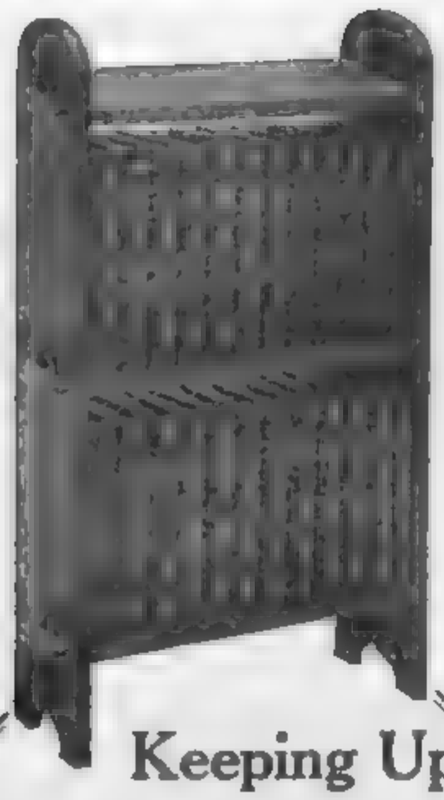

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OUR MOST HUMAN INDUSTRY

(Concluded from Page 19)

the care with which he works reveals his honesty and experience as a prospector. Making a camp he goes over thousands of acres of mountainside, first with the eye, then with trenches. If the outcrop is found it may be only a small pocket, or a stringer of little depth or value. Even the vein that later leads to a real mine may be disappointing on the surface.

This is still the general basis of prospecting in the West, and even the novice can see that it is a happy-go-lucky method of guessing at what may be buried in the heart of the hills. If there is no surface outcrop leading to riches far down, it is obvious that mineral might lie for years undiscovered; and this is the fact. Some of the greatest mines have been developed by following slender surface clews, often against expert judgment. Deposits that lie far down, with no surface indications, may stay there for years, until some better method of prospecting is developed. Occasionally a syndicate of capitalists, guided by good geological conditions, have sunk a shaft or driven a tunnel to deep treasure. But driving a shaft three or four hundred feet deep may cost anything up to a million dollars and, if nothing is found, such a shaft is about as valuable as the Yankee's dry well, which he said was fit only to be pulled up and sawed into three-foot lengths for postholes. Such prospecting has succeeded and paid enormous dividends. But it is a magnificent speculation.

Not a year passes but somebody in the West confidently announces that he has found a way to tell what is in the heart of the hills, regardless of surface indications. The schemes range all the way from geological deductions to plain divining rods and clairvoyant visions. But no scheme has yet been successful. The man who can tell what is inside a mountain, in mineralized country, will have Nature's secrets in the hollow of his hand. Probably this hidden factor in mining is part of Nature's general plan for maintaining future supplies of metal, to be won by man as his needs drive him to greater ingenuity.

"I suppose every foot of these hills has been prospected again and again," remarks the Eastern tourist as he rides through Western mountains. "All the mineral in them must have been found long ago."

When Tungsten Became Valuable

But this is true only of surface deposits, and not always even of free gold at the grass roots. Mineralized country may have been prospected again and again and still be regarded as virgin territory. New discoveries are constantly being made, not merely in old territory but in old mines. The recent war boom in metals stimulated the West amazingly. High prices for copper, lead, zinc, quicksilver, and so forth, led to profitable working of ores that in normal times would not have returned profits, and a little exploration in mines, thought to have been exhausted, uncovered rich veins at slightly greater depths.

In one Western city there is a gulch that has been worked for free gold from the days when the camp was first established—two generations ago. After the red-shirted bonanza miners left, the patient Chinamen came in and washed over every foot of the soil to make day's wages. It was believed that no more gold remained in Last Chance Gulch. But recently a contractor, while digging foundations for a warehouse, struck free gold at a depth of twelve feet, in gravel that had never been touched by the old miners; and tourists on transcontinental trains enjoyed the thrill of seeing gold, in kernels the size of wheat grains, washed by the forty-niner's method, right at the railroad station. Most of the tourists assumed that a get-rich-quick scheme had been rigged up for their undoing!

That mining country is not yet thoroughly known is shown by the recent experience of a Utah prospector. He took specimens of rock from a ledge and had them assayed. They ran more than a thousand dollars to the ton in values. It doesn't take such a big ledge to run into money at that rate. And, then, when he went back he couldn't find his ledge!

The Demand for Zinc

The old territory not only holds reserves of the old metals for anybody who can locate them, but every few years some new turn is given to prospecting by a demand for new metals and minerals. A New York business man acquired an interest in a silver mine down in New Mexico. For years the miners had been bothered by pockets of a curious black stuff, which had to be sorted out and thrown on the dump. When the European war put tungsten up and set men, women and children hunting for tungsten fragments, this troublesome black stuff changed the nature of the mine. For it was tungsten, and the old dump was worth more than the mine had ever been as a silver property. In Alaska the gold miners were annoyed in the same way by tungsten.

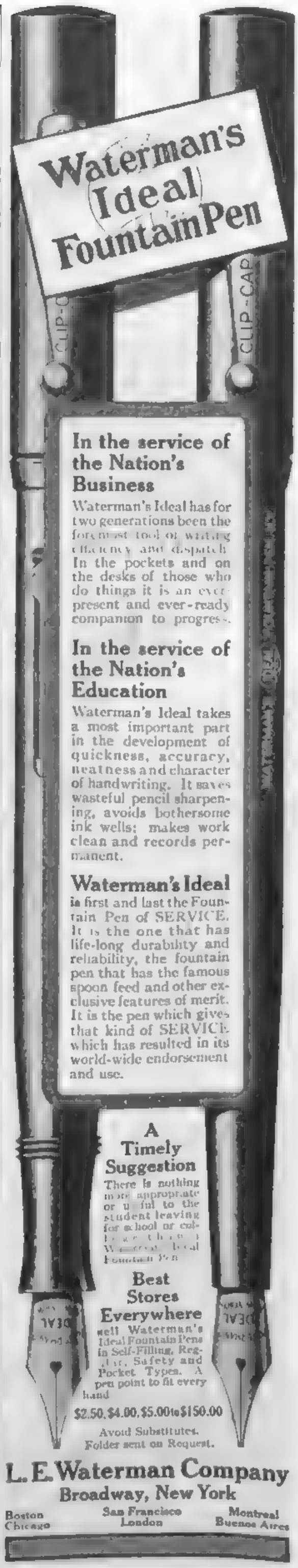
As common a metal as zinc was regarded as a nuisance in the West until very recently. Copper and silver ores with too high a percentage of zinc were penalized by the smelters, and in some cases mines had to be closed as unprofitable. Now that new methods of working the zinc have been devised, and better prices are commanded by that metal, many a prospector would be glad to locate a zinc claim, when yesterday he would have passed it by scornfully.

In Arizona a mining man hired a Mexican to blast stumps. The *hombre* brought his boss some specimens of a curious mineral he had picked up in the hole left by a stump. This stuff proved to be galena, and within a few months the stump mine sold for one hundred thousand dollars.

Tungsten, manganese, molybdenum, cerium, platinum, thorium, potash, ozocerite or mineral wax, and several rare metals, minerals and earths have been found recently in the West and worked profitably. Ten years ago they were of little commercial value, and sometimes were seen only in mineral museums. Indeed, a valuable deposit of magnesite, in Nevada, was prospected by one of Uncle Sam's geological-survey experts, who saw a specimen, in a mineral cabinet, incorrectly labeled, and ran it down to the source, uncovering extensive beds. Another mineral oddity of the West is the complex of minerals known as "lenzite," which is found in crystals in Arizona. It makes such a splendidly sensitive coherer in wireless telegraphy that the crystals sell for ten dollars apiece.

The old bonanza days may be over in the West, but the days of the prospector are not. Following one of the most fascinating and human callings left in modern life he still goes afield with his donkey, bacon and sour-dough pancakes, seeking he knows not what nor where.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.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THE BOYS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM

(Continued from Page 13)

"We'll never be able to live this down," said Henry Starkweather—Henry, one of the best two rifle shots in Eastern Connecticut; Henry, sentenced to stay at home when his country needed him so badly on the Mexican border. "I tell you, fellows," he said, "we've got to do something and do it quick, or we'll never be able to show our faces outside of Hoxie again!"

A meeting at the armory was called at half past ten, and everyone was invited to go. Unfortunately I was unable to be present, having a case that morning in Moosup, but when I got back I found my fellow citizens almost walking round on their toes, as though they were sharing some great secret of state—elevated, they seemed to be, and held together by a great mysterious purpose. I met Ed Leahy near the office, and the moment I tapped him for information he nearly drowned me in a great gush of enlightenment.

"Listen, doc," he said. "If they won't send us, all right! You know what we're going to do? We're going down on our own hook!"

It was such a magnificent inspiration that it held me fascinated, and while I stood there staring at Ed, he made me a signal of caution and went swinging down the street, looking like a composite of George Washington, Captain Kidd, William Tell and the Man in the Iron Mask—rebellious, exalted, martial—and yet as mysterious as they make them.

That afternoon I received a strange telephone message that a special meeting would be held at the armory at three o'clock—strange because the speaker refused to give me his name, although I'd know Fatty Riggs' piping voice anywhere. Now by that time wild horses couldn't have kept me away from participating in the great Hoxie revolt. When I reached the armory it was packed. Henry Starkweather was guarding the door with a rifle at his shoulder, and somehow the sight of that rifle gave me an added thrill. He told me that Ed was down at the station, making cautious inquiries about the cost of a special train to Nogales, Arizona, where the Connecticut troops were mobilizing. Meanwhile Mrs. Winsor had the floor and was discussing ways and means. Mrs. Winsor is president of the woman's club, and it was she who raised the money for the library and the new steeple for the old Hoxie church.

"Here's another idea that's just occurred to me," she was saying as I pushed through the crowd at the door. "We could hold a watermelon festival and give a prize to the one who turns in the most seeds—only fresh, damp seeds to be counted of course. A clothing party is also a novel way to raise money. Everyone pays fifty cents to get in, but everyone gets a rebate of five cents for each regular article of clothing which he or she has left off."

At this point, for some mysterious reason, a lot of people turned to look at Deacon Wiggins, who has a name for closeness second to none in Hoxie, and a voice exclaimed: "Oh, you Lord Godiva!"

"In raising the money for the steeple," hastily continued Mrs. Winsor, "I made nearly fifty dollars with my potato-pie supper—"

At this point, a decided interruption took place. Ed Leahy pushed his way into the armory, with the expression of a man who could throw his head on the floor and stamp upon it.

"Well, Edward," said Mrs. Winsor, "did you find how much it would cost?"

Ed groaned, looking round through his bangs as though they were plumes of mourning, and when he had concluded these melancholy preliminaries he said:

"To take this bunch down to the Mexican border it will cost us thirty-nine hundred dollars for transportation alone!"

A gasping silence fell upon the armory and Deacon Wiggins made an involuntary movement toward his hat, as though it were no place for a thrifty man. From out of the silence arose the suffering voice of Fatty Riggs:

"Good night, Polly! We'd have to eat watermelon and potato pie for the rest of our natural lives to raise as much money as that!"

"Then what are we going to do?" cried Mrs. Winsor.

Now history seems to agree upon the fact that in every worthy crisis a man of the hour appears and bids unruly circumstances to go and feed the stock. Even so in the crisis that faced Hoxie at that moment. So far as I know it was the first time that Will Henley had ever distinguished himself, either in public or in private, being a bashful young man who was trying to live down a reputation that he had made in the third year of his age, when he had kissed a calf and the calf had passionately kicked him in the face for it, since which affair Master Henley had always worn his nose in a rather sheepish manner—somewhat on the bias. And yet it was Private Henley's suggestion that solved one of the knottiest problems in our local history because, when Mrs. Winsor cried out, almost in despair, "Then what are we going to do?" Will jumped to his feet and shouted: "Sell the armory!"

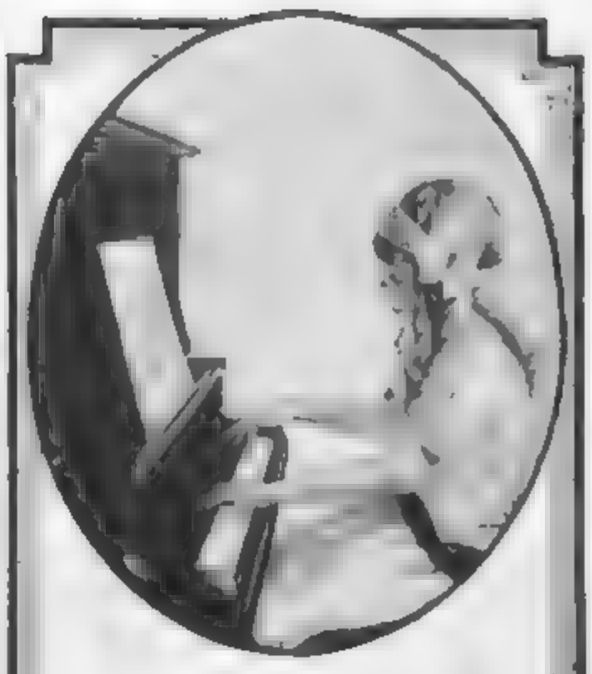
For as long as a man can hold his breath I think the suggestion stunned us, but then we began to see the poetic justice in Will Henley's idea, and we knew the thing was done. If Company M wasn't good enough to go to the front it wasn't good enough to have an armory, either; and what better purpose could any armory serve than to be the means of sending its boys to the front where they belonged, all the Respectfullys in Hartford and all the village cutups in Eastern Connecticut to the contrary notwithstanding? You can imagine then whether or not it took long for a committee to wait on Major Ames, president and general manager of the Windham Arms Company, and offer him the armory property, which he coveted so much, for the net sum of four thousand dollars, the transaction to be closed and the money paid just as quickly as the papers could be signed, sealed and delivered.

As you will guess from his title, Major Ames was an old soldier, and he was an old soldier in more senses than one. It didn't take him long to gather from the committee the reason for their haste, and it must have warmed his martial old heart to the very cockles, for he came into the meeting pawing like a war horse that scents the battle from afar. I'm not saying that the major wasn't hoping for a fight with Mexico because, when you've said and done, he was in the fighting tool business and made one of the most ingenious repeating rifles ever turned out in New England. But somehow I believe that the major wasn't thinking altogether of business when he came bouncing over to the armory and made a speech that nearly took the roof off, winding up by offering five thousand dollars for the property, which was a thousand more than we had ever expected to get, and a whole lot more than the place was worth. So in less than an hour we had engaged two special cars from Hoxie, Connecticut, to Nogales, Arizona, and had arranged that Company M should leave Hoxie at nine-fifty-eight the next morning, proceeding to its destination by way of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Fort Worth.

"And now, folks," pleaded Ed, just before the meeting broke up, "one thing more. When we get there it will be all right, because the worst they can do is to send us back, and we'll take care of that when we get there. But if those boneheads in Hartford catch on to what we're doing they'll yank us back before we're fairly started and make us look like monkeys, and all that money spent for nothing. So what we want to do is to act as though we were going regular—just as if we'd been ordered to go. Therefore, I ask everybody here present to raise their right hands and promise to keep this thing quiet till the time comes to talk about it; and if anybody spills the beans and gets us into trouble, do you hereby faithfully promise and swear to duck them in the pond and keep them there till they'll never want to go and tattle tales any more?"

Everybody's hand went up with a shout and the meeting adjourned—probably one of the most remarkable conventions ever held in America. The boys of Company M began putting their kits together and the woman's club started on its everlasting chore of providing refreshments. The five thousand dollars that Major Ames paid for the armory left plenty to keep the boys well fed on their trip to the border, and as

(Continued on Page 35)



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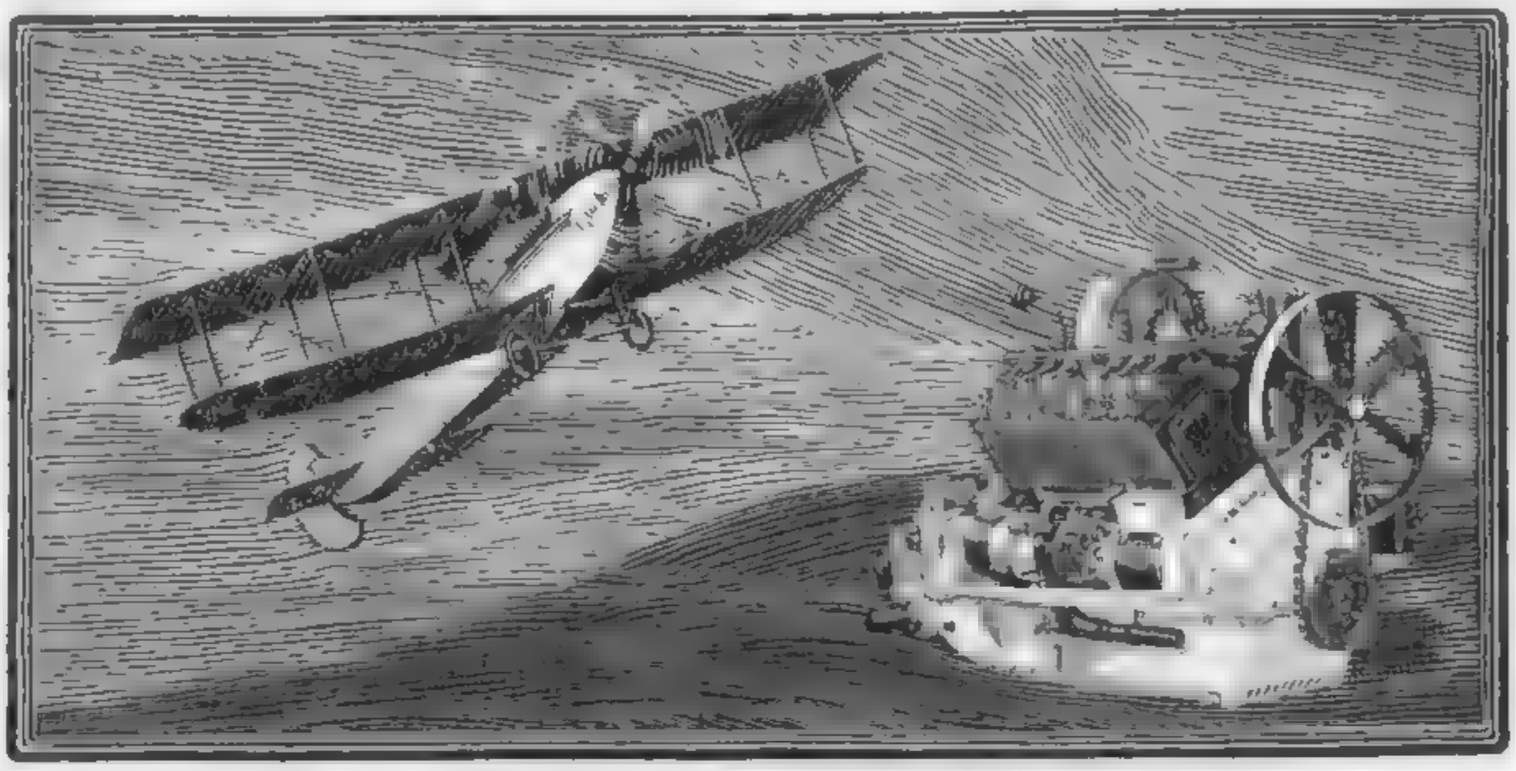

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Ask the man who owns one

Packard TWIN-6

(Continued from Page 33)

the two special cars were to be coupled to through trains as soon as they reached New London, you can see that Company M would never be very far from the dining car ahead. All the same, when the woman's club stopped work that evening they had toiled so faithfully and well that every man had an average of seventeen sandwiches and eleven pieces of cake to last him between Hoxie and New London, a fatiguing journey of not a yard less than thirty-one miles.

I am going to pass over that last night as quickly as I can, because as soon as the women of Hoxie stopped putting up refreshments and had time to realize that the boys were really and truly going they experienced a sudden change of heart. Dewy eyes and broken voices quickly succeeded the flashing glance and indignant tone; and when our boys went down to the station and climbed into their two private coaches the next morning, I want to tell you that it was a pretty subdued crowd. But youth and patriotism don't hold their sadness long, and when the cars were coupled to the nine-fifty-eight, and Krauss' band once more swung grandly into the Star-Spangled Banner, the eyes of Hoxie were all the brighter for the tears they had shed; and when the mill whistles started blowing and the church bells started ringing and old Ben Waller started firing the cannon in front of the armory, the train started out to the accompaniment of a wild, mad cheer from those who were left behind, and there was mighty little work done in our town that day.

Company M laid low till it got well past New London, and then at one of the stations Ed Leahy got off and chalked on each of the two cars: "Hoxie, Conn., Boys. 1776–1860–1916. Always On Deck." At first some of the more cautious ones wanted "Hoxie" rubbed off, but pride of locality finally prevailed. Indeed, it must have been the nerve of the thing that carried it through as it went. You, for instance, who probably saw at least one detachment of khaki-clad boys going through your station, did it ever occur to you, if only for a moment, that it might have been a rebellious company breaking every known canon of martial law and proceeding to the front at its own expense? Of course you never dreamed of such a thing, and for the same reason nobody suspected our boys, either. By the time they reached Chicago, Company M no longer asked themselves "Do you think we'll get there?" but rather, "Say, what in thunder are we going to do when we do get there?"

Not that the problem was causing them any serious lack of sleep. Four of the boys had been members of Krauss' band and had brought their instruments—cornet, trombone, clarinet and kettledrum—and whenever the train stopped at a station they gave an impromptu concert on the back platform and thereby won a string of enthusiastic press notices right across the North American continent. And what with these concerts, and the cheers that followed them all day long, and the surprisingly pleasant things that were handed through the windows, and the visits from the passengers in the regular coaches ahead, the boys of Company M weren't exactly fretting themselves into early declines. At the same time, as they drew nearer to the border, the question kept recurring a little more insistently each time: "Say, what in thunder are we going to do when we get there?"

It was not until they left Fort Worth that a plan of action was adopted.

"When we get to Nogales," said Ed, "we'll have to slide in with the first Connecticut regiment we can find—just pretend it's all right and bluff 'em to it. We've bluffed it through so far and I guess we can keep it up."

"But suppose we get called," objected Frank Norris, he who in his peaceful days used to study law in Back & Darbie's office.

"Why, then we'll go right to the general," said Ed, "and explain the whole thing to him. When he knows what we've done to get into this scrap, I'll bet he'll let us stay if he's any sort of a man. You would, if you were a general, wouldn't you?"

"Sure I would; but that's not the point. Suppose he's one of these cranky old guys, and he turns round and has us court-martialed ——"

"Sure!" scoffed Ed. "And suppose he has us all shot at sunrise! Wouldn't it make a good picture post card! Lined up against a wall, the whole bunch of us ——"

Fortunately at this point the conductor came in. The train they were on was going east toward Brownsville, Texas, whereas Company M was going west to Nogales, Arizona. So when they reached a junction, not far from the Mexican border, the two Hoxie cars were left on a siding to await the next westbound train.

"You'll have four hours to wait," said the conductor as his train began to pull out; "plenty of time to stretch your legs!"

"Stretch our legs!" reported Ed later. "That conductor certainly made a remark. Sure we stretched our legs. We stretched our arms, too, and our ribs, to say nothing of our necks, and Will Battey stretched out on the gravel by the side of the track and stayed stretched till we thought he'd never limber up again. But wait till I tell you how it started!

"As soon as we got off the train we smelled fire. There was a big blaze about two miles to the south of us, and I guess that's where everybody was—fighting it—because there wasn't anybody round the junction. I never saw such a fire. It stretched as far as you could see and looked like a big bump of hell that had pushed up through the crust.

"First I thought we'd go and help fight it, and then I thought we'd miss our train if we did, because when you once get mixed up with a fire it's hard to leave it, and what with one thing and another I said 'Nothing doing, boys. Maybe it's Mexico that's burning up, for all we know, and serve them right for what they did at Carrizal. Let's bat round a while,' says I, 'and see if we can find a place to swim.'

"We walked west along the track till we came to a nice little stream, and there we stopped and had a race to see who could hit the water first. I was climbing up on the railway bridge to make a high dive, when all at once I stopped with my hands up over my head, and I'll bet my ears stuck up like a Boston bull's. 'Listen!' I shouts at the crowd, and they stopped splashing to listen. 'Bang! Bang! Bang!' it goes again, and then we heard a locomotive blowing the distress signal, and it sounded so mournful and human that the goose flesh came out all over me, and I knew we were in for something big.

"Believe me, we didn't stop to dress very fancy. We slung our shoes and shirts on, grabbed our rifles and cartridges, and beat it up the track as fast as we could beat it, with our shirts flapping behind us like battle flags, and every man with his trigger finger aching, and me and Henry Starkweather sort of keeping an eye on each other, both having it in mind to get the first shot.

"We must have run a couple of miles when we came to where the track curved round through a deep cut. There was an engine and two Pullmans in that cut, with a big pile of dirt and stones covering the rails in front and another big pile blocking the track behind. And up on each side of the bank was a fringe of swarthy-looking rowdies, laughing and shouting, and pumping lead down on that train as if they loved to do it and was going to keep it up till they died of joy.

"Starky says he got the first shot, but I know better. As soon as they saw what was coming half of 'em disappeared on the other side of the bank—to get their horses ready, I guess—and the rest of 'em began cracking away at us. That's when Will Battey got his. Believe me, though, they got it hotter than we did, and when we began to close up they all tumbled out of sight together, except one big guy with a mahogany-colored face and bushy whiskers, who was lighting a fuse stuck in a five-gallon oil can.

"'He's going to blow the train up!' somebody back of me hollers, and me and Starky dropped down on one knee to draw a bead on Don Whiskerandos. We shot together and Mister Don he crumples up by the side of his five-gallon can and doesn't care a continental what happens in the state of Texas any more.

"'I got him!' yelled Starky, which is just like Starky, claiming everything in sight. I gave him a look that didn't please him at all.

"'Why, you big boob,' I told him, 'you missed him by a mile ——'

"At that we began arguing, getting louder and more dignified every second, for all we stood there in our shirts and shoes, and we might have been arguing there yet if that bomb hadn't gone off on the top of the bank and nearly buried one side of the train like those slides you read about in the Panama Canal. We hurried up then to see if anybody was hurt, and

(Concluded on Page 37)

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A farmers' jury may make you pay the damages. It seems incredible that with human life at stake, men who own cars or have trucks running around will take chances by buying any old kind of a brake lining. Perhaps the only time they think about it is when they're in a pinch—in danger—and the brake lining doesn't grip. Friction—friction, but there is no friction. Now try the other way—equip your car with

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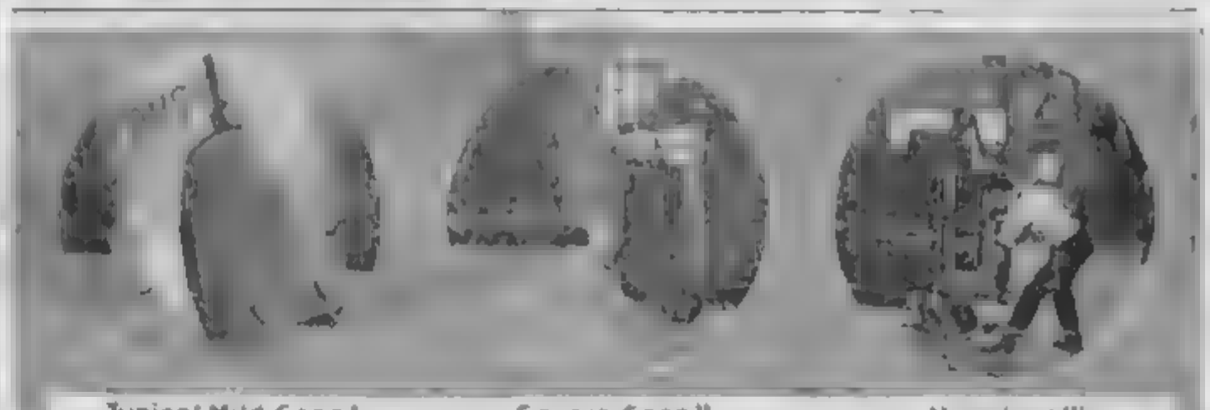

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In fact if we were asked to write down in words the beauty of this car we would call the task difficult, if not impossible.

The temptation would be to resort to superlatives. But strong adjectives are weak in attempting to describe true beauty—the wings of a butterfly; the sea on a fair day; a lovely woman.

Then, it would be no easy task to put one's finger on this, that and that feature, which stands out supreme in beauty.

One person might point out the oval fenders as being beautiful; another, the gently sloping bonnet; another, the smartly tilted wind-shield, the steering wheel or the spare tire carrier.

And still another might admire, above all, the new and distinctive lines of the body.

They all would be right.

Because any of these and a dozen other features have a strong appeal to an educated eye.

The beauty of this Chalmers, nevertheless, lies not in any one, two or three points, but in the whole car, the entire composition—the ensemble.

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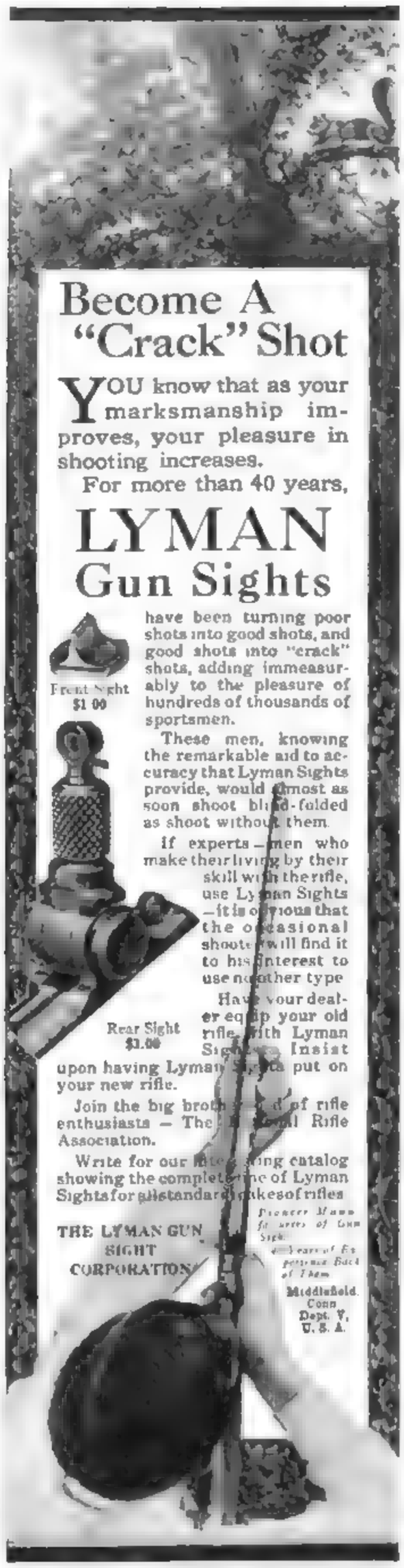

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(Concluded from Page 35)

who do you suppose comes climbing out of those Pullmans? Nobody at all except Major General Perston and his staff, and a lot of high cockalorums from Washington—no, sir, nobody at all! They'd been up to Nogales on a tour of inspection and were going back to El Paso on a special. Somebody must have given Don Whiskerandos the tip, and first he started a fire near the junction to keep the patrol busy, and then he laid for the train.

"After we had saluted pretty well all the way round, the general asked us how our company happened to be there without our pants, so I thought it was a good time to tell him the whole story, and I did.

"'Tis the hand of Providence,' said he, 'and when the hand of Providence displays itself I hardly know how to proceed. Go and get your clothes,' said he, 'and while you're away I'll consider what to do.'

"So back we went to the bridge and found those dirty greasers had swiped our clothes, and when we reported to the general again he laughed and said, 'I refuse to interfere, for again I plainly see the hand of Providence,' though to me it looked more like the foot, because when we got the train clear at last the Pullmans looked as if they had been through a wreck. The engineer just managed to yank 'em to the siding and there he swiped our two special cars and left us standing there in our shirts and shoes, and maybe we didn't make a riot when the westbound train came along and found us lined up, blushing till we could hardly see out of our eyes, and every man standing with his knees bent and trying to look as modest as he could.

"All the same, I guess the general forgave us—maybe some of those guys from Washington talked to him and had him send a telegram to Nogales—for when we got there we found a big crowd at the station, waiting with extra pairs of pants. An orderly told us to report to headquarters and after we'd been assigned to the Tenth Connecticut regiment I want to tell you that we were the candy kids on the Mexican Border that night!"

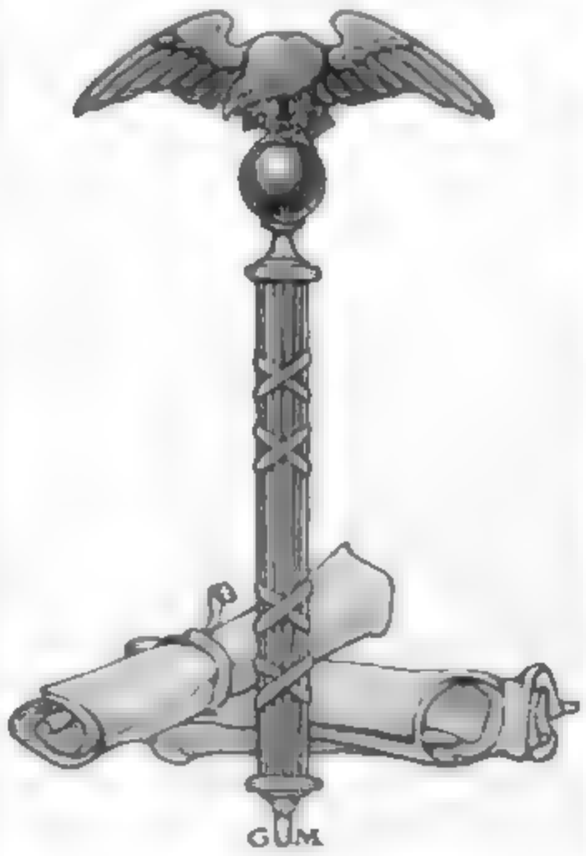
And that's the story I promised to tell you—a story that we shall never get tired of talking about here in Hoxie. At the date I am writing this we are still at peace with Mexico, but if Company M hadn't been on hand, to save that train from being blown up, I don't believe that all the doves of peace that ever were hatched could have prevented an immediate declaration of war. And whether war or peace is the final issue I doubt if the general staff at Washington will ever forget the "Hoxie, Conn., Boys; 1776–1860–1916; Always On Deck."

For His Morning Ride

THE Cutlers, who live at the edge of a small Missouri town, had had the car two weeks. Very early one morning a neighbor was out mowing his lawn while other people slept—or wanted to. Cutler came walking briskly down the street with a basket of eggs on his arm.

"Hey, Cutler!" called the man with the lawn mower. "What are you taking your eggs to the store for so early?"

"Gasoline!" came the significant answer.



The SOCKET that PREVENTS BURN-OUTS

"TO ELIMINATE entirely the troubles I often had when I connected my electric iron or toaster, I have had C-H Push Sockets installed on all my fixtures.

"And if ever I move or build a home I'll have

C-H Push Sockets

"Just push the Button"

everywhere that sockets are used, and John has put in the same order at his factory.

"The electrical contractor explained that the C-H Push Socket has nearly three times the current-carrying capacity of the usual key socket, and this is the reason it can easily supply current for the electrical appliances which require from 300 to 600 watts. The usual socket, he said, can carry only 250 watts and therefore is liable to give trouble."

When you specify sockets for your lighting system be sure to look at the shell and note this marking "C-H 660W". They are furnished by most high-class electric-fixture dealers and contractors without extra charge.

Send 10 cents to cover postage and we will mail you a C-H Push Socket. Test it out in your own home—then you will understand.

Write for "Making Electric Service Safer" and learn all about the safety and efficiency of C-H Push Sockets.

THE CUTLER-HAMMER MFG. CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Makers of the C-H Magnetic Gear Shift and World's Largest Manufacturers of Electrical Controlling Devices.

Purdue University Sets A New Standard In Lubricants

GOOD news for car owners!

Science has settled the lubrication question.

HAVOLINE OIL received premier honors.

In a competitive test held at Purdue University, Havoline demonstrated its superiority over every one of the twelve leading brands of motor oils.

Havoline outrivaled its competitors not merely in one, but in every essential element by which lubricant efficiency is measured

Havoline Oil is now the accepted and indisputable World's standard lubricant. Highest scientific authority proclaims it supreme in points of durability, heat-resisting qualities, minimum frictional loss and uniform quality in all temperatures.

The life of your car, the enjoyment of your motoring, depend largely upon the lubrication. Use Havoline Oil—"It Makes A Difference."

A Good Guide To A Square Dealer

The Havoline sign identifies a square dealer. You'll find Havoline Oil and Havoline dealers wherever you can steer a car—garages, supply stations and grocers selling supply stores.

Send for booklet "Havoline Oil Goes To College." Read the whole story of the remarkable university tests which established Havoline Oil as the World's standard lubricant.

INDIAN REFINING CO. Department A, NEW YORK

Put a Silent Closet in Your New Bathroom

It makes no difference how much you spend fixing up a bathroom—if you put a noisy closet in there, you will never be proud of that bathroom.

The Trenton Potteries Co.

SI-WEL-CLO

Silent Closet

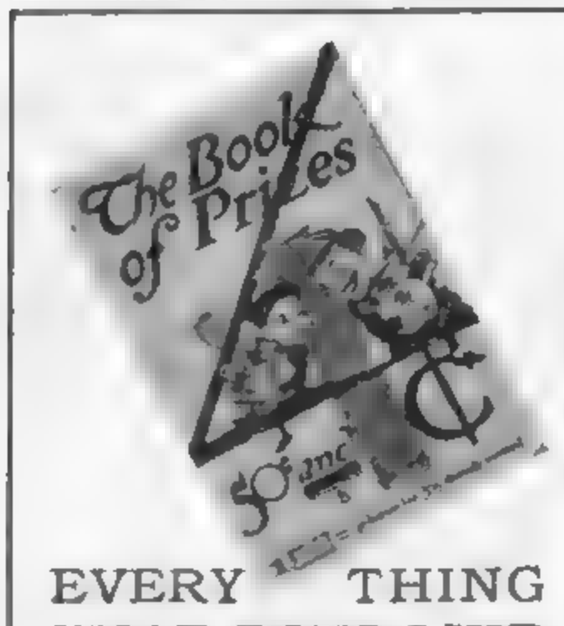
It operates so quietly that it can't be heard beyond a closed door. The relief to your ears and your sensibilities will be greater than you can imagine. The Si-wel-clo costs no more than the noisy kind for installation. Along with the Si-wel-clo, The Trenton Potteries Co. makes sanitary fixtures of Vitreous China and Solid Porcelain Lavatories, Bath Tubs, Kitchen Sinks and Laundry Tubs that cannot tarnish, peel, stain or discolor. These fixtures are a gleaming white and are particularly inviting to people who appreciate refinement when combined with durability.

Your architect and plumber know these fixtures and will recommend them.

Write for Booklet M-5 "Bathrooms of Character"

It will help you to plan your bathroom and select the fixtures best suited to your needs.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES CO. - Trenton, N. J.
Largest Makers of Sanitary Pottery in U. S. A.



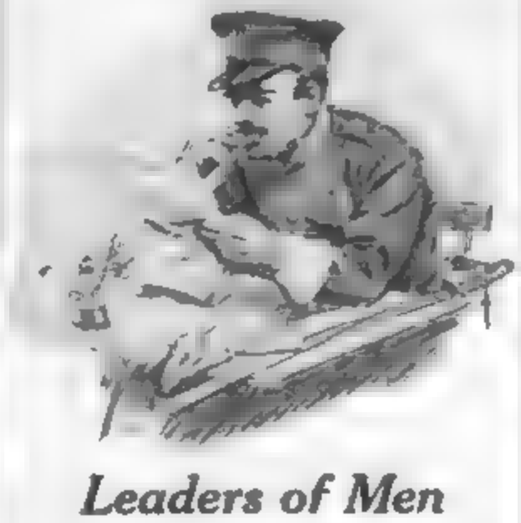
EVERY THING THAT BOYS LIKE IS IN THIS BOOK

We have a free copy for every boy who cares enough about owning a Shetland Pony, or a Bicycle, or a complete Baseball Outfit, or a Wireless Set, or 700 other splendid prizes, to ask us how he can secure them.

These prizes are for boys who sell *The Saturday Evening Post*. All our boys get the prizes *in addition* to a fine cash profit on every copy they sell. Just send your name and address to us on a postal card.

Right away will come your copy of the Book of Prizes, and a letter telling how you can earn plenty of spending money without sacrificing any time from school or play.

Sales Division, Box 569
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square Philadelphia



Leaders of Men

—whether along the Mexican border, or in business, keep themselves in the best of health. An important part of their health *preparedness* is intelligent care of their teeth.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

used three times a day, together with twice yearly visits to your dentist, means a lifetime of good teeth for you

Send 2c stamp today for a trial package of either Dr Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.
522 West 27th St
New York City

ON THE CURB

Continued from Page 11

said sidewalks." The manager of a cheap restaurant patronized by curb people declared that his telephone stood near the door, which was only thirty feet from the curb, and that the noise was never loud enough to "interfere with his free and active use of the telephone."

No one would join the lawyer in his complaint, and so the judge threw the case out as being trivial, and sarcastically remarked that "the complainant evidently lacked more serious occupation." No doubt he realized that the economic importance of the curb, as a great free market for securities, far exceeds the ill effect of having a public nuisance on one block of a single street. Though the statutes of New York State and the ordinances of New York City have many references to markets in general they appear to contain none in regard to the curb. So it would seem as if this most important of all outside markets exists solely on police sufferance. But, so long as the neighboring buildings are tenanted chiefly with curb brokers, the complaints against this self-evident public nuisance will never be serious enough to result in its removal.

About nine o'clock in the morning an employee, who keeps house for the curb, appears with a broom to polish off the asphalt. At the same time a traffic policeman arrives with several iron standards, which have large round disks on the bottom to make them stand up, and openings at the top through which to pass a rope. The scrubbing complete, each man takes two standards, one in each hand, and, making haste to stake off the allotted inclosure before teams can pass over and soil the pavement, by a dexterous spinning movement they set the uprights in place.

Then the rope is passed through the tops of the standards and the Police Department has once more set its approval upon that old and polite fiction that the curb market is confined to a given space; for when the market is active the brokers swarm and surge from side to side of the street and the inclosure disappears, like so many other romances, before stern reality. For the last year or two the sidewalk on the western side has been practically impassable, and the trip from Exchange Place to Beaver Street is like making one's way through a herd of buffaloes.

The Volume of Business Done

Only during rainstorms of the cloudburst variety are the curb boys discouraged. At such times the market is quiet. In winter they dress like Eskimos; in summer with every variety of negligée. Curb brokers are mostly very young, strong, muscular, and lusty of voice. They appear to thrive on exposure; and older men, who have long ago graduated from the curb to the Stock Exchange or to other pursuits, testify to the beneficent effects of their early outdoor life.

For years the respectable element on the curb has struggled, with gradually increasing success, to eliminate the irresponsible boys, strange characters and adventurers that naturally gravitate toward a free and open market. To-day by far the most absorbing feature of the market, to the onlooker whose curiosity is anything more than the most childish and gawkish, is not so much the brokers themselves, despite irrepressible skylarking and their always vocal and apparently riotous behavior, but rather the remarkable system of communication between the curb and the surrounding buildings.

There is no such adequate and complete machinery for reporting transactions on the curb as exists on the Stock Exchange. The work is conducted by private parties rather than by the curb organization. But, allowing for all imperfections and discrepancies, the fact remains that business since 1914 has been enormous. At one time it was said the total sales reached a million shares for a day or two. They have been running two or three hundred thousand shares a day, generally a half or two-thirds as much as the Stock Exchange itself, and on one occasion even larger.

In the Stock Exchange Building, constructed, as it was, with that very end in view, there is an elaborate telegraphic and telephonic system of indicators, disks, tickers, and other mechanical devices, to bring the orders to the brokers on the floor and

YES m'am, it's made of tomatoes that *are* tomatoes. Firm ones—plump, fully-ripened beauties—such as you'd like to eat whole. Cooked lightly so as not to lose any of their natural flavor and "appetized" by pure spices.

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Adds zest to all it touches

Contains only those ingredients Recognised and Endorsed by the U. S. Government.

It keeps after it is opened.

Our chili sauce, soups, jams, jellies, preserves, meats, canned fruits and vegetables are equally as high quality and satisfying as Blue Label Ketchup.

Write for booklet, "Original Menus." A postal mentioning your grocer's name will bring it.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N.Y.

To Increase Your Earnings

Is Easy through the Curtis Plan

ALL about you are subscribers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. We'll pay you liberally in commission and salary for forwarding these renewals and looking after new orders in your leisure hours. You cannot help making some money and you can make the amount as large as you wish. Let us send you details.

Agency Division, Box 581
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

carry away news of their execution. But here is the curb, out on the street, in the rain and snow and sleet, doing almost as much business, and physically barred from any obvious facilities to do it with. But human ingenuity has overcome many obstacles and it has surmounted this one.

The buildings that surround the curb are like ant hills. They swarm with human insects. In every window sit boys—hundreds of them—as close as they can be packed. The windows are open and the boys carry on an elaborate sign language with the brokers on the street below, conveying to them the orders to buy and sell by frantic finger motions and receiving confirmation in the same deaf-and-dumb language that those orders have been filled. The noise is far too deafening for any other system. Back of the boys, just inside the windows, which are made vast openings on purpose, are private telephones and telegraph instruments, with their wires extending to all parts of the city and country. One building alone houses a hundred of these private curb wires.

The Color of the Curb

Nowhere has the business of stock promotion been so full of incident, color and human interest as on the curb. Nor has the process been wholly petty. It has its monumental chapters—epic fakes, as it were. Every period of stock inflation and every stock market in the world has its record of big deals in which the public was landed. The curb is far from alone in that respect. Especially in earlier days it stood so invitingly open to operation that the opportunity of pulling off raw deals fairly knocked at the door of the fly-by-night promoter, get-rich-quick trickster and shoe-string speculator.

The most bizarre personalities and suggestive incidents have been identified with the curb. The Stock Exchange seems drab by comparison. It was on the curb that United Copper had its fateful flare-up in 1907. F. Augustus Heinze, a mining engineer, had sold out his valuable Montana copper properties for fourteen million dollars cash, and with the proceeds he fell upon New York with a loud hurrah. Among other spectacular plunges he tried to boost the stock of a mediocre copper property. The gyrations of this stock proved the immediate incident, though in no sense the underlying cause, that fired off the panic of 1907. Heinze died a broken man, and the copper company long ago disappeared from the curb and from all other markets.

Thomas W. Lawson seems to have exploded the greatest number of bombs on the curb. For years he kept the brokers and the speculating public in a daily turmoil by his really gigantic operations. Not only did he distribute buying and selling orders among scores of brokers with an unheard-of largess, but he kept interested persons swarming like bees in a hive by stating in advance, through the medium of widespread newspaper advertisements, exactly to what height he intended to boost his stocks.

Among those that Lawson boomed were Nipissing, Yukon Gold, Trinity, First National, Bay State Gas, Nevada-Utah and Alaska Gold. Some have since dropped out of sight. A few are alive. At one time he so stirred up speculation in one of these stocks that all the employees of numerous Stock Exchange firms were ordered to desert their empty offices and execute orders on the curb. In every stock named he instigated or took a leading part in speculation that involved hundreds of brokers, probably tens of thousands of speculators, and required the financial editors of daily newspapers to write two-column front-page "news spreads" descriptive of the pandemonium that had broken loose.

At one time Lawson advertised through a full page in leading papers throughout the country to the effect that on a certain day he would introduce a stock at five dollars a share on the curb. He stated that he would sell two hundred and fifty thousand shares, beginning at five dollars, on a "sliding scale, up." The most skillful broker on the New York Stock Exchange was employed to handle the huge operation. This man had been used for years by the ablest financiers in Wall Street to handle their biggest stock deals, and the brokers knew that Lawson could not engage him unless he meant business.

But the brokers believed the stock would really sell much higher than five dollars; so they began to trade in it at higher prices, though it did not yet exist. They traded in the stock "W. I.," round seven to seven and a half; and their opinion was that when the day came and real stock appeared it would open at nine and sell up to twelve in a few minutes.

"But I reasoned that Lawson would have to make good on his promise to sell some stock at five dollars," said a broker who recently recalled the incident. "No one else agreed with me; but I elbowed my way into the crowd at the opening of the market and by most strenuous vocal efforts managed to get two hundred shares at seven. Though young and strong I was unable to get the first stock offered, which Lawson actually sold at five dollars. Other more accomplished athletes got ahead of me. But I sold the two hundred shares at nine almost before I could turn round; and that was pretty good for a youngster. I remember a man, who was standing next to me and had more capital, who bought a much larger quantity of stock and sold it at a total profit of forty thousand dollars."

Perhaps the most striking single incident in the annals of the curb was the promotion of the Nipissing Mines Company, a big, rich silver-producing concern that made the Cobalt District of Canada famous.

The original promoters put the stock on the curb at five dollars, worked it up to ten, and took their profit. Rich discoveries were made on the property and the stock rose to twenty dollars. Meantime the star expert of the firm of Guggenheim, leading mine operators, looked into the property and reported that it was a bonanza. The Guggenheims startled the Street and imparted to Nipissing a sudden importance by taking an option on a third of the stock—it had been a six-million-dollar company—at ten million dollars and paying two million five hundred thousand down. Speculation on the curb was enormous. The stock rushed up to thirty-four dollars a share and seemed on its way to fifty.

At thirty-four dollars it began to droop and the Guggenheims threw a bombshell into the Street by announcing that they would not exercise their option. The mine "was not what they had been led to expect." A collapse followed that spread ruin in every direction. Nipissing fell to four dollars, and to-day is selling round six dollars a share.

Financial Freebooters

For years the curb suffered from a long line of petty financial freebooters who miscalled themselves brokers. These men rarely belonged to the organization of reputable curb brokers, which has steadily grown in strength and influence. Usually the organization would not take them in, or the promoters found themselves less hampered by annoying rules, designed to make for fair dealing, by staying out. These men often built up an enormous business in cheap stocks of various mining camps. They flourished most when newspapers were less particular than now about the class of advertising they accepted.

One of these brokers developed an immense trade in a group of low-priced shares of one of the new Canadian mining camps. People went crazy over these stocks. Not only did the public, so-called, bite freely, but solid business men and well-known bankers took many flyers. This broker's office was about the busiest spot in New York. It was directly on the curb. Signals flashed in and out, telephones buzzed incessantly, and private wires to Boston, Toronto and other distant points were kept more than hot.

Latent criticism never got far, because this office originated more curb business than any other. Many reputable employees were hired by the adventurer, and his organization became one of the largest and most efficient in the Street. Most of all, he advertised so freely in the daily press that even the suspicious newspaper men were stopped from protest by the agony they knew it would cause their proprietors to lose forty or fifty thousand dollars a year from a single source. But, like other rockets, this one, too, came down. The broker failed—with a dull, uninteresting thud at that. His big offices were quickly converted into other uses. The man himself sought the refuge of another continent; stocks in which thousands had dabbled at his suggestion dropped out of sight; and the newspaper proprietors reluctantly saw a large vacant advertising space where profitable "copy" had been before.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on the Curb Exchange. The second will appear next week.

EMPIRE

Graceful—A Woman's Car
Sturdy—A Man's Car

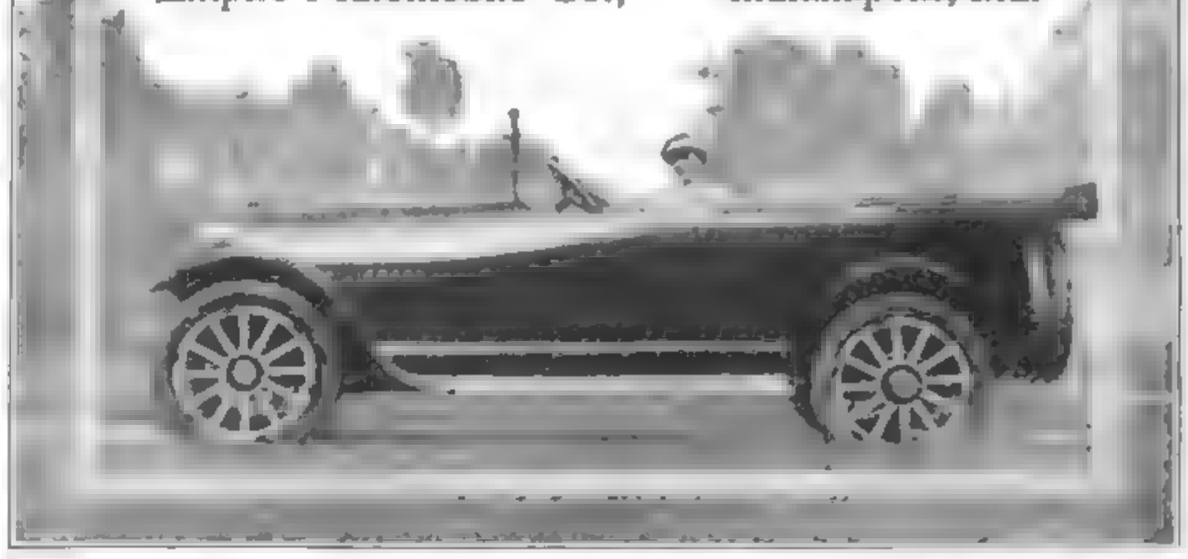
To the woman who drives, the EMPIRE makes a special appeal. In beauty and grace of line it is unsurpassed, and with perfect gear shift, efficient brakes and convenient arrangement of all controls is easily and safely handled.

To the man who appreciates mechanical excellence, the cleancut design of every unit, the extra sturdiness of chassis construction and the efficiency of the motor is even more convincing evidence of EMPIRE excellence.

Appearance, size, quality, finish and equipment considered, the EMPIRE offers the greatest car value of the season.

Six Cylinder Touring Car - - $1125.00
Four Cylinder Touring Car - - 960.00
Four Passenger Tourabout - - 1145.00

Empire Automobile Co., Indianapolis, Ind.



DEVOE saves in three ways—fewer gallons required, fewer gallons to spread (painter's time) and longer wear. By the time Mr. Elkins needs to paint again DEVOE probably will have saved him $60, instead of $30.

DEVOE

The oldest manufacturing concern in the United States Founded in New York 1754

F. W. DEVOE & C. T. RAYNOLDS CO. New York
DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO. Chicago

PAINT DEVOE PAINT

Vernosite

The Long-Life Spar Varnish. Will not blister or turn white. Dries dust-free in 10 hours. Best varnish for all work exposed to weather. Recommended for woodwork on yachts, front doors, bathrooms and stables

Send for Color Cards

and other suggestions that will help you beautify your home. Write your name and address in the margin and mail to us today

NATIONAL MAZDA

THE WAY TO BETTER LIGHT

May She Never Need Glasses of Her Own!

As you value good vision, *guard youthful eyes from the strain of poor light!* Let boys and girls have *an abundance* of well-diffused light—for their work, their study, and play. It will keep their eyes young—and the very same light that's saving *their* sight will bring ease and comfort to older eyes too!

With NATIONAL MAZDAS you'll have better light without greater cost. For these are the lamps that give triple the light of the old style carbon lamps, and add not a cent to your light bills. Probably you are still using some old carbon lamps. Supplant them with NATIONAL MAZDAS!

Buy NATIONAL MAZDAS where you see them displayed. Buy five at a time in the handy blue carton—it's a genuine bargain in light!

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
53 Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

SARGASSO SEA

(Continued from Page 5)

brownstone house in Park Avenue, with its fine grilled doorway, and portraits of the Alan Wingates of six generations staring mellowly from the walls.

"Here," he said optimistically, "is where I make an ass of myself again."

And he was not sure that he didn't, and many times at that; for all that afternoon, until the violet incandescent lamps began to radiate in the streets, she led him to talk about himself, and his life and his voyages.

I like, also, to think of how they were married. He had gone on courting her when in the city, and writing to her when at sea, in his blundering, lumbering way. It might have been merely a flirtation to her, so happy did she seem about it, and so much did she enjoy teasing him, except for the occasional lyrical flashes of trust and passion on her part that could be nothing else but love.

"We'd better see about getting married," he remarked casually on one of those rare afternoons on Fifth Avenue. "I think I'll talk to your father."

"We'd better think——" She laughed—a ricocheting burst of low melody, as from some wind instrument.

"Yes," he went on seriously; "I think I'll see your father."

He went in to Alan Wingate in a truculent way, expecting a stern and angry resistance. The gray old coffee man looked at him questioningly over his half-moon spectacles.

"I want to marry your daughter," Martin said.

"And why shouldn't you?" Wingate asked. "If she will have you! The only objection is that she has no money. I'm on the verge of bankruptcy and I have only enough for myself."

And that was the end of obstacles.

The sailors liked the happy, care-free way of Martin's bride. They liked her habit of taking a liner down to Buenos Aires, to meet him on the dock when he had finished beating down the East Coast. They liked her going to Marseilles to receive him when he had come up from Calcutta, through the Red Sea.

The sailors liked to see that small, trim lady standing on a pierhead waiting for them as the freighter was maneuvered, with tinkling bells and throbbing engines and hoarse shouts from bridge to stern, into her appointed dock. And there were things lacking in the treatment of ambassadors on ocean liners that were accorded to Nellie Martin.

And if they liked the same things and had the same virtues, the same joyful outlook on life, the same frank sincerity and sense of honor, they had the same fault she perhaps in a greater degree. They had an enthusiasm that flamed like lambent fire; an enthusiasm that was given always to fine ideals. There was nothing judicial about their outlook on life. They were either all for a thing or all against it. Consequently when Martin came back, with his imagination thumping like an engine over the suggestion of the promoter, Becker, and unfolded the scheme to her, she jumped at it as a cat jumps for a mouse.

"And you'll be at home all the time then!" she said joyfully. "And we'll be rich!"

"Yes," he said, more restrainedly; "we'll be pretty well off."

"And we'll have one of those big gray limousines," she went on, "that go gliding along with flowers in them, and a box at the opera, and a place in the country—and we'll have everybody we know down!"

And after two years they were, as Martin put it, pretty well off. They had nothing like his wife's dream of luxury, but they had attained a wholesome material prosperity. He found Becker's statement to be true, that a good name is as potent—if not more so—than a heavy bank balance. He found, at least for the first year, that everybody was ready to help him—enthusiastic in the launching of a new commercial adventure, savoring its risks and glories vicariously. It was not hard to charter vessels and to get commissions, though bottoms were scarce, especially as the war went on.

And for a while it was a great adventure to be on dry land and to do business on it as great an adventure as a landsman's first long voyage to sea. It was something past belief to lie for more than two weeks in a comfortable bed instead of in a cramped cabin, and to sleep continuously without the interruption of being called on the bridge to combat a typhoon in the China Sea, or a tornado in the Caribbean, or to outstrategy the crushing, treacherous swell of Biscay Bay.

And New York, too, was an adventure by itself—the color on Fifth Avenue; the rush and hustle of Broadway; the queer, quiet squares here and there, like an archipelago of green islands in a gray waste; the brooding, deserted look of the avenues to the extreme east and west; the green street cars, like exotic beetles; the thundering gallop of elevated trains; the thrill of the Subway, like some dangerous catchpenny in an amusement park; the people flashing past, tight-lipped, keen, efficient, doing something every minute; and, above all, that sense of growing, of the metropolis spreading and towering like a wonderful plant; the nervous crash and rattle of monster drills; the scream of cranes; dull detonations of dynamite; iron girders clanging, joint by joint; the sputter of arc lights as men worked past midnight to the morning, raising at every street corner a tower higher than the one the sons of Noe built on a plain in the land of Sennaar.

"Ah, there is life here," Martin would say to himself in that first year, "and progress here; and the sea is monotonous and never changes."

IV

AND for two years Martin believed in New York as the mammoth canvas he had painted, with the calm faith in which a devotee accepts a dogma. He had succeeded. The vague unrest and desire for action that swept over him at times, his irritability, he took as defects in his own character and disciplined himself accordingly. The luxury Nellie Martin had spoken of was now in part hers, with the comfortable apartment on Seventy-ninth Street and the big eight-cylinder car. She had been a good prophet, he thought, as he walked up and down his drawing-room afterdinner. Suddenly Nellie, sitting strumming the piano, turned to him with a gasp.

"Why, Ned, you're nervous!" she said.

He stopped in his stride.

"Nervous!" he laughed. "I haven't any nerves."

"Oh, yes, you have!" she shot back at him. "And you've been going on like this for weeks, prowling up and down like a hyena in a cage, and snapping your fingers. You ought to see a doctor."

"I don't want a doctor," he said irritably.

But the thing rankled. He remembered what a White Star man had said to him when they were talking of New York.

"It's the most wonderful city in the world!" Martin had exclaimed. "In London they dawdle and in South America they laze. Here it's all hustle and go."

"Here it's all hysteria and nerves," the White Star man had countered. "They make five spasmodic jumps while a sane man would take two long strides. Oh, wait and see! In a year or so you'll be nervous yourself. You'll be buzzing like an electric wire."

And he was already nervous. He thought, with a feeling of disgust, of the men who had to drink to steady themselves; of the men who had to go to sanitariums; of the men who collapsed at their desks. It worried him.

And on top of this came the incident of the man in Cedar Street, a pale, thin man, with a colorless face and long fingers, and the eyes of a beaten dog. His clothes were shabby, and he looked up and down the street with a queer, hunted look. Martin stopped by his side.

"I beg your pardon," Martin said. "Is there anything wrong? Can I do something for you?"

"Can you do something for me?" the man queried. "You can do something for me. You can stake me to a square meal."

"Let's go in here," Martin nodded quickly.

He sat and smoked while the other ate ravenously. He waited, a little embarrassed. He wanted to know whether he could help out.

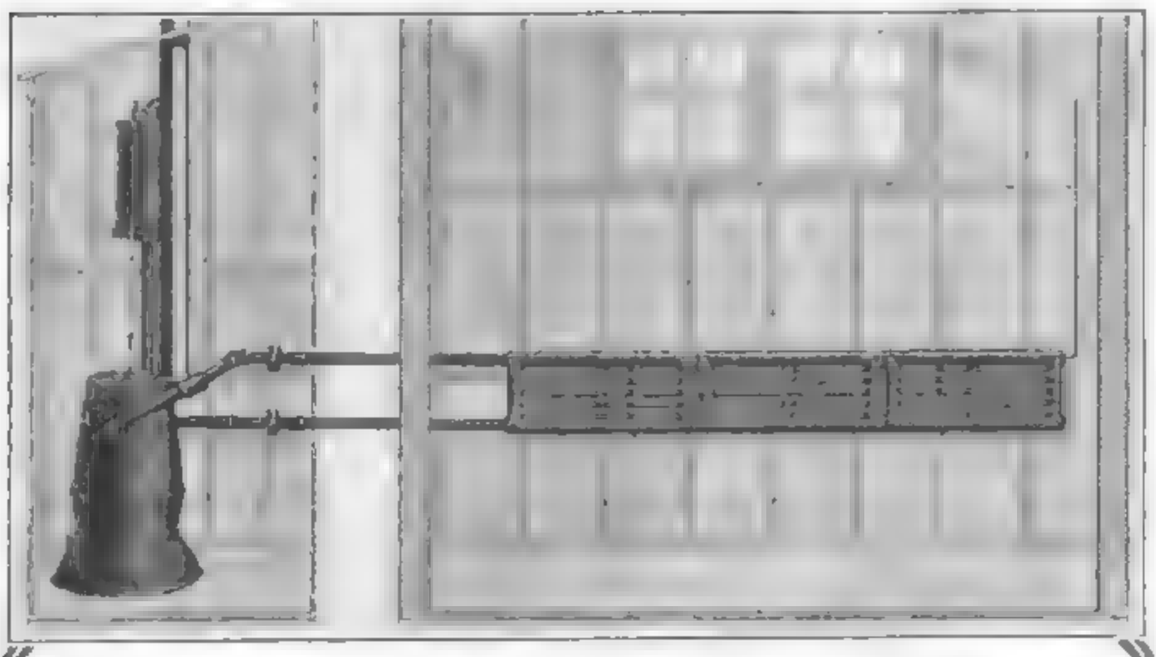
"What is wrong?" he asked kindly.

"Oh, nothing new!" the man answered. "Only a bum who tried to make a fortune. There's lots of us."

"But there's no need to get discouraged," Martin argued. "There's always opportunity."

CANDY JIM
Nut Tootsie Roll
NUT Tootsie Rolls
5¢ a Roll
Nut Tootsie Rolls
Made clean—Kept clean
—Wrapped dustproof.
You just couldn't make better Candy than Nut Tootsie Rolls.
Every roll is divided into six parts for your convenience.
Plenty of Nuts
Sold wherever Candy is sold
The Stern & Saalberg Company
New York

SOME of the biggest, most lastin' things man has ever done began as pipe dreams.
Velvet Joe
THERE is no need to tell you that most pipe smokers get greater enjoyment from Kentucky Burley tobacco than from any other kind.
VELVET is Kentucky's choicest Burley tobacco aged Nature's way—more than two years.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors
Velvet
TOBACCO



This Complete Automatic Hot Water GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM

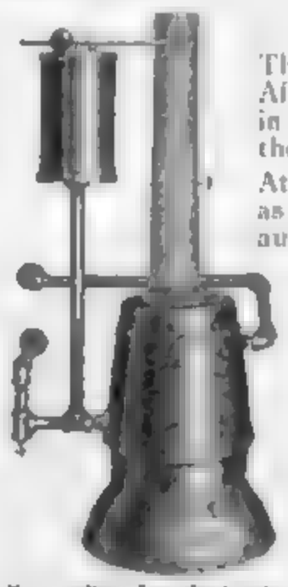
ONLY **$35** Special September Offer f. o. b. Syracuse, N.Y.

Any Handy Man Can Install

The "WASCO" garage heating systems are made for one, two, three, four and five car private garages. The one car system is shown in the above illustration. Systems consist of an all-cast iron hot water heater, a positive and simple automatic temperature regulator, and pipe and fittings properly threaded and cut to fit, ready to set up. The handsome three-section wall radiator covers a surface of 14 x 36 inches. The heater is 30" high, with a round base—no legs. The water cylinder is cast all in one piece. The heater has a large 12" grate and cleaning ring. The heater is large enough to heat a three-car garage. A larger size for larger requirements.

WASCO GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM READY-TO-SET-UP

You do not touch the drafts nor bank the fire at night. Simply supply coal; the heater and the automatic regulator do the rest.



No complicated mechanism to get out of order. Regulation is by expansion and contraction of water in system and is absolutely positive and automatic.

Automatic Regulation

The "WASCO" regulation is simple and positive in its action. After the system has been started, the rise and fall of the float in the expansion tank automatically regulate the drafts on the system to meet weather changes. This is how it operates: At the beginning of the season you fill the system with water as instructed. As the water warms and expands, drafts are automatically operated to check the fire. As the heat is thrown off by the radiator, the water cools and the drafts open to start up the fire again. Thus the amount of fire is always proportioned to the amount of heat required in the garage. On cold nights, when more heat is needed, the heater automatically supplies more heat.

Places Heat Directly in Front of Car Radiator

The "WASCO" hot water radiator puts the heat where the car needs it the most, directly in front of the automobile radiator. It is placed on the back wall of the garage. The car is run as close to the radiator as necessary. The greatest amount of heat is delivered directly in front of the automobile radiator — where it is most needed. The freezing of car batteries and car radiator is therefore eliminated.

No Danger From Fire

The "WASCO" hot water heater is placed in a special 4' x 4' heater house. This is usually a foot away from the garage. Two walls separate the heater and the garage.

The only connections are the two hot water pipes. The entrance to the heater house is from the outside. This conforms to insurance requirements. When ordinances are less strict, heater may be installed in garage with maximum safety because of its closed base construction.

Costs But Five Cents a Day For Fuel

[illegible] all that is required for the "WASCO". Its automatic control regulates [illegible] On warm days it keeps the fire shut off most of the time. The average [illegible] makes the average cost but a few cents a day. You never have trouble with [illegible]

"WASCO" Systems Are For Private Garages

"WASCO" hot water garage heater systems are for one, two, three, four and five car private garages. Manufactured in stock sizes, quantity-production, selling direct from factory to purchaser makes the "WASCO" selling price possible.

Any Handy Man Can Install

Your chauffeur or any handy man can install this system in a few hours' time. The radiator comes in one piece ready to set up. All the pipes are accurately cut and threaded. A profusely illustrated instruction book makes setting up a matter of a few hours.

Free Catalogue

Our large "WASCO" catalogue contains full descriptive information regarding our system. It contains illustrations of [illegible] systems. Also contains plans showing how the "WASCO" system can be placed on any side of garage so that the heat can be delivered where you need it.

Thirty Day Trial Offer

We will send a "WASCO" system anywhere with the understanding that if you are not entirely satisfied with the "WASCO" thirty days after arrival, we will refund your money.

Warehouses—Orders are filled from Warehouses in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit and Des Moines.

Be sure you take advantage of this special September price. Address all communications to our Syracuse office.

W. A. SCHLEIT MFG. CO., INC., Syracuse, N. Y.

"I'm afraid you're a bit green to this city," was the faintly sneering criticism. "For one rich man there's a hundred bums—like me. For one millionaire there's a thousand down-and-outers." He waved away the offer of a drink. "I had a little money once myself; but it went." He paused for a minute. "You get a little and you think you're all right, and then all at once you're left in the lurch." He smiled bitterly. "Where are the millionaires of a few years ago?"

Martin thought for a minute. Ancient magnetic names flashed through his mind. Yes; where were they?

The man rose to go. He reached for his hat.

"Isn't there some way I can help you?" Martin asked. "Tell me. With work? With money?"

"I'm afraid I've tried too often to start again," he replied; "and the name of money sickens me. There's lots of us, I tell you, down on the Battery, up in Madison Square, in the breadline—old millionaires there too. We're played out and haven't got the nerve to die. Thanks for the meal, and I hope you'll get past all right."

He left. The encounter struck Martin with a sense of fright. That was another thing he couldn't forget.

And little by little these minor causes, incidents, worries culminated in a depression that hung over him like a cloud. He found himself brooding time and time again over the thought of the sea, reliving old experiences and sailing old routes. A great nostalgia for it came on him and for the dangers of it that he knew—not like those of his present medium, which were hidden and sinister. When he was not doing that he was recapitulating in his mind the things that the poor down-and-outer had told him and fearing secondhand terrors. What if fortune should go back on him? One ship of his was loading in Greenland with oil, and another in Santos with coffee; and his own old boat, the City of Boston, was coming up from the Argentine with hides.

What if something should happen to any or to all of them? It would nearly ruin him, on so close a margin was he operating. And he would be as one of those mushroom rich men, springing up in one night, and next day being trampled in the gutter. Or, if that didn't happen, would he become a vague, amorphous thing, plethoric with money, and everything worth living for lost? And again he would think of the sea and hear the chime of waves.

Another canker ate him: he was becoming lonely. In this new life his wife had become a little parted from him. She had met new people and was interested in them, and it seemed rare for them to be alone now. The men they were beginning to know were men whose jargon of money and trade Martin spoke falteringly, and they knew little of the sea and its great traditions. The women of the set looked on him as a sort of curiosity, with his great frame and old reputation. He wished he were back on the sea, where she, and she alone, would be waiting for him, radiant and happy, on the pier, and clear to his eyes as the stars he steered by. But that was over!

But in those old days, empty as his wife's life was, it was wholesome. She had held herself aloof from this hectic rush of amusement because her husband was not with her. She had occupied herself with the old and tried friends of his family and hers, gentle Old World people who had mapped out life clearly for themselves, and who followed their course as undeviatingly as a quartermaster follows the compass. She had been coming to him, her mind filled with the thought of him, her heart singing at the prospect of the meeting.

It had come on her gradually—this change; this widening of vacuous interests. It had come with the stealthiness and silence of a cat. There had first been her new home, which she was so proud to show to her old friends and her new. And the old ones, a little disconcerted by the sight of the new luxury and modernity, fell away little by little in their visits; and the new ones grew more in intimacy and number.

There had been calls to pay back, and new engagements made at them. In a month, it seemed, she was in the middle of the vortex, as a coracle spins about the rim of the maelstrom—at a lunch here; at a tea there; bringing him to dine with people he had hardly met and whom she expected him to like immediately; at a theater; at a lecture; on Fifth Avenue; at a dance; at

(Continued on Page 45)

WORKS of ART
Whistler's Mother and
WHITE CHERRIES
IN CREAM
CHOCOLATE DIPPED

Spare Time Turned into Dollars

Anyone who has some spare hours can turn them into cash

MORE than a million and a half mail subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will expire this year and must be renewed. Hundreds of thousands of new subscriptions will be ordered.

We will pay you liberally in salary and commission if you will look after this business for us locally.

A few hours' work each week will bring you an extra five dollars. If you have more time than that, you can earn correspondingly more.

Let us tell you about it. There will be no expense to you.

Agency Division, Box 574

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

A Good Night's Rest

has a value that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Proper rest is so essential to your health, working efficiency and ability to enjoy life that you can well afford to spend a trifle more and get a bedspring that insures sleeping comfort and restfulness.

If you want to know the *utmost* in bedspring comfort and restfulness, if you want to feel really refreshed and rested every morning—fit for a good day's work—it will pay you to seek the "Way" dealer in your town and have him send a

Way Sagless Spring

On Thirty Nights' Free Trial

Its elastic hollow wire strand construction conforms to the shape of your body in any position and permits complete relaxation. It does not roll you toward the centre, even though you sleep with a much heavier or much lighter person. You cannot bump on the bed slats or the siderails of the bed.

It is noiseless, sanitary, germ-proof. Every part easily reached when dusting. It has no loose strands, no open links, no exposed sharp corners to tear bedding.

Made to fit wood, iron or brass beds—all sizes.

Guaranteed for a Quarter Century

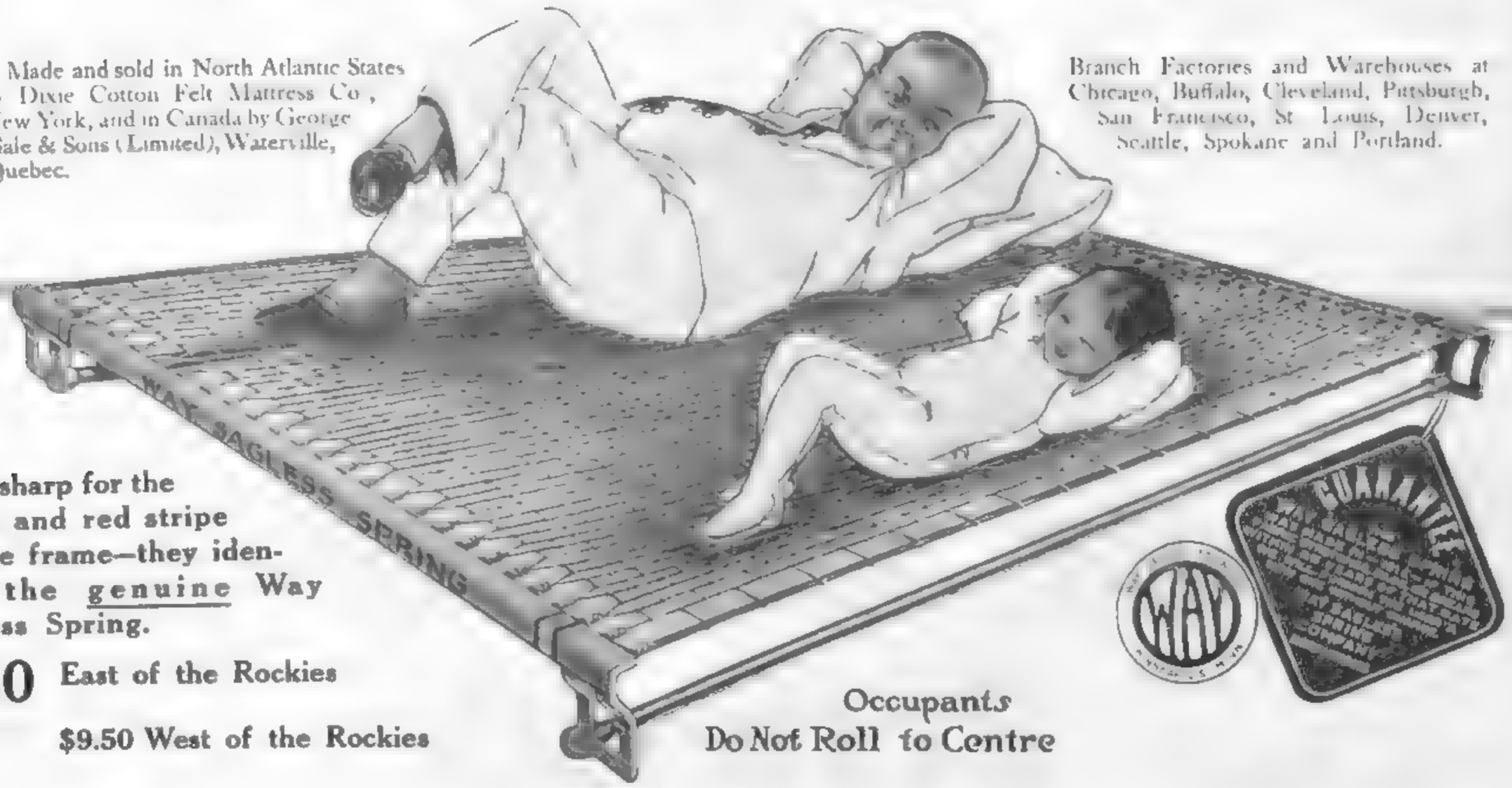
not to sag or break—a guarantee which means you are assured of 9,000 nights of luxurious rest for the price of one spring. Our guarantee tag attached to every genuine Way Sagless Spring.

Free—Interesting book—"Where Good Sleep Begins," containing valuable information about sleep and health. Send a postal today for your copy

Way Sagless Spring Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Made and sold in North Atlantic States by Dixie Cotton Felt Mattress Co., New York, and in Canada by George Gale & Sons (Limited), Waterville, Quebec.

Branch Factories and Warehouses at Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, St. Louis, Denver, Seattle, Spokane and Portland.



Look sharp for the name and red stripe on the frame—they identify the genuine Way Sagless Spring.

$8.50 East of the Rockies

$9.50 West of the Rockies

Occupants Do Not Roll to Centre

How Butterick Earns Its Loyal Millions

HALF a century ago, before the first Butterick magazine was founded, women had to depend largely upon word-of-mouth authority and their own common sense in handling some of the most vital problems of home life. They were living in comparative isolation with regard to the great questions of childhood, food, clothing and hygiene.

Then came Butterick with a magazine which for the first time made common knowledge that which previous to its coming only experts had known.

From that day to this, Butterick has performed a service for woman so varied and so intimate that in countless homes it is relied upon as a loyal friend.

In 1907 Butterick started its campaign of "The Homeless Child for the Childless Home." As a result, good homes have been found for 12,000 little waifs. Many a home has thanked Butterick for a child's smile and a child's love. Many a home is happy through its faith in Butterick.

When little was known about the Montessori method of teaching, Butterick sent a representative to Italy to write reports for its readers.

Aggressive work on the part of Butterick is in large part responsible for laws passed in several states giving women title to their own property and their own children; for the "Widows' Pensions" law; and for the Smith-Lever Bill, which appropriates millions of dollars for improving farm processes and home life on the farm.

Butterick first made it possible for women to make their own clothing—well, economically, stylishly. Without once flagging, for fifty years Butterick has

maintained the recognized leadership on all matters relating to clothing. Its organization covers the entire globe and performs more service for women in regard to their clothes than any other institution in the world.

Last year Butterick began a series of articles on "The House That Grows." Before inaugurating this far-reaching plan for building one's dwelling in units so that it can grow as the income and the family grow, Butterick sent an eminent architect over the country to investigate local conditions; tested plans and specifications, and finally had the costs verified by outside contractors. Before the first word was published, a year was spent in preparation.

Butterick established a Household Experiment Station where every new idea in household economics, every new labor-saving device, could be given a scientific trial for the benefit of Butterick readers.

The Butterick magazines conduct helpful children's clubs whose membership runs into tens of thousands. In our three women's magazines—*The Delineator*, *The Woman's Magazine*, *The Designer*—there are forty-seven regular monthly service departments, each conducted by qualified experts. They cover the whole field of women's interests and are relied on by thousands of progressive housewives all over America.

What Butterick service means to the women in this country is evidenced by the thousands and thousands of letters received every year asking advice on the most intimate problems of their lives.

Each letter receives a personal reply from an expert competent to advise.

Half a century of service such as this has earned Butterick publications their power and prestige in American homes.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE | THE Delineator | THE DESIGNER

Butterick

(Continued from Page 42)

a bazaar; playing bridge. At first it had been merely an exciting prospect to dip into activities like this. Then it had become a duty. Then a habit. She did not seem to have an hour unoccupied—and she was doing nothing.

That was not life, he said to himself as he looked on in amazement. Life was not amusement. Life was not a thing to be frittered away. "No! by God!" he swore; and he crashed fist into palm with a sound like a gun exploding. Life was—life; a sweet, sane, strong thing, regular as the moon's rising and the setting of suns, clear as air, healthy as rain, strong as a great gale; not a thing of electric light in the daytime, of looking into shop windows, of hysterical music and fetid rooms. No!

But what could he do about it? He could not argue with his wife, for she would defeat him with her woman's wit—the weapon that had defeated Samson, who was the strongest man in Israel. There was nothing else to do, except to send his fist crashing into her jaw and carry her away. And one didn't do that sort of thing to a woman.

He was sitting one evening, with a paper in his hand, looking out from the window of his apartment down on Madison Avenue. It was a warm May night, and an indefinable glamour from somewhere outside the city had stolen in. He turned to the column of shipping news and read down it. No boat he knew had come in that day. In the second part he started. "S. S. Drake sailed for Cape Town," he read. The Drake, with Johnnie Cope on board; and he had never come to the office!

The thing cut him to the heart like a surgeon's lancet. Why, what could it mean? They were all deserting him—all the old comrades! A tale had gone round that he was engrossed in money-making; that he no longer wanted to see the old friends he had made and kept at sea. They looked at him askance, as they looked at other brokers and bankers and business men—people whose ideals and lives they could not understand. A great sense of loneliness swept over him.

■

VERY calmly Martin sat in his office and read the two marconigrams that told him of his ruin. He sat crouched forward, elbows on knees, jaw out, brow corrugated, and watched the panorama of the harbor stretch before him in the afternoon haze. Occasionally he glanced at the messages:

"Martha Washington ashore off Orkneys. Crew safe.—KENTON."

That was the vessel bringing oil from Greenland. There was no hope for that, he knew. He could imagine the low, lean oiler being pounded to shreds on the crags and needles of the bleak Scotch coast.

"Thank God they're all safe!" he muttered.

He could see the oil calming the waves, except for the tremendous roll and sickening after-tow, and the battle of the crew to reach shore. He took the second message from behind the first:

"Rammed in fog by Caldwell liner. Settling. Revenue cutter standing by. No chance salvage.—MCCREADY."

And this was the Pasquale Gomez coming up from Santos with coffee. She was gone, too, the good old Clyde-built hussy that had withstood shoal and storm—to be smashed in a fog off the Gulf Stream! And all hands were safe, with the cutter standing by. There could be no blame on the captains, he knew; Kenton and McCready were as careful men as any in the merchant service.

He was looking blindly through the window, thinking of the battles both his men must have had before they gave up hope and abandoned their ships, when the sights and life of the harbor began to impress themselves on his mind as sunlight impresses itself on a sensitive plate.

A line of railroad cars on lighters passed under Brooklyn Bridge like a child's toy gone adrift; a Gloucester schooner, with economically patched sails, made her way upstream attached to a fussy tug; six or seven ferryboats edged their way from shore to shore, their dirty brown bulks showing, as it were, on a bias; a Booth liner edged backward from her pier; little patches of white cloud puffed from the tug's funnels and a faint black layer of smoke hung round everything; and then suddenly a Cunard boat swept round the Battery out to sea, running like a greyhound, hoot-hooting impatiently at everything before her, her funnels sloping backward, her lines running fine and free, as from a painter's brush.

Martin could imagine her course out to sea, with the mechanism of long experience—the skimming through the Narrows; the halt to drop the pilot; the monotonous ringing on Scotland Lightship. Suddenly he straightened up.

"That finishes it!" he said; and he walked out of his office.

He went uptown; and as he went his mind ran on his affairs, and he docketed, ledgered and balanced roughly. He was only partially covered by insurance, and, except from the majority ownership in his own old boat, lying unloading at its Brooklyn pier, he was ruined. There were a few thousands in the bank and he could raise enough to start him again as he used to be—his own master on his own vessel, beating up and down the world on his own affairs.

A great sense of relief came over him. Subconsciously again he could hear the farewell tolling of the lightship and the first crash of the Atlantic against his bows. He had been ashamed, too, sitting there in his office, of having Kenton and McCready standing on their bridges, tight-lipped and grim, and fighting with life and soul for his property and his men, while he was grubbing at a desk—grubbing for money!

"No more of that, thank God!" said he.

His wife rose as he swung into that small drawing room, to whose roof he nearly towered. She threw down the periodical in her hand and faced him with an instinctive look of fear.

"Ned!" she cried out. "Is anything wrong?"

She walked forward until he faced her. He looked at her straight between the eyes. There was a wry smile to his mouth.

"Nothing serious," he snapped. "The Martha Washington was lost off the Orkneys and the Pasquale Gomez was run down in a fog."

"Oh, God!" she said in a strained whisper. "And everybody?"

"And everybody saved!" He laughed uproariously. "I've lost nothing but money." He threw himself down on a sofa and threw his arm out. "But I've lost all of that," he added.

"Oh, poor Ned!" she said quickly, and slipped down beside him. Her arm went round his neck with a quick, hooking motion, and she held him close for a moment silently. "Oh, poor Ned!"

"So it's rolling down to Rio again for me, old girl," he said; and he smiled. "And you'll come and meet me ——"

"Listen!" she remonstrated with a sort of fierceness. "Don't talk about it."

"But I will!" he continued. "The old City of Boston's at her dock and I'm off again. And it'll take me only a week to get fitted out and away; and you ——"

"Listen, Ned!" she whipped in again. "Don't be a fool! Listen to sense."

He turned round on her with a grin. He liked that flashing, impatient way of hers. He liked to see her face flame into enthusiasm; eyes glinting like lamps; mouth parted; hair quivering as though it breathed; her short staccato gesture with the left hand, like the downward flick of a cat's paw. She caught the sleeve of his coat.

"You've got to fight it through," she shot at him, with her little jaw lifting. "You've got to fight it and win!"

"I will," he answered with his roaring laugh. "I'm going to take that old boat out and come home ——"

"Not with the boat, Ned." She shook her head. "Here, in New York, at the game."

"I won't!" He snapped his teeth. "I can't."

"You will and you can!" She rose in her enthusiasm. Her breath came panting. "You were making a name for yourself, and a fortune. What you did before you can do again. There's not a man in the city as much trusted as you are, and everybody will help. Ned, man, you've got to!"

"Even if I can," he growled, "I don't want to. I'm sick of it. I want the sea." He shoved forward his immense, powerful hands. "I want something to do," he said again. "This is no man's job."

"Listen, Ned!" She bent over him. "When you were on a ship you were only a master mariner—one human being in five oceans. Here in New York you are one of the coming men in the trade. In ten years the steamers of the Martin Line will be on

(Continued on Page 48)

Which Heating System?

Whether it's Steam—Hot Water—or a Warm Fresh Air Heater—the name "Richardson & Boynton" is the only assurance you need. There's 78 years of successful experience behind it. In every section of the Union it is known—respected by users—by architects—by contractors—by heating contractors and builders.

Let our broad experience guide you in the proper selection of a heating plant. We make all types. Therefore, we are concerned only in finding the one that will *serve you best* and *most economically*.

Steam, Hot Water and Warm Air Heaters

Richardson

—and "Perfect" Kitchen Ranges

All Richardson & Boynton Heating Plants are the acknowledged best of their kind. Dependable heating with lowest fuel cost and least attention have been perfected to the utmost in each. But every building is a distinct problem. A plant that heats one may not heat the other. A special diagnosis is necessary in each case. And that's where we can help you.

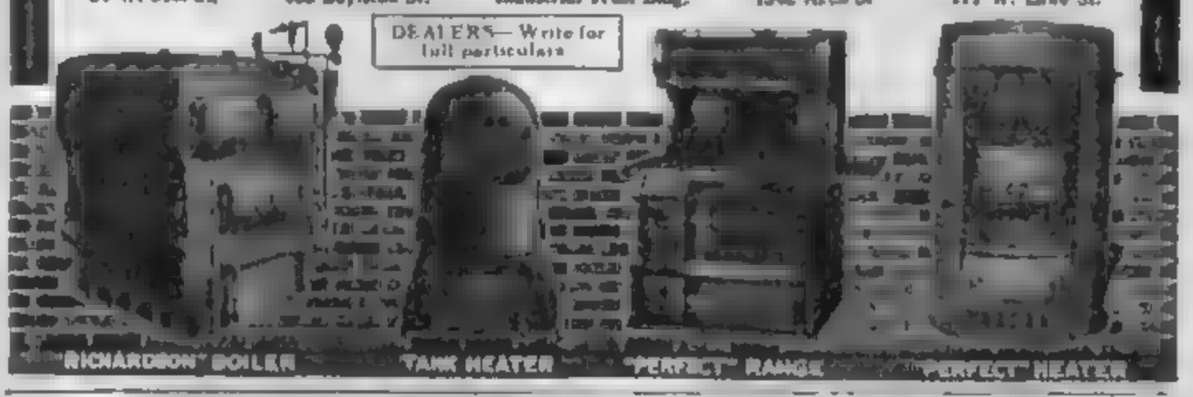
Our 78 years' experience has covered thousands of homes and buildings of all kinds, sizes, shapes and constructions. Chances are we have many times solved problems just like yours.

See the Local R & B Dealer in Your Town

He's usually the best in his locality—a man who knows his business. Tell him your problem. He'll quickly tell you just what heating system is best for your building—cost of installation, maintenance, etc. If you don't know him, write for his name and our Booklet B.

RICHARDSON & BOYNTON COMPANY

NEW YORK 31 W. 31st St. | BOSTON 405 Boylston St. | PROVIDENCE, R. I. Industrial Trust Bldg. | PHILADELPHIA 1342 Arch St | CHICAGO 171 W. Lake St.



Weighs only 7 pounds.
Sure killing power because striking energy is ¾th of a ton; because penetrates half inch steel at 100 yards; because Spitzer point bullet (soft nose) explodes the tissues it penetrates.
Easy to hit game because trajectory so flat that mid-range height for 300 yards is only 5⁵⁄₁₆ inches.
Recoils only 5½ foot-pounds
Terrific velocity of 3000 feet per second.
Accuracy equals new Springfield Army Rifle, most accurate rifle in world.

Six Shooting Stars from the

250-3000 SAVAGE

Price $32.50; cartridges $5.30 per hundred.
Gun dealers everywhere will be glad to show you this .250-.3000 Savage.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 79 Savage Avenue, UTICA, NEW YORK

Half a Thou to Selec

Made to Yo

HAVE you a tender spot in your heart for a rugged Homespun suiting—with just a wee bit o' Scotch plaid woven into the pattern? Or do you lean toward sharply-defined stripe designs? Delicate checks? Silk stippled worsteds? Sedate grays, blacks, browns and blues? Or perennially stylish and genteel serges?

It matters not what the bent of your cloth taste—you'll find your ideal—in all its richest interpretations—awaiting

The Royal Tailor

OCCUPYING 10,000 CITIES AND TOWNS

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you at your local Royal dealer's store.

This, then, is what Royal "Made-to-Measure Service" means to you. An almost unlimited choice of woolen fabrics; plus an equally unlimited prerogative to dictate just how you want the suit cut and finished. Its style, its drape, even its lining and trimming appointments, are mated to your preferences.

All that the term "Made-to-Order" can mean anywhere—at any price—Royal Tailoring means to you. But at prices of $18.50, $20, $22.50, $25, $30, $35 and $40; made possible through huge national distribution. The new Fall custom weaves are ready at your local dealer's store; the largest and finest collection in all Royal annals.

s & Their Dealers

Joseph Nehan PRESIDENT

Lexington $1185

MINUTE MAN SIX

1917 LEXINGTON Minute Man Six in Front of Monument in Lexington, Massachusetts, erected in Memory of the Minute Men of 1776

Worthy Of Its Name

TIME cannot dim the fame of the Minute Man of 1776. Not only for his valorous deeds at Lexington and at Concord, but for the qualities that have come to be considered typically American, the Minute Man is honored today as in the past.

The sturdiness and reliability of the Minute Man have established themselves not only as standards for men, but for the products of men.

By its name the LEXINGTON Minute Man Six suggests these qualities—and it is worthy of its name. Like the Minute Man of old, the LEXINGTON displays unexpected resources of power, an unceasing readiness for any duty. Rugged reliability, in-built, and a score of other peculiarly parallel attributes, justify the name.

The outward beauty of the LEXINGTON is a fitting accompaniment of its inward excellence. A powerful, economical, comfortable, convenient, stylish car *built with care* by men of broad and diversified manufacturing experience. (*Close* to LEXINGTON are ten big factories devoted exclusively to making motor car parts—which means that LEXINGTON has all the advantages of large-scale economical production.)

LEXINGTON SALIENT SUPERIORITIES

Lexington-Continental Engine
Moore Multiple Exhaust System
Cut Steel Starting Gear on Flywheel
Independent Ignition, Lighting and Starting Circuits
Double Universal Joints
Full-Floating Rear Axle with Spiral Bevel Gears
Wick-Feed Oil Cups
Engine-Driven Tire Pump
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Largest Size Motometer
Bolted-on Tire Rack with Spare Demountable Rim
Oil Pressure Gauge
Convex Mud Guards
Genuine Leather Trimming throughout

In addition, the regular equipment includes full ventilating weather-stripped windshield, speedometer, electric horn, ammeter, and trouble lamp

Five-Passenger Minute Man Six Open Touring Car (shown)	$1185
Four-Passenger Minute Man Six Open Clubster	1185
Five-Passenger Minute Man Six Convertible Touring Car	1350
Four-Passenger Minute Man Six Convertible Clubster	1350

THE THOROUGHBRED SIX

Seven-Passenger 60 H. P. Touring Car, 144-inch Wheelbase	$2875
Four-Passenger 60 H. P. Clubster, 130-inch Wheelbase	2675

LEXINGTON is now enjoying its tenth successful season. Know more about the car and the company back of it. Literature sent free on request.

THE LEXINGTON-HOWARD CO., 700 W. 18th St., CONNERSVILLE, IND., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 45)

every sea and in every port. That's a man's job, Ned. A big man's job!"

He faltered a moment before answering. Her quick shifting attack had taken him by surprise. His eyes narrowed and his chin grew rugged as he thought that over.

"Yes," he said; "it is a man's job—a big man's job." He rose. "But it's not mine."

He walked toward the window. Suddenly he swung about.

"Listen!" he said fiercely. "I'm through. I'm fighting a game I don't know. I'm trying to make a fortune in a rat pit—jumping for it like a terrier dog. There's no luck to it. I'm through!"

She said nothing. She stood slim and erect, like a statue on a pedestal. Her calm eyes rested on his hot ones with a steady, unwavering glance.

"I'm trying to make money overnight—a life's work. It can't be done. I'm a seaman, captain of steam and sail; and I'm going back to it. And you'll go back to the old friends and the old interests. Get your things ready, Nellie. This is the end."

He turned toward her with a half smile. A tenderness dawned in his eyes. She cut it short with a deft, sharp stab.

"I've listened to you, Ned," she began calmly. "Now listen to me! You're not going back. If you've had enough of the land I've had enough of the sea."

"What?" he broke in dumfoundedly.

"Enough, Ned!" she went on. "For two years I've let you go out of the harbor with always the fear of never seeing you again. I've waited for you, and watched and prayed for you. I've gone round lonely and I've gone round sad. When you were at home everything was happy, but when you were away it was drab. And now ——"

"I'm sorry, Nellie," he said. "A man has to follow his road and a woman must stick to her man."

"It's selfish!" she snapped fiercely. "Drabness, drabness, drabness! Never a dance; hardly a friend; no color; no life. Now I'm enjoying myself ——"

"You're wasting yourself, my girl," he said gently. "There's nothing to it at all. You're too good for this. It's as empty as a soap bubble."

"I don't care," she answered. "I won't go back to it."

"You will!" he thundered.

There was a tense, sharp silence in the room, except for their rapid breathing; and then suddenly she drooped as if she had been struck by a hot wind. She leaned on the mantel, turning away to hide the little mist of tears in her eyes.

"Ah, Ned!" she choked softly. "You're going, and everything's going; and the little home ——"

He looked at her as she stood there, a drooping, shining figure against the marble mantel. He saw the soft twinkle of her hair and sensed the softness of her skin, like a rose leaf. She looked more cared for, more beautifully groomed, than in the old days two years before. That frock she wore too—she never could afford it then; or the trim, flexible pumps; or the glimpse of expensive silk at her ankles.

And the room itself, the square room with the soft Chinese carpet, the bright landscapes on the walls, the little peach-blow vase that Li Hu, of Macao, had made six hundred years before; against the wall an ancient Norman vestment holder, carrying on its heavy shelves a dozen curiosities in silver, gold and bronze. Through glass doors he could see the dining room, a bright, sunlit place with its array of shining silver and delicate linen. All this was art and comfort and luxury, and she was in the midst of it, owning it, happy!

"We were so happy, mannie dear!" she sobbed.

Ah, she was! And the change would turn all this topsy-turvy; would strip her of her expensive clothes; would take her away from the luxuries in which she queened it now. "And she queened it so well," Martin said to himself with a sense of pride. Her objections to going back to the old life were not selfish, he knew; were not for fear of losing comfort and her home, but because she could not see it any other way. It was true, he knew, that he could come back, as the phrase was. Was he fair to her?

"Do go ahead, Ned!" she pleaded. "Don't give up!"

He looked at her again, a part and piece of the room about her; a gentle, soft thing that seemed herself to be the composition of a supreme artist.

"I won't then," he answered her suddenly, and swung out of the room.

He went into his own austere one, clean as a sailor's, simple as a monk's. The moment he had closed the door he knew he had done wrong. He thought, with a great sense of pity, how tragic it was that the being he loved most in all the world should hang the greatest gyve on him in this prison of his.

"Even that!" he muttered bitterly. "Even that!"

A great gust of rage smote him like a nor'easter sweeping southward from the Pole.

He went to the window in two swift strides and swung it open. Outside he could see New York, stretched, street on street and avenue on avenue, like some ancient undecipherable maze. Dingily everything rose—temple and shop and dwelling, factory and railroad. In the distance the Metropolitan Tower rose gloomily erect. The din of the streets came to him like an insult. He glared out, teeth stripped and shoulders heaving, like a berserker warrior in a gin.

He caught at the jambs of the window; and he felt, as he stood there, that with one great heave of his shoulders he could split the vast apartment house in twain, as Samson wrenched plinth from pillar in the alien temple. Enraged, he spat out on the street. He raised his fist and shook it.

"Hell blast you, root and stock!" he swore savagely; and then, all suddenly, he turned wearily away.

VI

They will tell you—the wise city people—that all this is an old wives' tale, a bogy created by morbid seamen, like that monstrous serpent of which Bishop Pontoppidan tells. And they will point out to you in conclusion that Sir John Murray—in 1910, was it not?—investigated the sea in the Michael Sars and found nothing but a stretch of weeds. They will laugh at the idea of anything sinister or malevolent there. But admit the evidence of Patrick Burk, master of the steamship Connaught Ranger, now somewhere off the Horn. He told it to me on his bridge one Mediterranean night, when the sea was like a queen's cloak, and a great saffron moon rose over Africa:

"I was second mate then in the bark The Kerry Cow—that was in '83, before you were born, my lad—coming up from the Gold Coast in ballast, when we drifted into it. It was a June morning, and the breeze fell and the sails were licking from jib to mizzenmast. We drifted into it, I say; but I could have sworn that something pulled us along like a hawser to the bows. It came round green and moving, like a horde of morays, and the sun seemed sort of yellow and the air unhealthy. And we still went into it; and no breeze blew. We were in it half an acre, it might be, when together we all jumped for the boats, and overboard, chopped our way out, and lay off for three days until a Greek boat took us up. We never saw The Kerry Cow again. But, thank God, we got out of it!"

He was very silent for a time, thinking that over, shaking his head as he leaned across the rail. The bell in the pilot house rang eight and the bell in the bows answered, and the lookout's cry came clear and comforting: "Eight bells and all's well!"

"And all's well!" repeated Burk, slowly and thankfully.

"And all's well!" said I in a frightened whisper.—*Author's Note.*

EDWARD MARTIN stood among the ruins of his business and looked about him in a sort of daze as a man might return to a house that had been reduced to blackened wood and white ashes by fire; and he considered in himself how best to build again. The manifest thing was to get money, and this he started out to do blithely. He put his case squarely and bluntly, as a sailor should, showing that his loss was not due to lack of ability or to carelessness, but to that vague, undefinable thing called the Act of God, against which neither foresight nor strength prevails.

And some men grew cold at his approach, feeling and fearing that disaster had a back fire like an unexploded bomb, and that the safe policy was not to touch him or his affairs. This type cut him to the quick, for in his sailor's training no man let go by unheeded another's cry for help, and the thing was inexplicable to him. The second type filled him with a deep loathing, as the sight of some slimy thing might. Of the second type was Lewis, the insurance man, to whom he went. He found Lewis sitting in his office in a dim half-light, the faded sun playing unhealthily upon his bald head and giving a sinister depth to his sunken, colorless eyes. The insurance broker rose at sight of him.

"Hello, captain!" he hailed hollowly, and held out a flabby hand as Martin sat down. "That was fine work!" he said

slowly, an unhealthy smile on his face. He pulled out a box of cigars. "Have one?" he offered. "Crews of both ships saved? Very fine! Young Reynolds placed the insurance for you." He smiled again. "I wonder how much?"

"Not enough to cover by a long chalk," Martin replied grimly.

The broker lowered his chin on his chest. His mouth broke into a wide grin. His eyes smiled coyly from under the brows. There was something theatrical about his smile; something studied. It was like the simper of a sneak girl accusing another of flirting. The palm of one hand closed lovingly over the knuckles of the other.

"So they all say," he tittered. "So they all say."

Martin was lighting the cigar. Something in the man's tone grated on him and he looked up to see the suspiciously grinning face. He brought his match slowly down from the tip of his cigar, threw it away, threw the cigar away, pushed the chair backward with a rasp, and stood up. His massive jaw shot out. His eyes flashed suddenly as if an electric current had been turned on and a spark was flicking between terminals. His fists closed until they were like the heads of giant sledges.

"What do you mean?" he bellowed suddenly. His voice thundered out with a roar like that of an enraged bull. It exploded within the walls of the office like heavy gunnery. It made the clerks and stenographers in the outer offices spring to their feet with white faces. "What do you mean?"

"Why——" the broker began in scared tones. His hands trembled.

"Say it!" Martin thundered. "Say it, and I'll sling you through the window into the street."

He picked up his hat and gloves and turned to walk out of the office. At the door he paused. He eyed the broker with hotly contemptuous eyes.

"You filthy dog!" he said calmly, and went out.

At his bank he received the first part of his help. Reagan, the vice president, a dapper, clean-featured, red-haired man of forty, listened to him, all the time boring at him with a gray eye, cold as ice and piercing as a knife. It was the eye with which a judge regards a criminal, when trying to get at the truth. It was the eye with which an expert examines a jewel, hunting for the flaw he fears to find. Its cold, unfriendly light cut at Martin like a whip. Under it his words grew more staccato, his tone resentful, his own eyes angry. He finished quickly and tilted his jaw.

"That's all!" he snapped. "Well?"

Reagan reached for a piece of paper, his eye as cold as before.

"We can't invest all you ask," he said calmly; "but I think I can promise half on a series of renewal notes."

"Half's no use to me," Martin broke in. "I want it all. And this is the only place I know where to get it."

"Half's all we can do on that," Reagan replied; "but I can make a suggestion. There's a man called Bonner who might help you out on the rest. I'll give you a note. But I warn you he'll want your eyeteeth."

"If he wants them and I want his money," Martin said, "I'll have to hand them over."

The banker began writing. A thin, experienced smile cracked his face.

"I suppose you will," he said, and went on making his large, round characters. "It's a hard game," he continued. "If you've got money you break even. If you're lending money you've got a strangle hold on your man." The lines from his nose to the corners of his mouth deepened and he shook his head. "But if you're borrowing money you've got a faint chance for life, and you've got to make the most of it."

"And you may go down," Martin nodded.

"And you may go up," the banker smiled. "It's the one man in a thousand who goes up to the sky that makes us all hang on."

He left the bank with a feeling of elation. It hadn't been so hard after all. And this man Bonner? Well, the vice president seemed to think there would be no difficulty. But it came on him gradually, with a sense of chill, that once more he was putting himself under a yoke of responsibility. It would be years before he should be free again. There would be a chain about him that would keep him tied to office and desk until everything was settled up, and meantime something might happen again—another Act of God! Another inexplicable caprice of the sea!

It was late when everything was settled that night, and Nellie, his wife, he knew, would be out; so he stopped at a restaurant on Park Avenue for dinner. As he was passing out—through the bar as it happened someone hailed him. At the counter he saw Dorgan, a lawyer he had met downtown. He stopped for an instant.

"What's the good word, cap?" Dorgan hailed blithely.

Martin stood still for an instant, smiling. He didn't like the man, but he didn't want to rush in. If the insurance-broker's eye was leering, and the banker's cold, Dorgan's was repellently wise. It gave the impression that the man knew everything that was unsavory and crooked and evil. His face was lean and long and regular; black, carefully groomed hair; blue shaved jowl; his movements quick and nervous. He was a tall, lithe man, and he kept his hands in his side pockets.

"Been round trying to get money," Martin smiled.

"You're not wise, cap," Dorgan grinned cynically. "You're not wise."

"What do you mean?"

"You don't make easy money nowadays," Dorgan shook his head. "There's nothing to hard work and little pay. You've got to beat the other man to the punch and soak him where he doesn't expect it."

"I'm afraid I don't understand you," Martin said, puzzled.

"All the topnotchers make their cash in deals," Dorgan explained. "They don't sell things for a profit or on a commission. I was talking to Rob Brown, from Yonkers, to-day. That guy's worth half a million to-day! Say, do you know how he started out? I'll tell you." He paused for an instant to order a drink.

"That guy," he continued, tapping Martin on the shoulder, "that guy got a couple of snow-shoveling contracts from the city. What did he know about shoveling? Nothing. He bid and got them—good fat ones. He snooped round until he found a bunch of guineas with carts and men, and turned them in when the big falls came. Two thousand dollars—ten hours' work! He's a darned smart fellow, is Brown!"

"I see," commented Martin very coldly.

"Now do you see? I'll tell you something else: That guy got hold of a publisher with a Life of Washington that wouldn't sell. Five volumes at a dollar; he got them. What does he do? He rounds up a gang of poor muts at the Mills Hotel, Number Seven. He sends them out in the suburbs to offer the set and three magnificent rosebushes for five bones. Fall? Do they fall? They do. He turns up with three slips in flowerpots; tells the women they'll grow. Say, that guy found four thousand suckers in thirty days. Set, one dollar; rosebushes, eighteen cents; man's commission, fifty cents. Brains! That guy's got brains!"

"I'm afraid you misunderstand me." Martin started out. "I want to earn money—not to steal it."

And he walked into Thirty-fourth Street with his new enthusiasm dead, stillborn in his eyes.

■■■

IT WAS hard for Martin to conceal his aversion for the man Bonner from the instant the money lender entered the office. There seemed to be compounded in him a mixture of furtiveness and fear, and at the same time a sense of cruelty that was like a malevolent emanation. He was a tall man and thin; and his face, with its fine aquiline cast, its high brow and delicate chin, might have been that of a great jurist had it not been for the twisted thin mouth and the cringing gray eyes.

Martin looked a little curiously at the silk hat, which was dirty and ruffled; at the morning clothes, ill fitting and unpressed; at the straight silver-headed cane, and gloves. He glanced at the curious pallor in the man's face, and somehow the thought came to him that this man spent his days making money from people who hated him, and his nights dissipating it with men who despised him. He felt Bonner's eye take him in with an air of possession; of gormandize, as it were—the eye of an executioner regarding a criminal with morbid pleasure.

"Sit down, Mr. Bonner," he said shortly and sharply. "My business with you is this: I want thirty thousand dollars on the security of my boat—the City of Boston—my business, goodwill, and anything else I've got."

They sat down together, on opposite sides of the desk. Quickly Martin put his case, a bit truculently, because he did not like the man. His jaw was shot forward, his eyes half closed. He drummed on his

(Continued on Page 52)

For All "Outdooring" This is the Taste!

FOR the ravenous, not-to-be-denied, insistent hunger of all outdoors, here is the taste that hits the hungry spot and yet says *"More!"* The tantalizing tang of Underwood Deviled Ham in sandwiches or salads or stuffed eggs or a dozen other delicious dishes.

SEVEN SEPTEMBER SANDWICHES

1. Underwood Deviled Ham, thin slices of fresh white, homemade bread, crusts trimmed.
2. Underwood Deviled Ham, chopped olives (equal quantities, mixed), white bread, thin.
3. Underwood Deviled Ham, small quantity Spanish onion, chopped, whole wheat bread.
4. Underwood Deviled Ham, thin slices chicken, mayonnaise, white bread.
5. Underwood Deviled Ham, spread on small rolls that have been split and toasted—(fine with tea).
6. Underwood Deviled Ham, chopped dill pickle, white or rye bread.
7. Underwood Deviled Ham, lettuce, mayonnaise, fresh white bread.

SEND FOR "GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES"

And learn seventeen other tempting new sandwiches, besides the rest of the Little Red Devil Recipes—Underwood Deviled Ham salads, scallops, soufflés, timbales, canapes, fritters, etc. This valuable book *free* for the asking. 15c will bring you economical can to try. Always mention grocer's name when writing and if possible say whether he sells Underwood—most grocers do. Send now.

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"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"

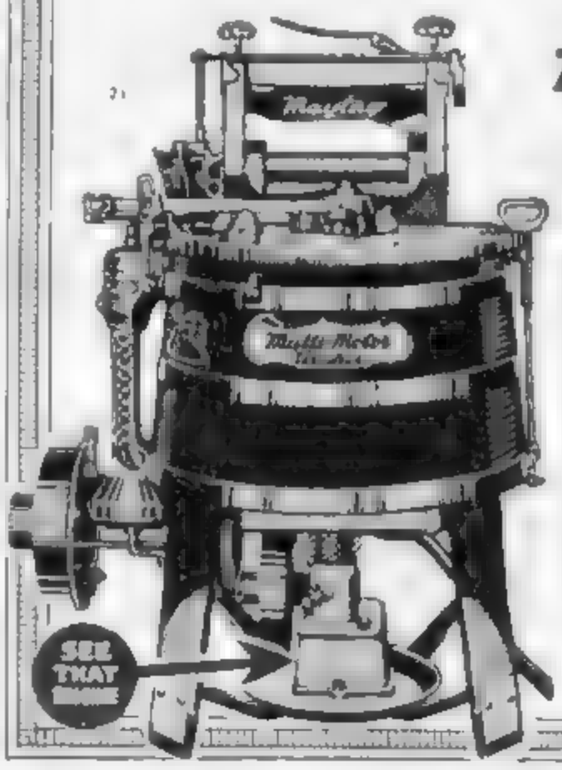
TO RETAIL GROCERS: If you cannot get Underwood Deviled Ham from your local jobber, write us. We'll find some way to supply you.

"The Best Thing We Ever Bought!"

Because it has done away with the wash-day problem for all time—because it supplies power in the home to do the work a machine should do—because it is so simple and thorough in its work—that is why the

Maytag Multi-Motor Washer
Swinging Reversible Wringer

has earned the commendation of owners in many lands as the best household utility they ever bought.



Simply put in the clothes and start the little engine—a slight pressure of the foot does it. It needs no watching—no attention. Its compact construction does away with exposed gears and unprotected revolving mechanism, making it absolutely safe. Engine runs cream separator—bone grinder—ice cream freezer—churn—any small machinery when washing and wringing, if desired. Operates on gas or gasoline. Does a big family wash in no time

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Branches and Warehouses in most principal cities.

There is a Maytag Washer of every type—hand—power driven—electric—all built in the enviable Maytag Standard

DEALERS Investigate Maytag proposition. Write!

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Huge Sums Spent To Make Your Tires Cost Less

IN some respects this is perhaps the most remarkable tire advertisement ever published.

It gets right down to the root of the great question—Which tire gives greatest value?

It lays bare those differences in tire construction which the eye cannot always see.

It reveals the extra cost to us of Goodyear features which make for longer life and lower last cost.

It gives you a standard to go by in buying tires—a criterion by which you can judge whether other tires are as good as Goodyear.

Goodyear Methods Cost More Than Ordinary Methods

We have pointed out to you, time and again, the manufacturing features that make Goodyear Tires last longer.

We have emphasized, over and over again, the differences in Goodyear tire construction and design which make their last cost lower to the user.

Now we go a long step farther and show you how much money was spent over and above ordinary tire standards, and exactly how it was spent.

We show you what it has cost to build this year's production of tires according to Goodyear methods rather than ordinary methods.

$1,504,530.84—To Make All-Weather Tread Double-Thick

You probably would be none the wiser—until the tires were worn out—if we should make the Goodyear All-Weather Tread only ordinarily thick.

But we make it double-thick, so that you get extra wear and extra mileage.

The material required for this tire service to Goodyear users adds a million and a half dollars to our production costs this year.

Yet Goodyear All-Weathers cost you but little more than ordinary tires; actually less than many without treads so thick.

$598,321.81—To Use Goodyear On-Air Cure

No other tire maker uses the Goodyear On-Air cure by which Goodyear No-Hook Tires are vulcanized.

If we should abandon it and go back to the old method, we could save almost $600,000 in our factory this year.

But your risk of blow-outs from wrinkled or buckled fabric—which you can't see—would be greatly increased.

Extra Material—$3,500,000 Labor, Equipment—$750,000

The big blocks in the larger sizes of All-Weather No-Hook Tires give greater traction and longer life. They use more material. So does the increased size of the tires. The two total more than $400,000 for 1916.

We could cut close to a million dollars from factory costs if we were content to make the small-size Goodyear Clinchers without their added air-space and strength.

Cord Tires are improved, at added cost. Tubes are made thicker, at added cost.

Altogether, the extra material required for Goodyear Tires and Tubes this year runs close to three millions and a half.

The additional labor is well over $600,000 and the special equipment required for special Goodyear processes costs more than $150,000.

The Extra Millions Make Better Tires

Why, you ask, should The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company put these extra millions into Goodyear Tires?

So that you may have tires better than the average.

So that you may enjoy complete tire satisfaction.

So that you will always use Goodyear Tires, after you have found that they do go farther and cost less.

You cannot see in the tires the value of these extra four millions and more. But it is there—in extra material, in exclusive processes, in additional labor.

And users of Goodyear Tires know it is there.

They know, too, that The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company encourages and demands savings made through factory efficiency, through concentration on one brand of tires, through economical distribution, and the elimination of extra discounts to dealers.

And they know that these savings go back into Goodyear Tires to make them better, so that they will have less tire trouble, longer tire life and lower tire cost.

Year After Year Goodyear Preference Grows

That is why Goodyears are bought year after year by the largest number of users of any single brand of tires.

That is why this group of hundreds of thousands increases from year to year.

And why Goodyears are the preferred tires, among close to 200 brands, with those who reckon tire cost not on price but on service and mileage.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

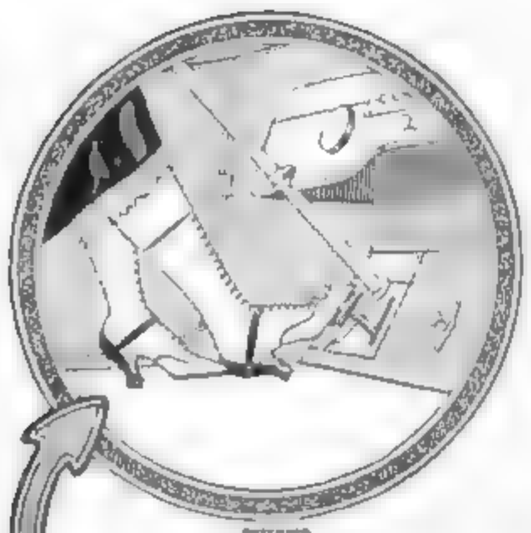
GOODYEAR TIRES
AKRON

30 3.12

Over $4,000,000 of Extra Value In Goodyear Tires

Cost of double thickness in All-Weather Tread	*$1,504,530.84*
Cost of On-Air Cure over and above ordinary cure	*598,321.81*
Cost of improvements in No-Hook Tires	*461,101.06*
Cost of larger blocks in All-Weather Tread	*263,213.45*
Cost of increased size in larger No-Hook Tires	*141,628.95*
Cost of improvements in Cord Tires	*333,087.98*
Cost of improvements in small-size Clincher Tires	*914,159.92*
Cost of making Tubes thicker	*75,259.31*
Total of extra value in Goodyear Tires and Tubes	*$4,291,303.32*

GOODYEAR
ALL-WEATHER TREAD
GOODYEAR ALL-WEATHER TREAD
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR



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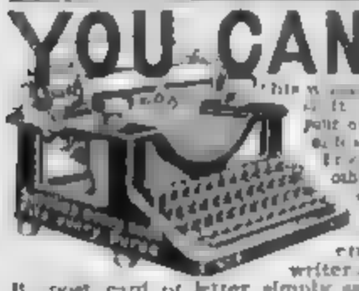

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(Continued from Page 49)

desk with his long, blunt fingers. Bonner made labored entries in a small notebook. At last he looked up and smiled—a smile meant to be ingratiating, but which showed as cold and base and thin as the man's self.

"It will cost a lot of money," Bonner said.

"How much money?" Martin snapped back, like a counter to a boxer's lead.

"It will cost you seventy-five hundred for the year."

"Seventy ——" Martin nearly leaped from his chair. "Damn it! That's usury. That's twenty-five per cent."

"Money's dear," the lender chuckled. "Money's the dearest thing to buy on earth."

They examined the value of business and goodwill; they went into specifications and inspection reports of the City of Boston; they went over bills receivable from importers, and ship insurance to be paid for the loss of the boats off Scotland and in the Gulf Stream.

"And your life insurance?" Bonner smiled again. "You carry a life insurance?"

"I carry a life insurance for sixty thousand dollars," he answered; "but what has that got to do with it?"

"We'll need a mortgage on that too."

Bonner's smile became something evilly droll, as though he had thought of some mysterious joke.

"But, in heaven's name, why?"

"Because," Bonner took up again, "if everything went wrong, and your ship sank, and you were ruined, you might commit suicide. Do you see?"

"I see," Martin agreed grimly.

He was silent for an instant, because he was not half sure he would not stop the proceedings then and there and kick the man out of the office.

"And the things in your home too," Bonner purred on; he resembled nothing so much now as a medieval devil applying refined torture to a sinner. "I want a mortgage on that too."

"You want that too!" Martin's tone was one of cold disgust. "What do you want that for?"

"Because, if anything went wrong"—Bonner smiled again—"your wife might say they belonged to her. Women are more dishonest than men."

Martin rose from his chair, breathing hard. A sudden rush of blood roared to his head like the sound of a cataract. The veins on his temples swelled; his great bull neck pushed against the sides of his collar; his nostrils twitched like those of a fine horse; his mouth twisted and his eyes suddenly became wild, savage things. Bonner rose hastily and crept to the wall.

"Only a little joke, captain," he cried; "only a little joke!"

The muscles on Martin's shoulders and arms stiffened until they became an arch of living steel. His hands reached out for something to catch. Bonner shrank back and his face became dirty white.

"You wouldn't kill me, captain!" he whined. "You wouldn't kill me for a little joke!"

"No; I wouldn't kill you," Martin said half consciously. "I couldn't kill you. You're a little man. I wish I could!"

A great spasm of fury shook him like a torrent of sobs, and the muscles were aching with a fierce, painful ache to do something. His hands came in contact with the sides of the great flat-top desk. He caught on it grimly. Suddenly his shoulders went back in a vast spasmodic heave. The great mahogany mass rose as if it were matchwood. He brought it high in the air for an instant and then smashed it, with all his strength, on the floor. It crashed into pieces with a splintering boom.

"The end of all this filth!" he snarled between his teeth.

Two clerks swung open the door and entered the room. They looked aghast at Martin, standing there silent and raging. They looked at Bonner, crouching against the wall, beads of sweat on his ashen forehead and his silk hat caught to his breast. Martin pointed out the money lender to them with a quivering forefinger.

"Take that jackal," he said, "take that jackal and kick it into the street!"

And suddenly he strode out of the office, with his head high and his face flaming.

VIII

HE WALKED up Broadway like that, hat jammed hard on his head, shoulders back, arms swinging, dividing the crowd as the bow of a liner cuts through water. Near Fulton Street a blank and ugly space in the wall confronted him, and he saw in the gap of the building a deep pit, with giant derricks whining and rattling, engines in convulsive spasms, blue dirty figures running to and fro, and above everything he heard the insistent cry of the drill, a metallic whirring like that of a monstrous dragon fly, which somehow for a moment suggested a burst of cacophonous tittering. The sight once before had thrilled him. It had seemed like the pulsing of life through the city's arteries; but to-day he saw only an ineffectual movement in it, a convulsion, as of a man stricken by some implacable disease.

"It changes all the time," he thought contemptuously; "and the sea is calm and eternal!"

He turned to the right intuitively and swung down Maiden Lane, past the shops of the jewelers, past the snapping current of Nassau Street, and followed the trail toward the docks. Block by block the way changed. It lost the clean, efficient look of the business section with its neat windows and garnished streets. At Pearl Street it became dingy and barren, like some No Man's Land; and gradually from then it took on color and warmth.

Here were shops that somehow made his heart glow—queer groceries with jars of olives and rosaries of figs in the window; with dulce from Ireland and pungent Southern fruits. A little farther on a uniform-tailor's shop caught his eye, with dummies dressed in blue and gold, and white drill with black epaulets. And here, high in the air, was the sign of a tattoo artist. And here a junk shop for sailors, piled high inside and out with a million useless, childish things—tin whistles, chessboards, skins of alligators, a silk hat, a Masonic sword. The proprietor within sat in the middle with a smile on his little shrewd face, as if the wonderful assortment tickled his humor. Martin suddenly felt that all his passion had gone.

He turned into South Street and looked toward the Battery. As far as he could see the barnlike piers crowded low on his left and the houses huddled to his right like a crowd jammed against the ropes of an inclosure—junk shop, tobacconist, barber, saloons, ship agencies and marine supplies. The tangy odor of the docks crept into his nostrils like a spice, a faint mixture of salt water and tarred rope. A sailor passed him carrying a macaw in a huge cage, and the motley population of the port eddied about like a carnival—square-headed Scandinavians, erect, and every man a gentleman; stolid Germans; laughing negroes; here and there a Greek and a Turk; swarthy lascars in white duck; a pig-tailed Chinaman; a Spaniard, rolling a cigarette as he passed, with long, tawny fingers; gnarled sailormen from Gloucester and Newport News. Along the street great drays, drawn by Percherons, creaked by, whose drivers demanded way of one another with loud truculent curses. And about him, to his left, were the bows of ships, hawsered to the mooring bits of the docks like horses in a manger—white, broad boats from the tropics, and sloppy Greek liners; a neat Danish boat, small as a torpedo-boat destroyer, which looked as if it could never cross the Atlantic; a great red Argentine boat, ungainly and out of place, like an overgrown child; here and there a coastwise vessel, high in the bow and low amidships; and farther on a great schooner, with a tarnished feminine figurehead in gilt, which had come from Marseilles.

He paused at a corner, looking at all this, drinking it in like a draft of pure air, when a babel of sounds from a saloon caught his ear—a crash and clatter, and the sound of disputation and the sound of laughter—and as he looked round for an instant the sight of a beggar, with an accordion, seated by the side door, held his eye. He could see by the man's red, salted face that he was an old seaman, with a pair of humorous blue eyes and a gap-toothed grin. A grimy mechanic's cap hung sidewise on his face and a tin cup by his side advertised his calling. He gave his shoulders a shake and drew the accordion out in a long moan. Martin looked on in hypnotized wonder, like a small child.

The accordion broke into a quivering, lilting prelude. The player put his head back and closed his eyes. His shoulders moved to the time. He broke suddenly into a low, throaty barytone:

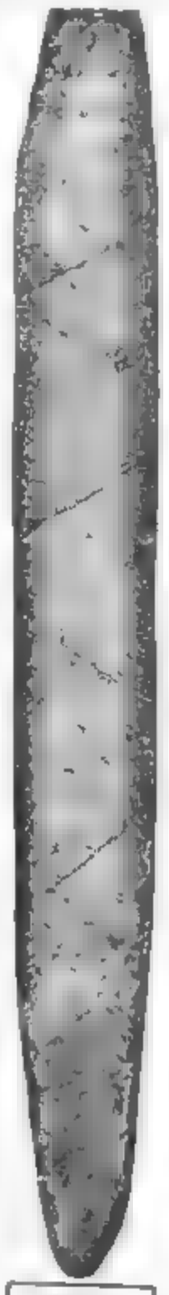
"As I was a-passing down Paradise Street—
Wey! Hey! Blow the man down!—
As I was a-passing down Paradise Street—
Give me some time till I blow the man down!"

Martin started as though somebody had struck him a blow. He clenched his hands

We Can't Pay You a Salary To Smoke This Cigar

We can't even afford to give you the cigars on condition that you smoke them.

We **can afford** and do offer to charge you nothing for trying our cigars and ask you to pay nothing for them unless you like them and are convinced that you cannot match them unless you pay nearly twice as much.



After all, if we sell you a better cigar for less money, and enable you to cut your cigar bill in half—it does amount to almost the same thing as paying you to smoke our cigars, doesn't it?

Now just consider what we are willing to do to convince you that we make cigars that you really want to smoke.

We will put the cigars in your hands at our risk. You may smoke them alternately with those you now smoke, you may cut them open and examine the filler, you may try them on men you consider good judges—if after smoking ten you don't want them—send the rest back at our expense.

HERE IS OUR OFFER: Upon request, we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

We have contended that our Panatela would be a standard 10c cigar if instead of being sold from our factory to the smoker it was marketed through the regular wholesale and retail channels.

It is a hand-made cigar, with a wrapper of genuine Sumatra, and a filler of long, clean Cuban-grown Havana. It is made under wholesome conditions in our own factory in Philadelphia by skilled adult cigarmakers.

You buy it by the box from our factory as cheaply as we could afford to sell it to a wholesaler.

Now why not accept our offer and try our cigars? Our Panatela is not our only cigar. We make in all seventeen different cigars including a line of Clear Havana (all Havana, filler and wrapper). Our complete catalog, mailed on request, shows every cigar we make, from $5.00 per 100 to $15.00 per 100.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

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give immediate relief [illegible] store normal strength [illegible] arches. Relieve and prevent flat feet. At dealers or direct. Write for Booklet and Free 10-day Trial Offer

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WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

to keep still. The old halyards chantey swung on, with its rolling gait, like a man moving along a heaving deck, and its quick staccato rises.

Suddenly, as if a mighty formula of magic had been uttered, the scene faded about him and another scene came to him, taking form and action on the medium of his brain like a biograph picture on a screen. He felt suddenly that it was twenty years before and he was on a bridge for the first time as second mate in sail. Very distinctly he could hear the water at the bow and the welter of the tread behind; the tune of the chanteyman at the halyards; the squeal of the running shrouds. And below him he could see the crew bending to the halyards, and before him the blue line of sea, and behind him the gray line of the land.

"A strapping young woman I chanced for to meet—
Wey! Hey! Blow the man down!
A strapping young woman I chanced for to meet;
Give me some time till I blow the man down!"

All of New York—all of two and more restless years—swept out of his mind as a troubled dream passes when a sleeper wakes. Gone were the futile months of labor—the hurrying, merciless rush; the grinding strain of nerve and cell; the dull routine. Gone was the prisonlike office; the puny efforts with pen and ledger; the scheming; the rebuffs; the touch of unworthy men and things, like pitch which defiles a man. His ears were filled with the faint mewing of sea gulls, and his eyes saw blue combers breaking in whorling curves and creamy foam.

"This strapping young woman, she says unto me—
Wey! Hey! Blow the man down!
This strapping young woman, she says unto me:
Give me some time till I blow the man down!"

Before his mind Romance took shape and form and color. He saw himself bound for ancient ports and marvelous countries—America behind him, humming like a beehive, and before him the green translucence of Brazil, or the flashing beauty of islands in the Caribbean; Africa, lush and mysterious; the Levant, with its lyric splendor; or China, looming up, powerful, malignant, compelling, like a strange, yellow giant; the calm of the sea in springtime, with an albatross fanning its great wings near the bow, porpoises playing in the distance, and a strange sail showing on the horizon like a fine etching; and after that the epic nights when they fought the sea like armed warriors, lurching, rolling, slipping and winning.

Ah! There was life to that—not like being chained to a desk and doing everything by rote and rule, like a convict in a prison yard! And the tang of danger in everything, which was the salt to food!

Clearly, insistently, he heard the sea calling him, like Gabriel calling from the clouds through a trumpet of brass—the creaking of blocks; the pulsing of engines; the lick of the wash at the bow and sides. He would go back to it again joyously.

And here an aching pain stabbed him. What of his wife? What would she say? And again the futility of arguing with her came to him with a great weariness. He could do nothing there, he thought; and he could not remain on. The place was stifling him. It was all right for her—she found life, or what she called life, here—but his place was the sea, the thing he had been born and brought up to, and whose spell had been in his blood for generations. There was nothing to do but to cut off and leave her to follow on as she was doing. He would arrange everything for her and would see to it that she should never want for money. The profits of cruises should go to her; but for him the cruise and the work alone. That was enough. That was his destiny. He wouldn't argue or tell her at all, for the thought of a violent quarrel with her whom he had loved so long and so strongly was a prospect more repelling than death—than even the life he was leaving.

A great loneliness came over him. It was as if he were lowering her weighted coffin over the side of a ship; and the thought of what they had been to each other in the old days enveloped him with a great poignancy; and New York was the cause of it—its beginning and its end.

"Ah, God! The pity of it!" he murmured.

He straightened his back suddenly. If it was, it must be done. At any rate, after the first shock she would be happy. She would have her new friends, her new pursuits, and money to cultivate and follow them. But for him there was work to do, no matter how his heart felt; a course to steer and a ship to bring from port to port. He threw his head back and a great feeling of safety and comfort came to him, in spite of everything—the feeling that he had taken a right decision.

With a quick swing Martin turned into a garish tobacconist's store and crushed himself into a telephone booth. His clerk answered him at the other end of the wire.

"Get hold of Captain Enright," Martin ordered, "and tell him he's getting three months' leave. I'll take out the City of Boston this trip myself."

The chanteyman was droning out his last verse when Martin came out. He sang, with a world of experienced wisdom in his battered face:

"Oh, never take heed of what young women say—
Wey! Hey! Blow the man down!
Oh, never take heed of what young women say!
Give me some time till I blow the man down!"

That was true, Martin said with sudden savageness. Once she had told him nothing could part them. Well, she had said she lived for nothing but him. And now any futile business, any hollow amusement, caught her as by a lariat. He brought himself up on the bit suddenly. That was enough!

The accordion gave its last asthmatic gasp. Martin reached to his vest pocket and brought out a yellow-backed bill. He dropped it into the man's cup. The chanteyman picked it up and looked hard at him.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"A sort of pilot's fee," Martin replied with a little bitter smile.

The chanteyman gazed at him keenly. His eyes caught the decision in Martin's face, the tense set of shoulders and jaw.

"So you're down the tide and over the bar, captain?" he said quietly. "A fine breeze and a good voyage to you! Sheet your mizzen royals home, and ——"

But Martin was striding back up the street, his shoulders thrown back, and the thought of the sea before him like a great burning cloud.

IX

THEY moved out into the river imperceptibly, with a mere ripple at the bow. The engine signals began their purring jangle—dead slow; slow; half speed. Forward, the first mate bellowed fierce, rapid orders to the men along the pier; aft, the second stood, watchful as a falcon. On the bridge, beside Martin, the third, a mere boy, looked on with the experienced air of a commodore. Behind, in the pilot house, the quartermaster handled the wheel with deft, gentle hands. Snug to the cathead the anchor dripped. The blue peter fluttered jauntily at the mast head. They warped about the pier into the East River and slid under the giant trellis of Brooklyn Bridge.

"We're clear!" Martin said to himself, and his heart stopped its rapid, trip-hammer thumping.

All the while, at the dock, he was afraid, as a criminal might be afraid, of something happening at the last moment to prevent him from taking his ship out. New York might put out some giant hand and pull him from the deck with the sinister enjoyment of a cat with a mouse. But he was off at last, with a cargo of machinery for the cornfields of the Argentine, and he should not see land again until they raised Bahia—thirteen long days.

It might have been yesterday that he was standing on his bridge in his blue and brass, and his jaunty seaman's cap set jauntily on the flaxen hair. Every action, every thought, came back to him so clearly that it seemed impossible to believe that it was more than two years since he had stood there and threaded his way through the harbor's traffic. He would have sung aloud for sheer happiness if it had not been for the soreness of his heart within, the feeling that he had left some integral part of him back in the city whose buildings were slipping past like barges.

They had passed the Battery now and the roads lay before them, straight and narrow to the sea. Ten-thirty, his watch said. In an hour and a half she would know that he had left her. And it gave him a fierce jarring ache to think of the

(Concluded on Page 56)

A Twilight Story About Puffed Wheat

When you serve a supper dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, make this your story sometime. It is like a fairy tale.

Each bubble of wheat is a kernel, puffed to eight times normal size. All its thin, airy flakiness is due to steam explosions. And each has been shot from guns.

100 Million Explosions

Each kernel of wheat contains, as it grows, more than 100 million food cells. Each food cell is hard and hollow. A trifle of moisture is in it. Each must be broken to digest.

Other cooking methods break part of those food cells, but never more than half. So Prof. Anderson, a famous food expert, sought a way to break them all.

Puffed Grains are made by his process. The grains are sealed in huge guns. The guns are revolved for sixty minutes in 550 degrees of heat. Thus the bit of moisture in each food cell is changed to steam.

Then the guns are shot. Each food cell explodes. And the grains come out puffed to bubbles, as you see.

This makes the whole grains wholly digestible. Every atom of every element is food. That's why countless mothers, every morn and night, serve these grains to children.

Puffed Wheat *Except in Far West* **12c**
Puffed Rice *Except in Far West* **15c**
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c

You find these fascinating dainties. You call them food confections. With sugar and cream or mixed with fruit they seem like breakfast bonbons. Boys eat them like peanuts when at play. Girls use them in candy-making.

But they are, above all, perfect grain foods. In no other form have cereal foods ever been so fitted to feed.

The better you know them the more you will serve them. Keep all three on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

Storage Batteries, Like Living Creatures, Need Food and Drink

In that saying is hidden the secret of reliable starting, bright lights and freedom from battery troubles and expense.

BATTERY FOOD—Batteries give out electricity, to start your car and light its path. They must also be fed with electricity or their plates will become exhausted by work without nourishment and will not respond when you press the starter button. The syringe shown on the opposite page is a *hydrometer*. Every car owner should own one; for it enables him to test his battery and see if it is fully charged—in other words, properly fed. The little instrument with the dial is an *ammeter*. It is equally important, for it will tell how much current the lamps are using, how much the generator produces, and hence, whether the battery is being starved, overheated or correctly fed.

BATTERY DRINK—Batteries should never be given acid to drink. Pure distilled water is the only liquid they should ever have, but they must have this every week or two. This applies to all makes of storage batteries in use on motor cars.

Of course, a battery must have a good constitution to start with. It must be well built, and we know no better way to make sure of this than to buy the Willard Battery, since it has been selected by over 150 car builders and installed on over 1,000,000 motor cars.

Write for More Detailed Explanation

Ask for Literature—which will explain in detail how batteries are made, how to take care of them and other facts every car owner should know. With it you'll receive our free-service plan for new Willard owners, and a list of Willard Service Stations.

Do You Own a Hydrometer?

If not, you should, for it is the one way to accurately determine your battery's condition. Enclose a dollar bill when you write and we'll send you a hydrometer with full instructions for use. Address Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO.

Cleveland, Ohio

New York: 228-230 W. 58th Street — Detroit: 736-40 Woodward Avenue
Chicago: 2524-26 S. Wabash Avenue — San Francisco: 14-18 Beale Street
Atlanta: 8-10 Luckie Street — Minneapolis: 36-38-40 So. 10th St.
Indianapolis: 416-418 No. Illinois St.

Direct Factory Representatives in Philadelphia, Boston, Dallas, Kansas City, Omaha, Seattle

Willard Storage Batteries are for sale by car dealers, garages and all Willard Service Stations and Factory Branches

If you are equipped to sell Willard Batteries or give Willard Service, there are opportunities for men who can measure up to Willard standards

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Cars Whose Makers Equip Them with Willard Batteries

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Allen
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Biederwolf
Brockway
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Buford

Case
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Columbia
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Crane-Simplex
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Detroit
Dixie
Dorris
Dodge Bros. Motor Car
Dort

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Empire

Fageol
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Fleetwood
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Gardner
Gearless
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Halladay
Hahn
Harroun Bus
Haynes
Hayes Wheels
Hudson
Hupmobile

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Interstate
International
Interstate

Jackson
Jones

Kelly
Kentucky
Kissel
Knight
Kissel Kar

Lange
Lewis

Lexington
Locomobile
Lorraine-Dietrich
Lozier
Luverne
Lyons-Atlas

McFarlan
Marmon
Marion
Maxwell
Mercer
Metz
Meteor
Milburn
Moline-Knight
Monarch
Moon
Murray

National
National Motor Truck
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Oldsmobile
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Zimmerman

What's the Use!

"Yes, I'm good at figures," said the elderly figure clerk, "but what does it get me? Here I am right at this desk where I started years ago—no advancement to speak of. I have seen man after man promoted over my head to important progressive positions and not one of them could begin to hold my job.

"The trouble with me is I am too good at figures. The time was when such skill counted, but there's nothing to it these days.

"See that young fellow in the private office over there? When he first came here he worked under me. He couldn't figure worth a cent.

"But what he couldn't think of in the way of new schemes to make more work for the office would be hard to imagine.

"He was always getting up tables showing percentages of profit in this or that department, distribution of cost, and all sorts of figure analysis charts, as he calls them.

"If he had figured them out himself, it wouldn't have been so bad. But that part of it was usually shoved over on me.

"Finally I made a kick about it and they took him out of here—yes, and passed him right over me into that private office as head of the department.

"You see all these Comptometers around here? He's responsible for them.

"Now, when a green clerk can take one of those machines and in a few weeks begin to turn out more work than an experienced man like me—what's the use?"

That's the vital point—*"What's the Use!"*
Think it over.

Then, that you may judge for yourself, let us show you a Comptometer at work in your own office.

Write for our free booklet, "Better Methods of Accounting"

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co. Comptometer **1723 N. Paulina St. Chicago**

Paint This Fall

WOOD pores are open—paint sinks deep. Lasting dampness all dried out. No gnats and moths to stick in paint. Less danger of frequent showers. Painters less busy—jobs not rushed. Mild weather best for drying. Paint this fall

Dutch Boy White Lead

mixed for these ideal conditions, will brace your house for winter weather.

Write us for Point Tips No. 12-11

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GUARANTEED
HOSIERY
For Men Women & Children

TEN cents is enough to pay for hosiery. We cannot think of anyone paying more after once wearing Whit Leather, for Whit-Leather is soft, it's dressy, it's snug fitting and seamless. It *wears wonderfully*. In addition, 6 pairs of Whit Leather Hosiery are

Guaranteed To Wear Without Holes For Four Months

If any pairs show holes within the specified time, we will replace the worn pairs with new hose free.

Made of selected pure cotton yarn, and *dyed fade-proof*. Durably [illegible] reinforced at heels and toes. In countless thousands of homes Whit Leather Guaranteed Hosiery is regarded as a veritable [illegible] economy. Everybody's hosiery bills 30 per cent. It has cut out the [illegible] and [illegible] darning. It has made it possible to get quality hosiery at a popular price.

The ideal hosiery for Men, Women and Children

Three Grades 10c. 12½c. 15c. a pair

TEN CENTS

Sold by up-to-date retailers everywhere. If your dealer does not handle our goods, we will send them postpaid on receipt of price and [illegible] state size wanted, whether for Men, Women or Children.

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Winston-Salem, N. C.
New York Office
Woolworth Bldg
1270 Broadway
A. Culmer Bros. Co. Inc
Selling Agents

(Concluded from Page 53)

distraught pain with which she would receive the news.

With clear distinctness he remembered the evening, three days before, when he had gone home, his intention fixed. There had been guests at dinner—a man and his wife and a little Belgian girl. After dinner they were all to have gone to the opera, but earlier in the day Martin had telephoned that after dinner he had some work to do, and that they should go without him. He had said very little during the meal. His heart, it had seemed, was breathless. As they rose, his wife looked at him hard—very hard.

"I don't think I'll go out to-night," she said.

"Of course you'll go," he urged. He turned to her friends. "You've got to take her along," he said, smiling. "I'm going to turn the house into an office. Run along with you."

But she stood at the door for an instant, with her eyes trained on him like guns, silent, with brows furrowed. And for the first time in his life he had shifted under her gaze.

And for the last two days she had done that often, looking at him intently in queer moments. And several times she had turned to him and called his name:

"Ned!" she had uttered in a serious tone.

"What is it, Nellie?" he had answered.

"Oh, nothing!"

She put it off after a moment's silence, and had given, when he pressed it, some ridiculous explanation.

Governor's Island slipped by, a long barren spit of gravel and mud, with its neat houses at the head of it, and the squat round brown arsenal, like a Chinaman's cap. They made their way through the maze of steamers lying at anchor in the bay—Italian, Danish, Russian, Irish, Australian. A Staten Island ferryboat passed them, with a string band playing.

To leeward the coast line of New Jersey showed up in a pale green line. He thought, as he watched it, of the hardest thing of all—of his farewell to her that morning. He had said he must go downtown early—at eight. Breakfast over, he started.

"Good-by, Nellie!" he said, and kissed her cheerily.

And he hung on and did not go.

"Hurry up!" she had urged. "You must get out."

"Listen!" he said again. "Nellie, good-by!"

"Oh, Ned!" she had laughed. "I've got a frightful lot to do this morning. Hurry along; there's a good man."

And she had pushed him smilingly through the doorway and shut the door on him. And he had gone off disconsolate. That was his good-by. And she was too busy—that morning of mornings!

They slowed down at the cable crossing in the Narrows and swung past the green cunningly concealed ports. To starboard Coney Island showed in a faint white smudge, and Sandy Hook curled round before them like the blade of a scythe.

Well, he had done his best, he told himself. She wouldn't want for money or comfort. He had settled up all his affairs and had put all, except a working balance for the ship, in the bank to her credit. All that was left of his venture for fortune was an old clerk in an old office building—a one-man, one-ship line again! And at twelve to-day the clerk would send her the note he had prepared.

"I couldn't stand New York," he had written, "and you wouldn't leave it; so I am going back to sea. I am sorry, Nellie ——"

So she would want a letter written, straight to the point; no sentiment! And he told the clerk to keep in touch with her, surreptitiously, and be ready to step in if she were in any trouble. She would be getting the letter now.

He turned to the third officer mechanically.

"Sou'west by west!" he ordered.

And he listened while it was being passed to the quartermaster, and repeated back. He pulled back the signal lever to Full Speed Ahead!

The strong salt wind poured against him as out of a machine, and as he filled his lungs with it he wondered how he could ever have lived in the stifling city air! It seemed impossible that he, a ship's master, could ever have consented to live cooped up like an animal in a mephitic cage. He remembered the old Board of Trade official with whom he had gone through the formalities incident to returning to his old work, a small, gnarled man, with spectacles, sixty years old.

"So you're going back to the sea?" he smiled.

"I am," Martin nodded.

"You ought never to have left it," was the comment of the official.

And it was so true that he couldn't find it in him to resent the uncalled-for criticism. No; he ought never to have left it!

There had, also, for the last days, been working in his superstitious sailor's mind the vague idea that it was not by chance he was back here. The loss of those ships! Might not the sea—that powerful unseen personality—have done this for his good? He might never have gone back had it not been for that. It had been no stray caprice, but a disciplinary measure to save him from dying of inanition and comfort. The sea! That was a thing one never understood.

"I don't know," he muttered. "I don't know."

Eight bells struck—noon. She was reading his letter now. The melancholy eternal bell of Scotland Lightship began tolling in the distance, and he thought, as the first swing of the Atlantic lifted them, of the way her heart was being pierced. He let his head fall on his chest and his hands clenched the rail viciously. She would be standing in her drawing room, reading the note with terrible, dry eyes, her hand pressed against her bosom, her face white, and her lips gray, and a little moan coming out of them like a trickle of blood.

The first officer swung up the steps briskly. He turned to Martin.

"I've got a stowaway," he reported.

"A stowaway!" Martin repeated dully. "A stowaway!" he said again. Suddenly the old rage of captains against the parasites of ships flared up like a fire. "Bring him up!" he roared. "Bring him up here immediately!"

Quietly and meekly, and with a smile on her face, his wife climbed to the bridge. Her eyes were dancing with amused devilment.

"It's hardly fair of the mate to call me a stowaway, Ned," she smiled—"considering he stowed me away himself."

Martin was standing petrified, as it were; breathless; something pounding an unintelligible message in his head, like a wireless hindered by static. His heart thumped with great resounding strokes.

"I'm going to Bahia with you," she went on calmly; "then I'm taking a boat to Buenos Aires, and I'll be there waiting on the dock when you come in. I hadn't much time to discuss plans since Tuesday. I've been busy selling furniture, jewels, dresses—and a motor car."

He continued to look at her in dumb amazement. He examined her as if he were uncertain she was there. His eye took in slowly her trim rough tweed, her mellow tan shoes, the little hat with its rakish tilt—just as she used to be.

Martin tried hard to calm the beating of his heart, which seemed about to burst into a great pæan of joy. She leaned across the rail and the breeze rippled the tendrils of hair about her ears.

"It's good to feel the sea again!" She threw her head back joyously.

"But you said," Martin managed to get out slowly—"but you said you were too happy to come away!"

She turned round and looked at him with that merry, elusive nymph's look in her eyes, which had always seemed to him like the point of a swordsman's rapier, a rapid flashing thing, past which he could not get and which had always made her, for him, the most interesting problem in the world.

She pursed her lips and began whistling. And again he heard the old halyards chant with its ripple and roll. Softly she began to sing it:

"Blow the man down!
Oh, never give heed to what young women say!
Give me some time till I ——"

He made a quick dive for her; but smartly she eluded him, sprang to the deck and disappeared amidships.

And as he stood there, waiting to pass Scotland Lightship—when he could leave his bridge and go and find her—an ineffable feeling of joy and freedom encircled him. And he heard, high above the lapping of waves and the sonorous tone of the lightship's bell, the eternal mystic chantey a man hears only once or twice in a lifetime—the mighty harmony that plays between the fixed and wandering stars.

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THE LEOPARD WOMAN

(Continued from Page 25)

For at sight of the bone Bwana Nyele's eyes lit up, he uttered an astonishing bellow of delight, and sprang forward so agilely for so large a man that he almost succeeded in snatching the talisman from Simba's hands. Acting precisely on his instructions, the latter backed away, pointing over the hill

"Where did you get that?" Winkleman demanded.

Simba continued to point.

"Give it me."

Simba started away, still pointing. Winkleman followed a few steps.

"There is more?" he asked. "Do you speak Swahili?"

"Many more, *bwana*," Simba replied in the atrocious Swahili Kingozi had ordered, "over there only a little distance."

Everything turned out as Kingozi had promised. Bwana Nyele asked several more questions, received no replies, finally bellowed:

"But lead me there, *M'buzi!* I would see!"

Simba guided him up the hill. At the appointed spot they fell upon him and bore him to the earth in spite of his strength, and bound his hands behind his back. Then Simba wrapped the magic bone reverently in its cloth. Certainly it was wonderful magic!

Winkleman put up a good fight, but once he felt himself definitely overpowered he ceased his struggles. He was helped to his feet. A glance at his captors taught him that these were safari men and not savages of the country; and, with full knowledge of the general situation, he was not long in guessing out his present plight. But now was not the time for talk.

A half hour's walk took the party to a second water hole, the indications for which Simba had already noted on his little scouting tour. There they proceeded to make camp. The six porters began with their swordlike *pangas* to cut poles and wattles, to peel off long strips of inner bark from the thorn trees which would serve as withes. Then they began the construction of a *banda*, one of the quickly built little thatched sheds open at both ends. At sight of this Winkleman swore deeply. He was fairly trapped, and knew it; but the *banda* indicated that he was to be held prisoner in this one spot for at least some days. However, wise man in native ways, he said nothing and made no objection. But his keen, wide eyes took in every detail.

When the *banda* was finished and a big pile of the dried hay had been spread as a couch, Simba approached respectfully but firmly, took Bwana Nyele's helmet from his head, his spine pad from his back and his shoes from his feet. In this strategy Winkleman with reluctance admired the white man's hands. Without head and spine covering of some sort he could not travel a mile under the tropic sun; without foot covering or a light he would be helpless at night. Of course these things could be improvised, but not easily. He stretched himself on the hay and awaited events.

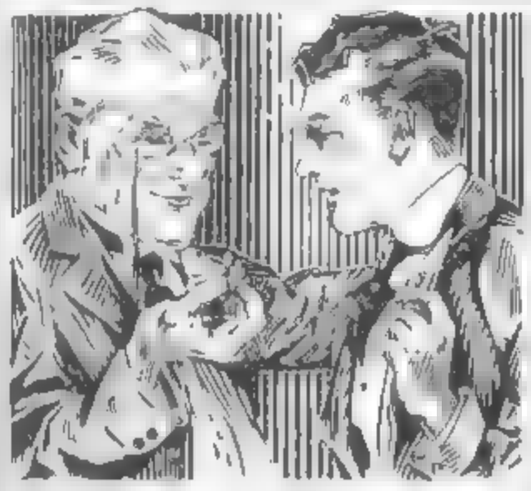
The men built a fire and gathered round it. They were cooking, but at the same time the two whom Winkleman recognized as leaders conferred earnestly and at great length. Had he been at their elbows he would have heard the following:

"The magic of this bone is a very great magic," Simba was saying. "All happened exactly as Bwana Kingozi told us. Now is the fifth day. There remain now nine days to wait until we must bring this *m'zungu* to Bwana Kingozi at the *manyatta* of M'tela."

"It is indeed great magic," agreed Maliya-bwana. "How many days is the *manyatta?*"

"I do not know. These *shensis* should know; but they talk only monkey talk. Here, let us try." He drew one of the prisoners to one side. "M'tela," he enunciated.

The savage nodded, and pointed the direction with his protruded lower lip. Simba indicated the sun, and swept his hand across the arc of the heavens. Then he looked inquiringly at the other and held up in rapid succession first one, then two, then three fingers. The savage was puzzled. Simba went through the movements of a man walking, pronounced the name of M'tela, pointed out the direction, and then repeated his previous pantomime. A light broke on the *shensi*. He held up four fingers.



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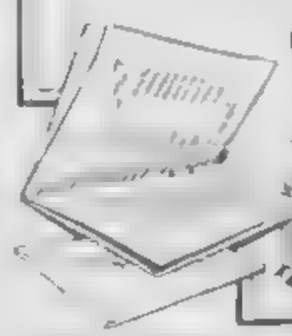

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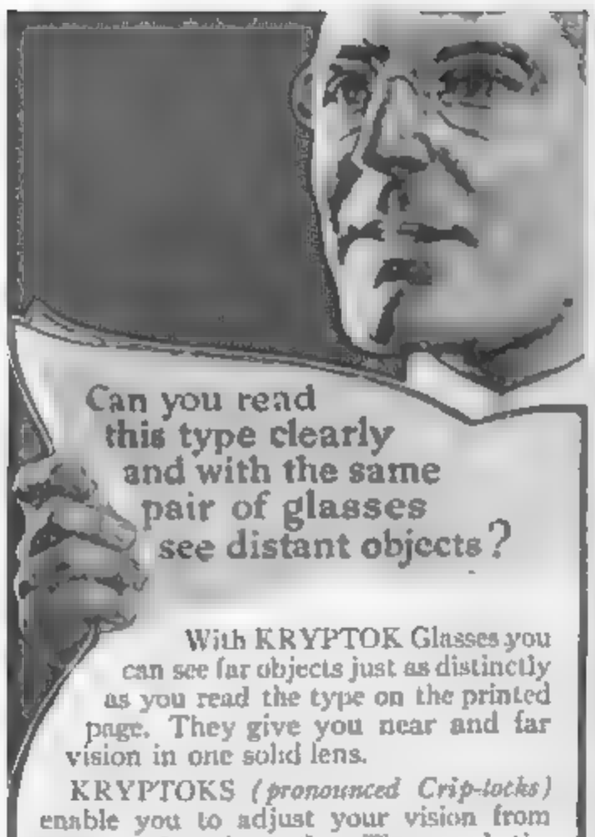

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Simba next called to Mali-ya-bwana to interrogate the other prisoner apart. As the latter also reported M'tela four days distant—when he understood—this was accepted as the truth.

"Then we remain in camp five days," they concluded after working out the subtraction.

"But," intervened one of the porters, "we have no more *potio*."

"I have the *bwana's* gun," Simba pointed out, "and also the gun of this *m'zungu*. There is here plenty of game."

"To eat meat always is not well," grumbled the porter.

"To eat *kiboko* [whip] is always possible," replied Simba grimly.

"Nevertheless," said Mali-ya-bwana, who, as co-leader, was privileged to more open speech, "*potio* and meat are better than meat only."

Simba looked at him inquiringly.

"You have a thought?"

Mali-ya-bwana leaned forward.

"It is this: If the bone has such great magic that thus we can take prisoner a mighty *bwana* like this, surely it is powerful enough to fight also against safari men."

Simba pondered this.

"Everyone knows that a white man is a great lord," urged Mali-ya-bwana, "and that it is useless for the black man to fight against him. This is true always. Every man knows this."

"Black men have killed white men," Simba objected.

"Only when the numbers were many. Even then many more black men also have died, so that the painting for mourning went through many tribes. Never before have men like us taken a white man thus easily."

"That is true."

"Then since this magic bone can subdue for us a great lord of a *m'zungu*, surely it will also subdue for us a safari of black men like ourselves, a safari that the *m'zungu* has held in his hand."

"That is true."

"And that safari must have much *potio*."

"That also is true."

"Let you—or me, it does not matter—take the magic bone, and with it take also this safari and its *potio*."

"I will do it," assented Simba after a moment. "You will stay here to carry out the *bwana's* orders."

XXVIII

IN THE course of the evening Winkleman, conceiving that the right moment had come, set himself seriously to establishing a dominance over these members of an inferior race. He was a skilled man at this, none more so; nevertheless, he failed. For in the persons of Simba and Mali-ya-bwana he was dealing not with natives, but with another white man as shrewd and experienced as himself. Kingozi had from the abundance of his knowledge foreseen exactly what methods and arguments the Bavarian would use, and in his final instructions he had dramatized exactly the scene that was now taking place. Simba had his replies ready-made for him. When an unexpected argument caught him unawares he merely fingered surreptitiously his magic bone and remained serenely silent. Winkleman might as well have talked at a stone wall. He soon recognized this, as also that the man had been coached minutely.

"Who is your *bwana?*" he asked at length.

"He is a very great *bwana*," Simba replied.

"His name?"

"He has many names among many people."

"What name do you call him?"

"I call him *bwana m'kubwa* [great master]," replied Simba blandly.

Winkleman gave up this tack and tried another. "What is his business? What does he do here?"

"His business is to fight."

"Ah!" ejaculated Winkleman sharply. "To fight!"

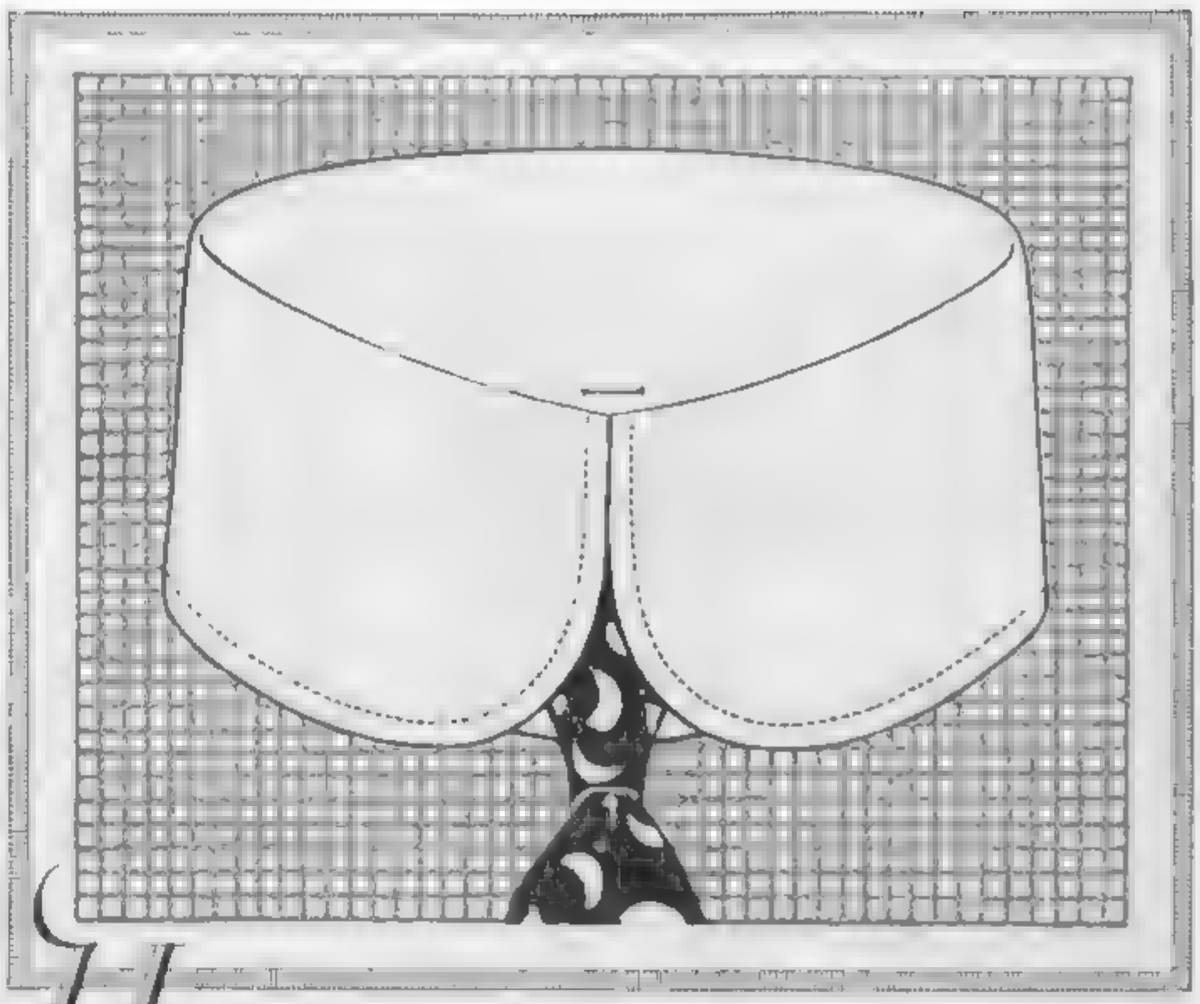
"Yes. His business is to fight the elephant."

Winkleman swore. He could get at nothing this way. He must give his mind to escape.

Early the next morning Simba started. He took with him, of course, his magic bone; but, like a canny general, he carried also the rifle. Mali-ya-bwana was left sufficiently armed by Winkleman's weapon and the cartridges captured on his person.

At the water hole Simba found the safari encamped. At sight of his khaki-clad figure several men ran to meet him. Their

(Continued on Page 62)



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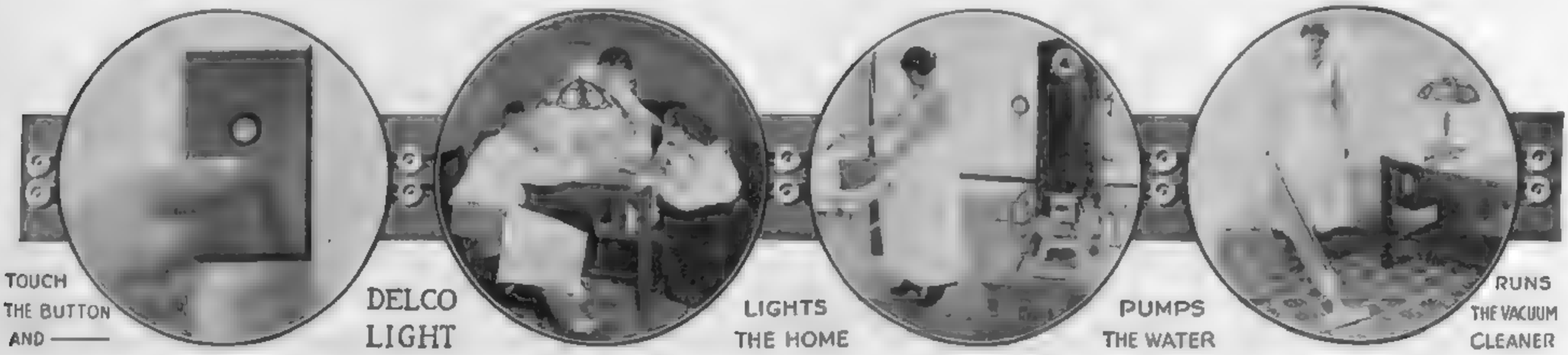

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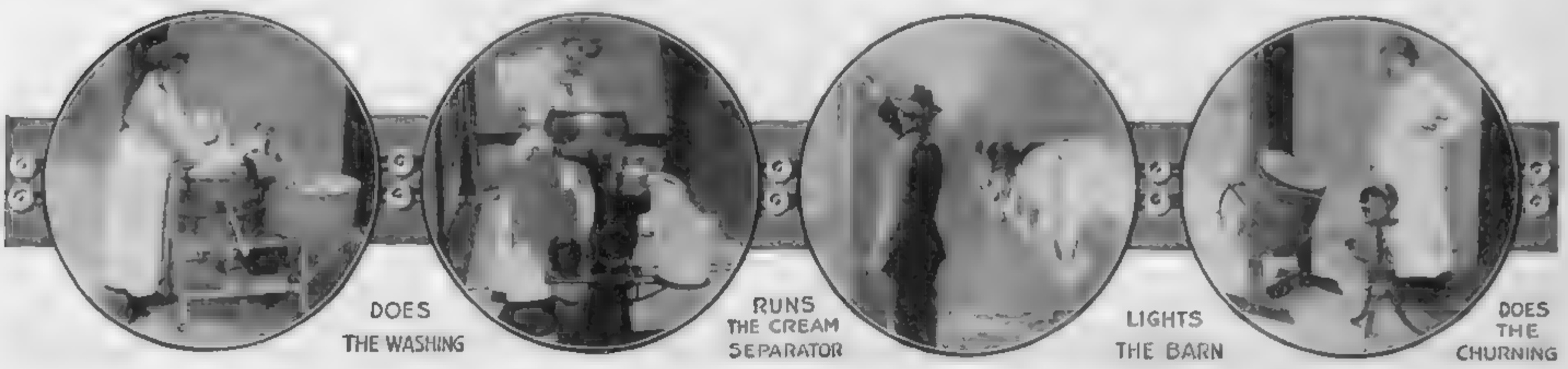

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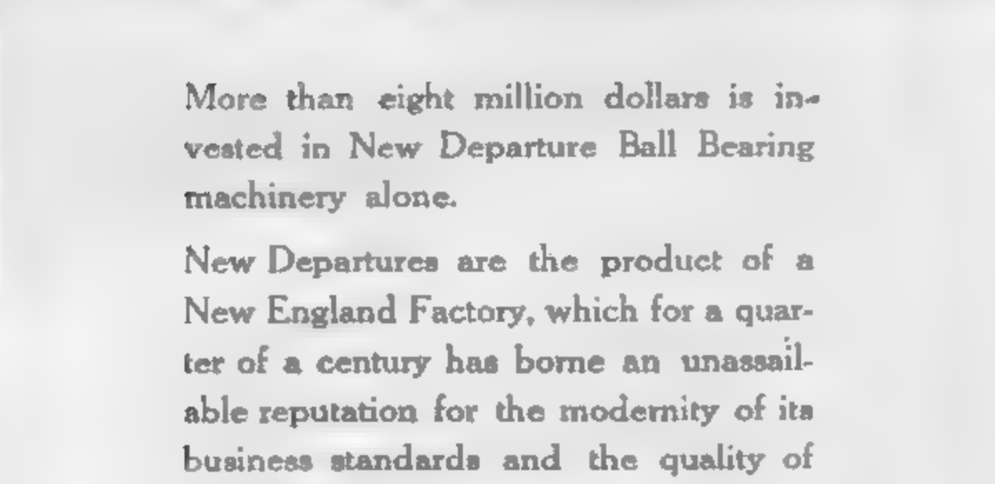

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(Continued from Page 59)

countenances were of a cast unfamiliar to Simba. He looked at them calmly.

"Does someone speak Swahili?" he inquired.

"*N'dio!*" they assented in chorus.

Simba looked about him. This was indeed a great safari and a rich *bwana*. The tent, of green canvas, was what is known as a four-man tent—that is, it took four men to carry it. The pile of loads in the center of the cleared space was high. There were three tin boxes and many chop boxes among them.

The group moved slowly across the open space, stared at by curious eyes, and came to a halt before a drill tent slightly larger than the little kennels assigned to the ordinary porters. Here over a fire bubbled a *sufuria*, the African cooking pot, tended by a naked small boy. A clean mat woven in bright colors carpeted the ground. On this all seated themselves.

It would be tedious to relate each step of the ensuing negotiations. These simple Africans would have needed no instruction from civilization to carry on the most long-winded submarine controversy in the most approved and circuitous manner. At the end of one solid hour of grave and polite exchange it developed that the white man was not at present in camp. Somewhat later Simba permitted it to be understood that his own white man was not in the immediate neighborhood. These gems of knowledge were separated by much leisurely chatter, and occasional and liberal dippings into the *sufuria*. And thus was the beginning and the end of the first day.

At noon of the second day, after a refreshing night's sleep, Simba moved up his forces.

"Your white man is known to me," said he.

Someone remarked appropriately.

"He is a prisoner in my camp."

"In the camp of your white man?"

"In my camp. I myself have taken him prisoner," insisted Simba.

"You are telling lies," said the headman of the safari.

Simba took this calmly. In Africa to call a man a liar is no insult.

"It is the truth," said he. "With my own hands I took him and he lies bound in my camp."

"These are lies," persisted the headman. "How can such things be? That you took a white man, a great *bwana*? That is foolishness. That has never been and could never be. How could you accomplish such a feat?"

"I have a magic."

"Ho!" cried the headman derisively. "Everybody knows that a magic is not good against the white man. That has been tried many times!"

"This is a white man's magic."

The statement made a visible impression.

"Let us see it," they demanded.

But Simba refused. He was entirely at ease. In his ordinary habit he would have become excited over being doubted, he would have wrangled, have shouted—in short, would have been but one unit among many equals. But the possession of the magic bone gave him a confidence from outside himself. For the time being he slipped genuinely into the attitude of the white man himself; became a super-Simba, as it were. This dignity and sureness commenced to have their effect. Almost the group began to believe that Simba's words might be true.

At three o'clock the battle closed in.

"My men need *potio*," said Simba. "Let ten loads be put aside, and let ten of these *shenzis* be told to carry them where I shall say."

But the headman leaped to his feet.

"Who are you to give orders?" he cried. "These things belong to my white man."

"Your white man is my property," replied Simba superbly, and with no further parley he shot the headman dead.

Here, indeed, showed the super-Simba. The dispute might in the ordinary course of events have come to shooting; but only after hours of excited wrangling, and as a climax worked up to in a crescendo of emotion. This expeditious nipping in the bud was a thoroughly whitemanly proceeding.

The headman whirled about under the impact of the high-power bullet at so close a range and collapsed face down. Simba sat calmly in his place. He did not even trouble to place himself in a better defensive attitude against possible attack. His confidence in his magic bone was growing to sublimity, as he noted how efficiently it carried him through every crisis. All over the camp the porters, startled, leaped to their feet. But at the headman's fire no one moved. They would ordinarily have been afraid neither of Simba nor of Simba's weapons. Firearms were familiar to them. The usual sequence to Simba's deed would have been an immediately defunct Simba. But his serene confidence in his magic caught their credulity. The white man's prestige and privileges were invested in him.

"Yours is undoubtedly a great magic," said Winkleman's gun bearer politely. "Let us talk."

They talked at great length, without bothering to remove the dead headman. The result was finally a continued respect for Simba, his magic bone and his ready rifle; but a lingering though polite incredulity as to the matter of Winkleman—Bwana Nyele. It was possible that Simba had killed the latter, of course. But to have taken him alive—and to be holding him prisoner ——

It was suggested that the various upper men of this safari accompany Simba to the place of incarceration. Declined for obvious reasons. Proposition modified to exclude all visitors but one. Still declined.

The debate summarized in the above short paragraph consumed six hours. What is time in the face of an African eternity? And in Africa, as everyone knows, the feeling of eternity is an accompaniment of everyday life.

After some refreshments the sitting rose. Simba did not spend the night in camp. That did not seem to him wise. Instead, he withdrew to a place he had already marked, deftly built himself a withe platform in the spread of an acacia, and slept soundly above the danger line.

Next morning the discussion was resumed. It was all on an amicable basis. A bystander would have seen merely a group of lazy native servants gossiping idly; and indeed, for one word of relevance was a dozen of sheer chatter. That is the African way.

Since it was impossible to visit Bwana Nyele, why could not Bwana Nyele be brought to within sight? Simba considered this, but finally rejected it. The risk was too great, magic bone or no magic bone.

"It is probable you speak lies," said the gun bearer at last. "You say you want *potio* and that you hold Bwana Nyele prisoner. But you do not bring us orders from Bwana Nyele for *potio*. Nor do you give us proof. We must have proof before we believe or before we obey."

"I will bring you Bwana Nyele's gun, or his coat, or anything that is his that you may see that I hold him prisoner."

"Those things prove nothing," the gun-bearer pointed out. "They might have been taken from a dead man."

They negotiated further. One gifted with the power of seeing only essential things would have found here a strange parallel. For these two men, talking cautiously, clinging with tenacity to single points, yielding grudgingly, would have been the same to him as two shrewd business men coming together on the phrases of a contract, or two diplomats framing the terms of a treaty.

Thus well into the third day. By that time an agreement had been reached. It was very simple and direct and practical, when one thinks of it; covered the situation fully; involved few compromises; and gained each man his point.

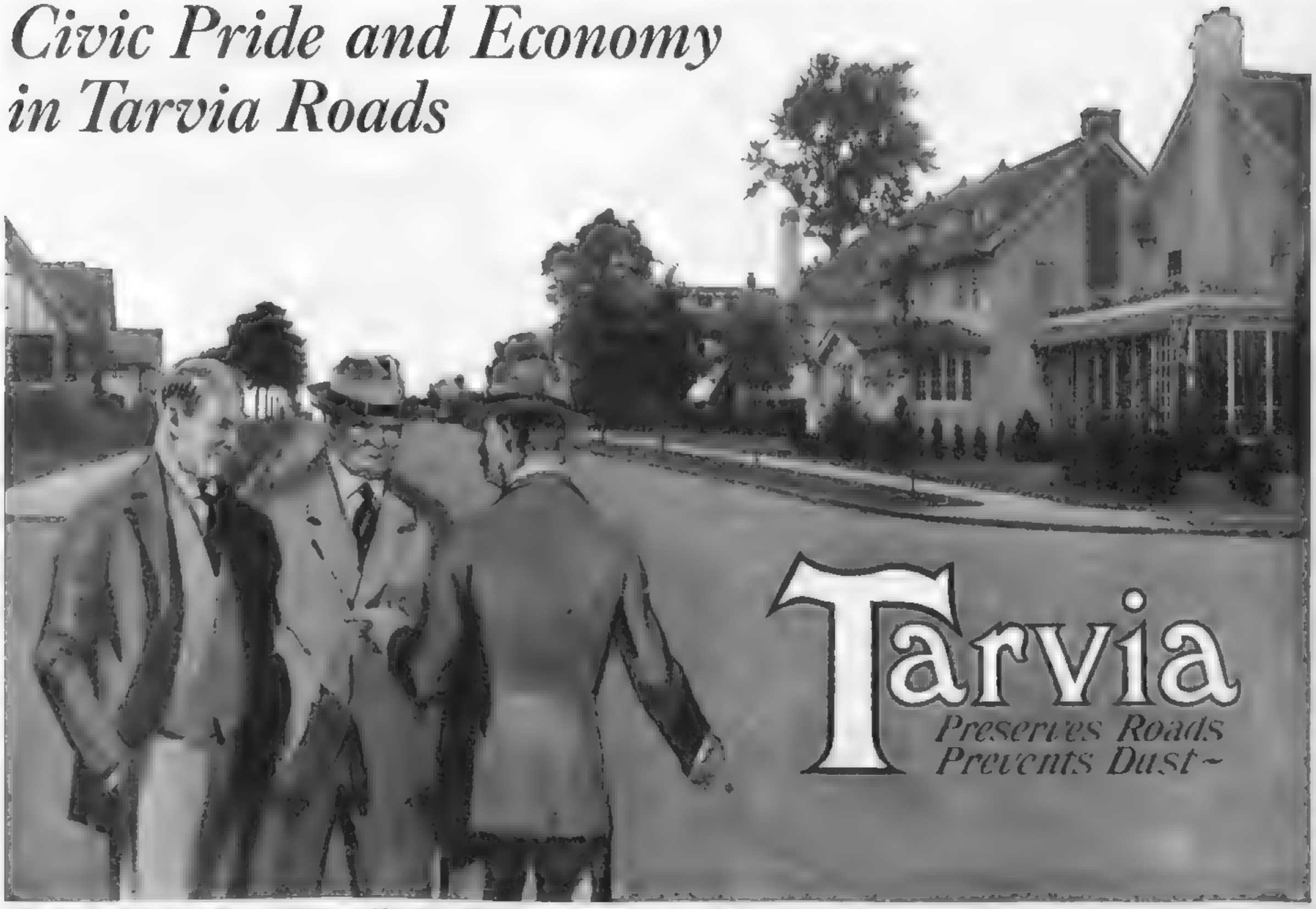
Simba demanded *potio* and obedience because he held the mighty *m'zungu* prisoner. The gun bearer wanted indubitable proof, not only that Simba held the white man, but that he held him alive.

It was agreed that Simba was to return to his own camp, was to procure the proof agreed upon and was promptly to return. The said proof was to be one of Bwana Nyele's fingers, which all agreed would be easily recognizable both as to identity and freshness!

The divulgence of this simple little plan by a Simba quite in earnest dissipated Winkleman's last hope of doing anything by means of persuasion. He knew his African well enough to realize that this fantastic method of identification seemed quite a matter of course. In fact, Simba was at the moment sharpening his hunting knife in preparation. Winkleman swore heartily and fluently; then grinned. He was at heart a good soul, Winkleman, with a sense of amusement if not of humor, and a philosophy of life denied most of his inexperienced and theoretical countrymen. And also he realized that he had his work cut out to prevent the program being carried through. The African is slow to come to a

(Continued on Page 65)

Civic Pride and Economy in Tarvia Roads



Street in Kew Gardens, Borough of Queens, New York City. Constructed with "Tarvia-X", Penetration Method, in 1914. Treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1915.

HERE'S a group of citizens in a certain progressive town. They own cars, vehicles, horses—and they are taxpayers.

For their business and pleasure, they have wanted smooth, dustless and mudless streets.

They've got them now—*because their roads are being built and treated with Tarvia.*

They are very proud of the result. Tarvia has made their streets smooth as a dancing-floor, and so dustless that there's no more use for the watering cart, and the streets are free from mud as well.

What pleases them most, *as taxpayers*, is the fact that the use of Tarvia is really an economy—not an expense.

Its use adds years to the life of the road and it saves so much in maintenance expense that in the long run it reduces road taxes.

The only maintenance required is an occasional coating of Tarvia spread on when the road begins to show wear. Such treatment is very inexpensive.

What Tarvia Is

Tarvia is a coal tar preparation, shipped in barrels or tank cars. It is made in three grades, to be used according to road conditions, viz.: "Tarvia-X", "Tarvia-A", "Tarvia-B". The chief use of Tarvia is for constructing and treating macadam roads,—to make them durable, smooth, resilient, dustless, mudless, waterproof.

It is also used on concrete roads, on brick pavements and even on good gravel roads,—to smooth out irregularities, to arrest disintegration, and for repairs.

"Tarvia-X"

is always to be used when you are building a new macadam road both as a binder and surface coating. The old way in building macadam was to use water as a binder.

But a water-bound macadam wears out quickly under the prying strain of the automobile driving-wheels and the horses' hoofs.

Results of "Tarvia-X"

With a tarvia-road in place of water-bound macadam, you have a road smooth enough to dance on, resilient enough for rubber tires to grip on without skidding, or for horses to trot on without slipping, without dust in dry weather, without slime in wet weather. You have a road that lasts.

"Tarvia-A"

is practically a thin "Tarvia-X", used for recoating the surface of a macadam road already built. It is applied hot and adds greatly to the life of the road. It keeps the road smooth, dustless and inviting to traffic, but its use is confined to certain kinds of traffic to be economical.

"Tarvia-B"

is a much more widely used preservative. It is applied cold. It is thin enough to sink quickly into the road, yet strong enough to bind the surface particles together into a dustless, durable surface.

"Tarvia-B" offers the lowest cost of road maintenance yet invented.

It can be used effectively for repairing and preserving macadam roads under varying conditions of traffic and situation. It may even be used effectively on certain classes of gravel, shell and adobe roads.

Booklets describing the Tarvia treatments free on request.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to our nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville

The Barrett Company

Boston St. Louis
Detroit Birmingham
Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

The Paterson Manufacturing Company, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Service Which Gives the Word An Entirely New Meaning

64 Coupons, each for One Half Hour's Labor

Four Hours of Scrupulous Care per Month for a Period of Eight Months

No Cost to You for Expert Supervision That Keeps your Car Continuously in Racing Trim

SERVICE, as the Hupmobile owner knows it, and service as it is generally understood, are two radically different things.

No other car is cared for as the Hupmobile is cared for. No other service plan is like the Hupmobile service plan.

Hupmobile service is an intimate, intensified system of supervision. It keeps the owner and his car in close and continuous contact with the service station.

The service station sees to it that every Hupmobile is tuned up to concert pitch all the time.

All at no cost to the owner. He pays with coupons which we supply without cost when he purchases his car.

The coupons cover four hours of service labor by trained Hupmobile experts, each month for eight months.

Service That Covers Every Part of the Car

L. A. Aldrich of Mellette, S. D., says this service is a great help to Hupmobile owners.

When you drive up to the service station, one of the things that is given as a matter of course is an inspection of the steering gear and a test of the brake adjustment.

A C. Koch of Chicago writes that our plan makes the initial pleasure of owning a car a constant pleasure.

The alignment of the front wheels is checked up, and the front wheel bearings are examined for play.

George P. Edmonds of Chicago finds this the most satisfactory service arrangement he has encountered in his experience with three different cars.

Distilled water is added to the storage battery, and the specific gravity of the battery is tested to determine that it is fully charged.

Regular Inspection a Big Advantage

C. C. Striker of New York comments enthusiastically on the advantage of having his car looked after regularly.

Spark plugs, wiring terminals, ignition distributer, generator and starting motor are gone over. Grease cups are turned down. Motor, transmission and differential are supplied with new lubricant when necessary—the owner of course paying for oils and greases.

99 Per Cent Efficient Say 11,000 Owners

W. P. W. Martin of Los Angeles, Cal., says our service system should put us on a firm footing of friendship with Hupmobile owners.

And so it does. We receive thousands of unsolicited letters from them. They tell us exactly what they think of the car. They tell us their experience with the Hupmobile and with other cars. That is how we know that 11,000 owners rate the Hupmobile 99 per cent efficient.

That is how we know that 50 8/10 per cent of Hupmobile owners buy our cars year after year.

That is how we know that 24 2/10 per cent of those now owning Hupmobiles have been won away from higher priced cars by Hupmobile performance, efficiency, service and thoroughgoing goodness.

Why Buy Any Car Lacking Such Service?

Is it worth anything to you to have a car whose care never gives you a moment's distress? A car which keeps you serenely and continuously satisfied?

That is what the Hupmobile owner has. He enjoys the tremendous advantage of expert care. He knows that expert skill is ready to cure any slight troubles that may develop. He is, in short, the most contented of owners.

Can you afford even to think of buying any car that does not offer the equal of Hupmobile service?

Assuming that all other cars should match the Hupmobile in performance, efficiency and goodness—which of course they do not—this service of ours is a feature big enough to command your decision in favor of the Hupmobile.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

The Mark of Superior Motor Car Service

Standard Hupmobile Performance

GOES to a speed of 25 miles an hour, from a stand, in 10 seconds.

Throttles to a man's walking pace, on high gear, without bucking or jerking.

Picks up, without gear change, instantly and smoothly.

Climbs the average low-gear hill on high gear.

Pulls through sand and mud on high gear.

Develops great pulling power on high gear.

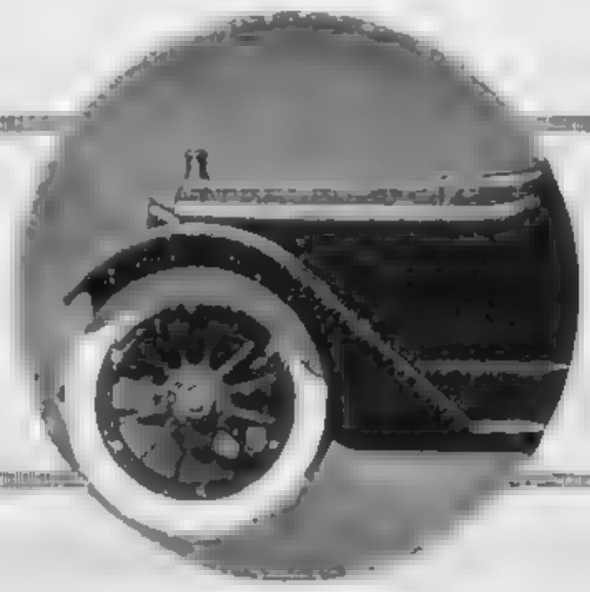
Registers a minimum of vibration, at any speed, on any gear.

In the United States—Prices f. o. b. Detroit

5 Passenger Touring Car $1185 Roadster $1185 7-Passenger Touring Car $1340

In Canada—Prices f. o. b. Windsor

5-Passenger Touring Car $1650 Roadster $1650 7-Passenger Touring Car $1875



Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 62)

definite conclusion, but once it is arrived at it is apt to look to him like a permanent structure. It was a wonderful tribute to Winkleman that it took him only four hours to persuade Simba that there might be another way, and two hours more to convince him that there might even be a better way. When Simba reluctantly and a little doubtfully sheatned his knife the big Bavarian wiped his brow with genuine thankfulness.

The reader need not be wearied by a detailed report of the interminable conferences that led up to the substitute plan. It would be a picture of a big bearded man smoking slowly—for until affairs were decided he could get no more of his own tobacco!—leaning on his elbow beneath the roof of the *banda*. Before him squatted on their heels in the posture white men find so trying Mali-ya-bwana and Simba, entirely respectful, their shining black eyes fixed on the white man. The open ends of the *banda* gave out on a dry bowlder-strewn wash and the parched side of a hill. All else was sky. Morning coolness was succeeded by the blaze of midday, when the very surface of the ground danced in the shimmer; then slowly the shadows crept out, the veils of mirage sank to earth, a coolness wandered in from some blessed region. Darkness came suddenly; over the parched hill—now looming mysterious in black garments—the tropic stars blazed out.

But Winkleman got his way. At an appointed hour and at an appointed place Winkleman, Mali-ya-bwana and two of the carriers met Simba conducting the gun bearer from the other camp. The interview was very short. Indeed, it had all been carefully rehearsed. Winkleman said only what he had agreed to say, and thereby earned his finger.

"This man holds me prisoner," he told the gun bearer. "What he says is true. Do what he asks you to do. It is my command."

"Yes, *bwana*," agreed the gun bearer.

Then they parted. The immediate result was five loads of *potio* brought by safari men to "somewhere in Africa," and thence transported by Simba's men to Simba's camp. As game was thereabouts abundant and undisturbed everybody was happy.

Thus passed a week, which brought time forward to the moment when Simba, following his instructions, was to report to Kingozi at the village of M'tela. Therefore, Simba set forth, taking with him one of the porters as companion. He carried Kingozi's rifle, but left that belonging to Winkleman with Mali-ya-bwana.

Winkleman watched Simba go with considerable satisfaction. Mali-ya-bwana was a man much above average African intelligence, but he had not the experience, the initiative, the flair of Simba. Nor had he Simba's magic bone. Simba took that with him. Winkleman knew nothing of the supposed virtues of that property; and in consequence entertained a respect for Simba's qualities that were not entirely inherent in that individual. He began to flatter Mali-ya-bwana; to fraternize just enough; to assume complete resignation to his plight—in short, to use just those tactics a clever man would use to lull the alertness of any bright child. Naturally he succeeded. At sundown of the second day he began to complain of the irksomeness of his bonds.

"This is foolishness, so to treat a *m'zungu*," said he. "Nothing is gained. I cannot sleep, and the skin of my wrists is sore. He who watches has only to keep the fire bright. I cannot go like smoke."

To Mali-ya-bwana, in his flattered and unsuspicious mood, this seemed reasonable. He was no such fool as to turn Winkleman loose to his own devices; but he compromised by untying the Bavarian's wrists, and doubling the thongs by which the latter's ankles were hitched to the larger timbers of the *banda*.

The first watches passed quietly. A second sentinel replaced the first. Up to this time Winkleman had slept quietly. Now he began to shift position often, to twist and turn, finally to groan softly. The sentinel came to the end of the *banda* and looked in. To him Bwana Nyele raised a face so ghastly that even the half-savage porter was startled. The man's eyes seemed to have sunk into his head, deep seams to have creased his brow and jaws. Apparently Winkleman was on the point of dissolution.

"*Magi! Nataka magi!*" (Water! I want water!) he gasped.

The sentinel took the canteen from the peg where it hung and bent over the dying man. Instantly his throat was clasped by a pair of heavy and powerful hands.

Two minutes later Winkleman rose to his feet, free. The porter's knife in his hand, he looked down on that unfortunate securely bound and gagged. Treading softly Winkleman stepped through the sleeping camp into the clear. He drew a deep breath. Then unconsciously wiping from his face the mixture of grease and ashes that had constituted his "make-up," he strode grimly away toward his own safari.

XXIX

THE Leopard Woman watched the safari file down the distant hill and lose itself beneath the green plumes of the papyrus swamp. By all right she should have rejoiced. Against every probability she had succeeded. The stars had worked for her. But her heart was like lead.

As the sounds of the invisible safari approached she drew nearer to Kingozi's chair, until she stood fairly at his elbow. After the first droop he had straightened beneath the blow, and now sat bolt upright, staring straight before him, as a king might have sat alone on his throne. Whatever was coming he would front it serenely.

The head of the safari appeared at the foot of the slope. It seemed a trifle uncertain as to where to go next, but catching sight of Kingozi's tents it turned up the hill. Cazi Moto's keen eyes were searching out every detail; those of the Leopard Woman had suddenly become suffused with tears.

"It is a rich safari, *bwana*," Cazi Moto reported; "many loads." His voice sharpened with surprise, but he did not raise his tones. "Simba is there," said he.

"Simba! So they caught him," muttered Kingozi. "Well, that play failed. Do you see the white man?" he asked.

"No, *bwana*. The white man has not yet come. But Simba now sees us and is coming."

"He is guarded?"

"No, *bwana*, he is alone."

"*Jambo, bwana*," said Simba's voice a moment later.

Something in his tone caught Kingozi's ear. "Yes, Simba?" was all he replied.

"All has been done as you ordered, *bwana*. This is the fourteenth day, and I am here to tell you."

Kingozi caught his breath sharply.

"Bwana Nyele was captured?"

"Mali-ya-bwana holds him prisoner at a certain water."

"There was no trouble?"

"None, *bwana*. All happened as you told. This magic is a very great magic," said Simba piously.

Kingozi paused.

"The safari," he suggested at last. "I am told of a safari; indeed, I can hear it. What of that? No orders were given as to a safari."

"That is true, *bwana*," explained Simba earnestly, "but this is a very great safari. It has tents and *potio* and *chakula* (white man's food) and blankets and beads and wire and many other things to a quantity impossible to say. And it came to my mind that *shenzis* like these things, as do all men, and that in this *shenzi* country my *bwana* might make use of them; so I brought them with me for your use, *bwana*."

"You had no trouble bringing this great safari?" asked Kingozi.

"I used again the magic bone," replied Simba.

"Simba, you jewel!" cried Kingozi in English, "you've saved the day!"

And Simba replied as usual: "Yes, sah!"

"You have done well, very well," Kingozi shifted to Swahili. "I am pleased with you. For this work you shall have much *baksheeshi*—a month's wages extra, twenty goats for your farm, and any other thing that you want most. What is it?"

Simba appeared to hesitate and boggle.

"Speak up! I am very pleased."

"This is a very great thing I would ask," said Simba in a low voice.

"It is a great thing you have done."

"*Bwana*," cried Simba earnestly, "it is this—I would have the magic bone for my own. For it is a very great magic," he added wistfully.

Kingozi choked back an impulse to shout aloud.

"It is yours," he said gravely.

"Oh, *bwana! Bwana!*" choked Simba. "*Asanti! Asanti sana!*"

His sob was echoed at Kingozi's elbow.

"Oh," cried the Leopard Woman, "I know I should be sorry that this has come this way! But I'm not! I am glad!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Ask Your Storekeeper For more than "pop corn"—Say

BUTTER-KIST

The Only Pop Corn With The

Toasty Flavor!

Crisp, crackling white Butter-Kist is a new discovery—due to the patented self-operating Butter-Kist machine.

—It pops and butters each fluffy white morsel *evenly* with pure creamery butter;

—Removes the unpopped, hardshelled grains;

—Then superheats each fairy flake to *an appetizing crisp!*

This exclusive process imparts the *toasty flavor* that distinguishes Butter-Kist from all other pop corn made.

Ask for Butter-Kist Pop Corn at the places *you* patronize. If their Butter-Kist machine has not yet arrived, inquire how soon it will, *and mark the date.*

Merchants–Film Exhibitors!

Earn $600 to $3120 Extra Profits Yearly From This Machine

Regardless of the size of your town or business, you can make a little waste space (26 by 32 inches) pay you *five times as much profit per square foot as anything known to trade.* Just install this automatic Butter-Kist Pop Corn machine, fill the hopper with raw corn, turn on the starter and take in the money. No extra help—no heavy stock investment—no big cash outlay.

Write today for *proof of profits* from concerns like yours—in all sized towns from 300 and 400 people up to metropolitan cities. See how this machine pays the overhead for hundreds.

Great Trade Winner—Beautifies Interior

Handsome plate glass sides reveal the super-human motion of machine. Makes people *stop and look*—coaxing fragrance makes them *buy*—exclusive toasty flavor *brings them back from blocks around for more!*

Great advertising feature—increases volume of your entire business. *Write for signed records to prove it.*

Let Extra Profits Buy Machine

Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine is a masterpiece of fine cabinet work—oak, mahogany or white enameled. Stands anywhere. Capacity 70c to $4 per hour. If you average only 80 bags a day you make $1000 NET per year. Many sell 3 times that amount.

Make a small payment and have this machine start paying off the balance *one hour after its arrival.*

"Little Gold Mine" Book FREE!

This valuable book—full of proof from trustworthy men on your own side of the counter—shows photographs, pay-from-your-profit plan and full details. Sent FREE to any business man. You lose $2 to $10 daily by delay. Mail this coupon NOW.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
556 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.
The Largest Manufacturers of Pop Corn Machines in the World

This Coupon has brought New Money to thousands of business men

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Send free, postpaid, photo-book "The Little Gold Mine" with proof of profits and easy terms.

Name _____
Business _____
Address _____

BLIND MILTON DICTATING TO HIS DAUGHTER
From the original by Munkácsy, in New York Public Library

The Vision of the Blind

"Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Was the spirit of prophecy upon John Milton when, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, he dictated those words to his daughter?

Did the "blind poet" have a vision of the millions of telephone messages speeding instantly over hundreds and thousands of miles of wire spanning the continent?

"They also serve who only stand and wait." The Bell Telephone is your servant even while it "only stands and waits." The whole system is always prepared and ready for your instant command.

Every wire and switchboard and telephone instrument is kept alive and responsive by an army of telephone workers.

Each one has his special part to do and, because he does it faithfully, countless messages speed throughout the length and breadth of the land, at every minute of the day and night.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

MISS AGNES WALTERS

Do you like music?

Miss Walters liked it so well that she made up her mind to know more of it in spite of any obstacle.

SHE tried to earn enough money to pay for a musical education by giving piano lessons, but that method proved very slow and difficult. Then one of her friends told her about the Curtis Scholarship plan.

In reply to her inquiry, we offered her a Curtis Scholarship, provided she would spend her spare moments in the interest of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

She liked our offer tremendously and accepted at once. Her very first month of spare-time Curtis work brought her a scholarship equivalent to seven advanced music lessons. And that was just the beginning.

If you too would like a Curtis Scholarship in music, drawing or liberal arts, write to us. We can help you. Address your letter

Educational Division, Box 566

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

ONE AT A TIME

(Continued from Page 9)

"I didn't say I had anything open!" I reminds him. "Take it easy and tell me somethin' about yourself—and remember, anything you say is liable to be used against you! What league experience have you had? Who with? What do you play? What are you battin'?"

"I only said I'd be willin' to pitch to show you I ain't hard to suit," he says, "and there ain't no call for you to git mad about it, just because I'm an agreeable feller! I don't hold with liars, so I'll tell you right now that—that you probably got fellers on your team that have had more experience than I had! I played with the Rumsey Traction Nine when we beat the Greens Mills Sluggers 28 to 16 on Decoration Day. People druv' in from all over the county to see that there game and ——"

"I remember," I butts in, wavin' him down; "the papers was full of it! What did you play?"

"Well," he goes on, "I started in playin' left field, but by the fifth innin' I had worked my way up to catcher because I had got nine home runs and "

"I suppose by the ninth innin' you was elected president of the league," I interrupts. "D'ye mean to tell me you hit nine homers in five innin's?"

"I didn't say I hit anything," he says, kinda sore. "The whole trouble here is, you won't wait till I get through! I see you're just like Cousin May told me—but I reckon we'll git along all right when we know each other better, eh, cousin?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," I comes back, "In a week or so I'll bet I won't be noticin' anybody else! How did you get the nine runs without hittin' 'em?"

"Aha!" he whispers, leanin' over to me very mysterious; "that's my secret! If I went round blabbin' about it, everybody would know it. But you put me in the game to-morrow and I'll show you. Whereabouts am I goin' to sleep to-night and can I get to the kitchen from here? I ain't had even a snack for two hours and I'm practically starvin'."

This was what the wife had staked me to and wanted me to start in the big league!

I had one faint hope that he might be the real thing at that and was simply kiddin' me—and maybe the next day he'd go in there, if I let him, and cause a sensation like they do in the story books. But he massacred that hope when I asked him what made him decide to become a ball player. He told me without a smile that it was because he had a longin' to stop at hotels and ride round the country in fast trains!

Can you tie that?

Well, I sneaked him out the back way to a barber shop, and while they was workin' on that bumper crop of hair on his dome I throwed the red tie to the dogs and went out and got him one that was less noisy. I also got him riveted to a regular suit of clothes, after goin' to five places before I could discover one that would even try to fit him—them legs of his made 'em all quit cold!

When I had him all rigged out in the new scenery he looked a little different but not much better. You couldn't hide that long skinny frame and trailin' limbs by puttin' creased pants on 'em, any more than you could conceal the Washington Monument by paintin' it a new color; and when I started him down State Street to a beanery we attracted no more attention than a cake of ice would in Hades.

I finally got him in one of them armchair joints and handed him a card with the line of march on it—you know, one of them "Soup 10, with meat order 5" to "Pie in Season" things. He read it through to the end like it was his father's will, leavin' him everything but the mortgage on the barn.

"Go to it," I tells him, "and hurry up and lay a bet! I got a lot to do yet to-night. How about playin' that ham and eggs, straight, with apple pie for the place and a cup of coffee to show? You can't go wrong on that."

"Well, I dunno," he says, ticklin' his chin again. "It says here 'Ham and Eggs 25' and ——"

"Them figures ain't the odds'" I explains. "That's what you slip the waiter when he leads it in! Hurry up—what d'ye say?"

"There's so many different kinds of vittles on this here card," he sighs, lookin' up at me, "that a feller don't know what to eat! Still and all I guess that's the way it goes in these swell places, with all the latest inventions like havin' the table right on the chair. Now in Sam Hodgkin's place at the railroad station back home, there's only one thing at a time. Like to-day, you'd have roast beef, to-morrow boiled ham, next day cold chicken, next day ——"

"Dyspepsia!" I butts in. "Never mind the inventory on Sam's place, grab somethin' here!"

"Well," he says, throwin' down the card, "all I see to do is have the clerk bring 'em all in, and what I don't finish he can take back and ——"

'Ha, ha!" yells a guy sittin' next to us and gettin' an earful. "What could be fairer?"

When I come to I grabbed Useless by the arm.

"What are you tryin' to do, kid me?" I asks him.

He looks me right in the eye with that startled cow gaze of his.

"I wish," he says, kinda peeved—"I wish instead of askin' me fool questions you'd let me git suthin' to eat! Here it is all hours—nearly nine o'clock—and as true as the Lord made little apples I ain't had a morsel of food pass my lips since a quarter after six!"

The guy in the next chair all but chokes on his sandwich.

"Ha, ha!" he laughs, wipin' his eyes. "What d'ye wanna starve the poor guy for? Grab him a soup sandwich anyhow, so's he can get by till they bring on the works!"

"Say!" I asks him. "Who declared you in on the clam bake? You just eat yours and tend to your knittin' or you'll stop one with your chin!"

"Yeh?" he says, gettin' up off the chair. He looked like a big bruiser, so I reached for a catchup bottle, bein' strong for this preparedness thing. "Yeh?" he goes on, leanin' over my chair. "I didn't know Jess Willard give this place a play! Which way do you want to fall?"

Before I can take aim Useless gets up and pushes this guy away.

"I'm gettin' darn good and sick of these here argyments," he says. "I want suthin' to eat and none of this is gettin' it for me! You jest set down there and tend to your own affairs or I'll squash you right in the face, by all that's holy!"

Now this bird that had horned in was no bantam, but Useless stood so high over him that it looked like father correctin' the baby. So the other guy looks up at William U. Lennon for a split second, figures the percentage and—calls a waiter.

"You win, big feller!" he says, grinnin'. "This feed is on me!"

Inside of fifteen minutes Useless is completely surrounded and intrenched behind food of all kinds, ages and colors, and he's puttin' it away like he's bein' clocked for the world's record. That stuff about bringin' on everything was no wild brag, because he's gone through the first half of that menu before the last dish was laid down. Between bites him and this guy that's givin' the banquet is chatterin' away and I could have been in the Federal League for all the attention they give me.

Finally, nature could stand no more, although Useless was game, but he had to quit. The waiter slides over with the check, but Useless just waves him to the other guy and reaches over for a last bite out of an odd hamburger steak that was still in the ring. The bill for the orgy just ruined a ten-dollar note, but the fall guy sends in like a major, leavin' a quarter on the arm of the chair when he gets his change. Useless eyes the two-bit piece for a minute and then shoves it over to his friend.

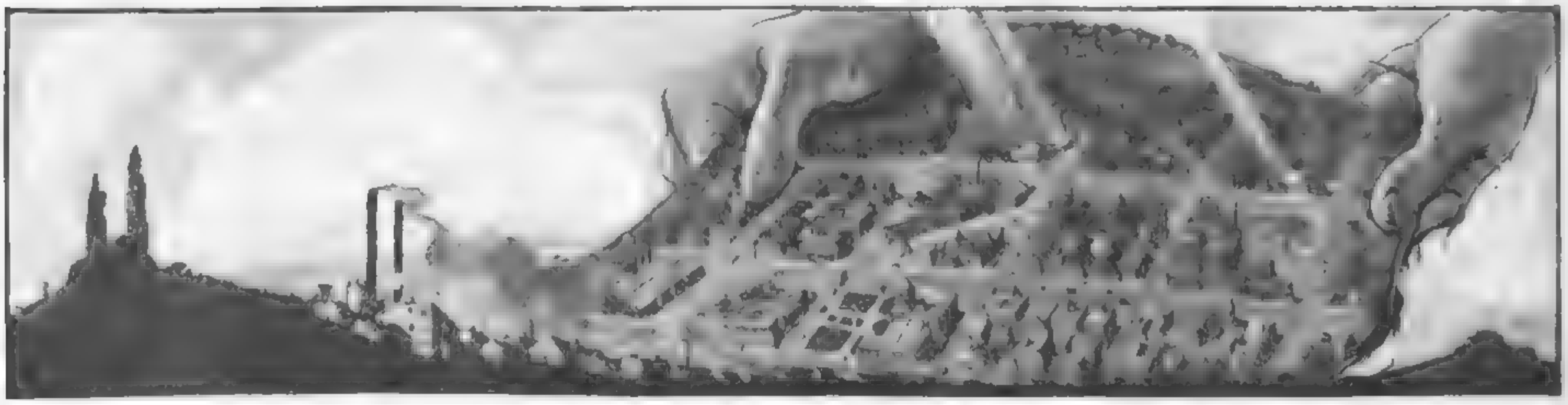
"That's all right, stranger!" he pipes. "While I ain't got any too much money, I ain't exactly strapped yet, and then I'm goin' to work the fust thing in the mornin'. Keep your money—or if you want, you can have the clerk fetch me some of that strawberry shortcake, provided it's fresh!"

The waiter, who was just goin' to snap up the quarter, nearly fainted, while the other guy looks at Useless kinda dazed. Then it's my turn.

"Ha, ha!" I says. "Why don't you be a regular feller and slip your friend somethin' to eat? How about a beef stew for dessert, Useless?"

"My name ain't Useless—it's Ulysses!" he answers. "And I ain't extry fond of beef stew. Lamb's all right though. Maybe I could go ——"

(Continued on Page 69)



IF you tipped up a town and looked at its roofs, you'd see here and there cosy houses protected from fire, and kept dry and weather-tight in spite of time and the elements by soft tinted shingles of a remarkable material. The factory yonder and the tall office building that graces downtown are topped with roofs that are basically of the same material. The barn at the edge of town is roofed from ridgepole to eaves with it in another form. Here a garage, there a marble bank, a church, a school, a steel mill—all standing under—

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It is the response to a growing tendency for more roofing economy, better roofing service and greatest roofing safety. The answer to a just demand for a lasting roof that is as logical an improvement as concrete and steel are over wood—and as inevitable in its general acceptance.

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J-M Asbestos, the base of all J-M Asbestos Roofing, is a mineral, highly resistant to fire. It is not harmed by water, oils, or ordinary acids or alkalis. It is inert to all atmospheric conditions, strong mechanically, light in weight, fibrous in structure. In short, it inherently possesses every property that an ideal roofing should. Johns-Manville Asbestos, in combination with Trinidad Lake Asphalt, a mineral waterproofing, is felted into sheets and prepared in various forms for every roofing purpose.

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They require no painting or staining and need no repair against cracking or curling They make cooler attics in summer and cosier homes in winter

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Let us put the matter this way:

A man with brains does better work than the man without them. No matter what the work is. Even for drudgery you prefer the man with brains.

So with the motor in your car. No matter what the task is. No matter if the speed and power are utilized or not. The motor which excels all others will always serve you best.

80% More Efficient

The Super-Six invention—patented by Hudson—has added 80 per cent to this motor's efficiency.

We prove that by official tests—for speed, for endurance, for hill-climbing and for quick acceleration. In all these respects the Super-Six out-performs any other stock car built.

The power that results and the speed that results are beyond your requirements, we know. Yet every moment, and in every situation, that super-capacity means a twice-better car.

No Added Cost

Mark first that the Super-Six means no added cost. No car of the Hudson grade sells any lower. Few sell as low as this.

The extra power is attained without adding cylinders or adding size. Dozens of cars have like-size motors in them.

The Super-Six, on the contrary, yields important economies. It apparently doubles a motor's endurance. Its over-capacity avoids countless strains. And all this extra power comes through lessening vibration. It results from reducing friction pretty near to nil.

So the Super-Six motor, despite all its supremacies, costs you less than to go without it.

It Means to You This

It means a car which can pass any other—on hills or on levels—whenever you wish. It means a car to out-distance others without going faster. That because of quick get-away whenever you slow down.

With its 76 horsepower you rarely need to change gears, either for hills or for traffic.

It means utter smoothness, due to lack of vibration. It means doubled endurance, due to lessened friction. It means less strain. No ordinary driving taxes half its capacity.

Those are major advantages—too great to sacrifice when you buy a fine car to keep.

Within 10% of Perfect

The Super-Six has removed four-fifths of the friction in former motors. It comes within 10 per cent of an utterly frictionless motor. So a better motor is improbable. The Super-Six will retain its supremacy.

About 15,000 of these cars are now running. We have ordered materials—or have them—for 30,000 more. So no change is in sight.

In beauty, quality and luxury, this car attains what seems to be the limit. Styles may change in a minor way. But we see no way to ever build a finer car.

A lesser car will mean years of regret. The Super-Six will mean, we think, supremacy so long as the car exists.

We are now building 150 per day.

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All made under American Automobile Association supervision, by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and excelling all former stock cars in these tests.

100 miles in 80 minutes, 21.4 sec., averaging 74.57 miles per hour for a 7-passenger touring car with driver and passenger.

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Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 sec.

One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour.

1819 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

(Continued from Page 66)

But the other guy turns pale and gets up, slappin' on his hat.

"Wait a minute, pal!" he butts in. "I got to meet a party down the street or I'd stick till the last bell! I'm much obliged to meet you and I'll probably see you round—but make this bird that brung you in here fall for the lamb stew thing. He thought of it!"

And he dives out the door.

"Humph!" mutters Useless, turnin' to me. "He ain't very polite, is he? Sticks in his oar when we're talkin' amongst ourselves here, and then flies out like that! No manners at all ——"

"Anything else, sir?" snarls the waiter, interruptin'.

"We-l-l," begins Useless, reachin' for the bill of fare, "I ——"

"No!" I cuts him off. "School's all over!" I grabs the card away from him. "Come on!" I says. "Let's get back to the hotel before you get hungry!"

On the way back I asked him if he hadn't been a professional eater back home. He said he hadn't, because he never looked on his gift that way—he just ate for the pleasure it give him and because he needed it.

"There's one thing I can't get through my head," I tells him: "Where does all that stuff go? You can pack away more eats at one sittin' than the average consumer uses in a month, yet you're as thin as a worn dime! Are them trick legs of yours hollow?"

"No," he says, "my legs ain't hollow. The reason I don't run to flesh is because fat never gets no chance to gather on me—I run it off!"

"You which?" I asks him.

"I run it off!" he repeats. "And if I told you any more you'd know the secret of my astoundin' system for gettin' runs. I ain't no pitcher, I can't field worth a rap, I couldn't hit a ball if it was hung by a string in front of me—but I'll betcha I get more runs than any man on your team in a nine-innin' game! When I started out in life I found out pretty quick that my shape made it hard for me to do a lot of things that other fellows found easy enough. So when I first got the idea of bein' a ball player I made up my mind to do one thing at a time and keep at that one thing till I was perfect!"

"What stopped you?" I inquires.

"I ain't been stopped!" he comes back. "I never went no further than the first thing I tried. It's the only thing I can do—but I'm the champion of the world at that!"

"What is it—platter polishin'?" I laughs.

"Nope," he says, shakin' his head very serious, "and they ain't no use to ask me either! If I told you what it was you'd only laff at me, and if you laffed at me I might git mad and baste you one, and if I basted you one you'd be liable to hold it agin me and not give me a job!"

"Well," I tells him, "the last one's worth a bet anyhow!"

With that he closed up like a busted bank, and except for tellin' me that if I give him a chance he'd show me how he broke the pitchers' hearts, he wouldn't explain how he did it.

I got him a room at the hotel and he went to bed. The next mornin' about eight I come downstairs and strolled up to the desk.

"See if the man in room 56 is up yet, will you?" I says to the clerk.

He grins at me.

"D'you mean Mister Lennon—your new player?" he asks. "He got up at four o'clock and demanded his breakfast," he goes on. "The main dining room wasn't open yet, so I sent him to the grillroom. I guess he must have picked up some friends on the way down from the size of his check!"

He rummages through some papers on a file and finally hands me a pink slip. At first glance it looked like the menu for the Steamfitters' Annual Banquet. The hits, runs and errors column showed the score at $5.85, and at the bottom somethin' was written in lead pencil. The clerk and I worked on it for awhile and made it out as "William U. Lennon, Esq." Them initials on the end puzzled me for a spell, but I figured they must mean: "Eats Quantities."

"Must have had quite a little party, eh?" remarks the clerk, lookin' over the box score. "Still, it's funny; he was the only one I saw go down to the grillroom."

I took another look at the thing myself.

"He was alone, all right," I says, "and I guess he wasn't very hungry! Did he say where he was goin' after he left?"

"No," answers the clerk, "he didn't. I never saw him after he headed for the grillroom. Kind of eccentric chap, isn't he?"

"I didn't notice that," I tells him. "I guess that's what the trick button in his coat lapel stood for. He's probably lookin' for a restaurant now; but if he comes back here—send him out to the ball park. I wanna see what makes him go."

We get out to the park about nine, and the first thing I see when we come through the gate is—Useless. Him and the groundkeeper is havin' an argyment of some kind, and Useless is wavin' them long, skinny arms of his round like he had ball bearin's in his shoulders. The minute he pipes me he runs over and grabs my arm.

"Land sakes!" he hollers. "Where have you been all day? It took me all the forenoon to locate the grounds here, and when I started in to practice this feller wasn't goin' to let me without a permit!"

"It's only nine o'clock now," I says.

"Nine o'clock!" he repeats. "Nine o'clock! Why the hull mornin's gone! No wonder you fellers have such an elegant life of it—the hotel man told me you never got up before eight. I never heard tell of such a thing! Why, back home at eight o'clock I had fed the stock, cleaned the barns, got the mail, met the train, polished the brass signs on the bank, watered ——"

"That's enough!" I butts in. "I see you must have been an awful loafer! Well, you can't stall away the mornin' like that on my pay roll. If you work for me you got to hustle! We ——"

"As long as you finally got here," he cuts in on me, "I guess I'll wash up and go get suthin' to eat. What time does the game start?"

"I'll let you know," I tells him, "in case the umpires don't show up. You had breakfast at the hotel, didn't you?"

"Just a snack," he says without battin' an eye. "I didn't have no real appetite—I never eat much when I first get up. I got to work round a spell before I get what you could call ——"

"Hey!" I interrupts. "Why don't you stop at a butcher shop and get a price on a side of beef? That'd be a lot cheaper than eatin' retail with that appetite of yours!"

I didn't see him again until about an hour before the game, when he breezes into the clubhouse chewin' a toothpick. The first thing he wanted to know was where Matty, Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson and Tris Speaker was. When I told him they was playin' with other clubs he looked surprised.

"I think it would pay you in the end to have them fellers on your team," he tells me seriously. "People would come to see 'em play like they used to turn out to watch me back home. Why, down our way you'd never know there was anybody else playin' baseball in the big cities but them fellers!"

"That's because you come from a tank town," I says. "Now up here in the big burgs that bunch don't cut such a figure. Y'never hear a word about 'em! Cobb and Johnson," I goes on, winkin' at the bunch—"Cobb and Johnson are so poor they ain't even in our league, they're with the Americans, and Matty will start against us next week. You'll see how rotten he is then—we'll probably get two hits off him easy!"

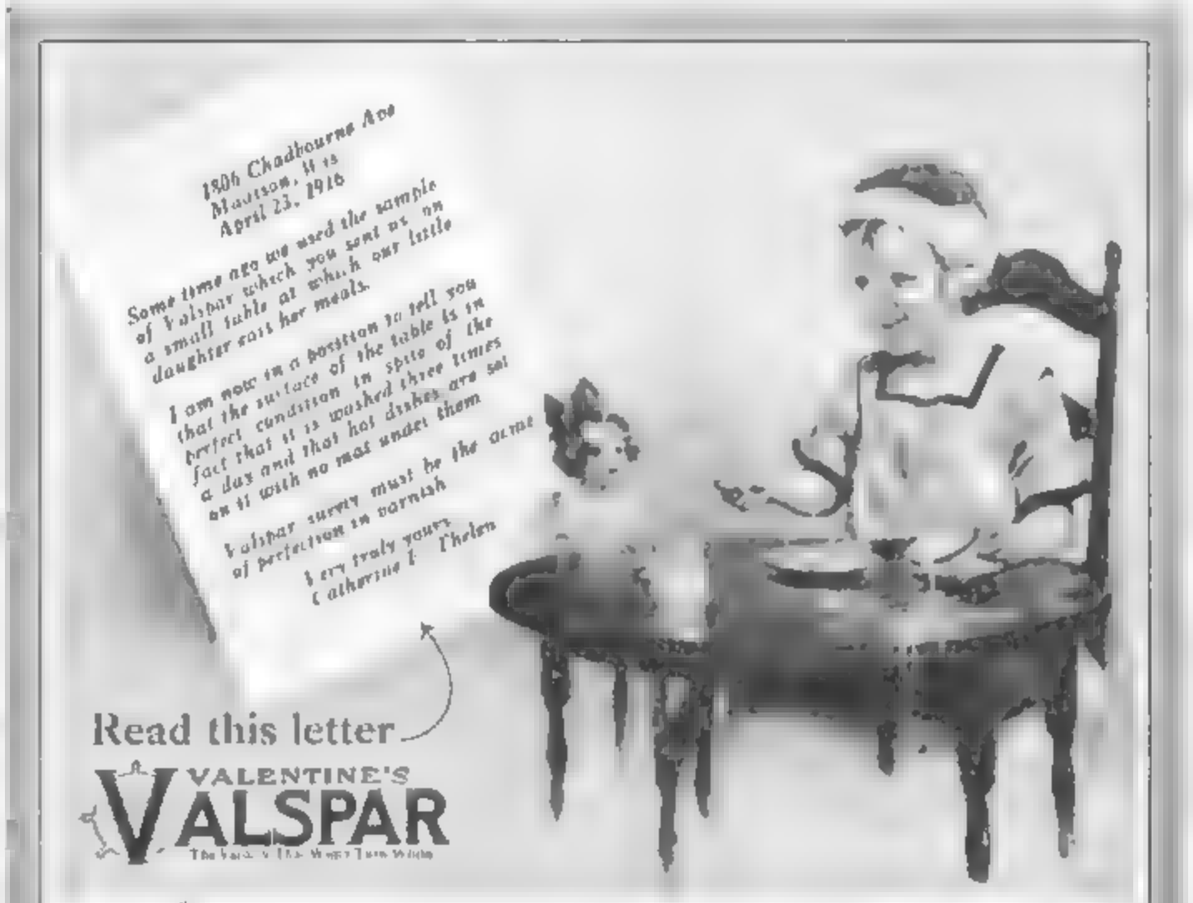
"You don't tell me!" he busts out. "And here I been thinkin' they was the greatest in the game! But I seen in the paper this mornin' that Cobb was leadin' that American League in battin'."

"Why shouldn't he?" I comes back. "Why shouldn't he—against pitchers like Johnson and Leonard? Don't let 'em kid you—them fellers ain't no more stars than you are."

He took it all, hook, line and sinker—and then he wants to know if admission to the games is free.

"Only in St. Loocy!" I says. "They pay everywhere else. Why?"

"Well," he answers, "comin' in here just now I noticed there was about five or six thousand people in the park and more gettin' off the cars outside. We used to get pretty fair crowds at our games—many's the day we had three to four hundred people, includin' the mill hands which looked on from the windows. Then Sam Hawksby, who was always money mad and will never come to no good on account of it—Sam said we ought to charge admission so's to get enough to pay the mail-order people for the uneyforms. We had a meetin' one night and after a lot of wranglin' durin' which Sam and Jed Sperry come to blows—and I had to quiet 'em with a chair—we decided by a vote that ten cents a head would be about right. I think there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I am now in a position to tell you that the surface of the table is in perfect condition in spite of the fact that it is washed three times a day and that hot dishes are set on it with no mat under them
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Catherine I. Thelen
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For the woodwork of *any* room in the house, or out of doors where varnish is needed, Valspar will maintain its beautiful finish under conditions ordinarily ruinous to varnish.

Here are a few wet places where nothing but Valspar should ever be used: Porches, Porch Furniture, Front Doors, Window Sills, Window Casings, Window Seats, Garages, Stables, Floors, Tables, Bath Rooms, Laundries, Lavatories, Pantries, Kitchens.

Look over your house, note these and other places that will make indoors more cheery in winter if brightened and kept bright with a little Valspar. Your dealer can supply you. Go to him when any of the woodwork begins to show wear. Be sure to ask for "Valspar", not simply varnish.

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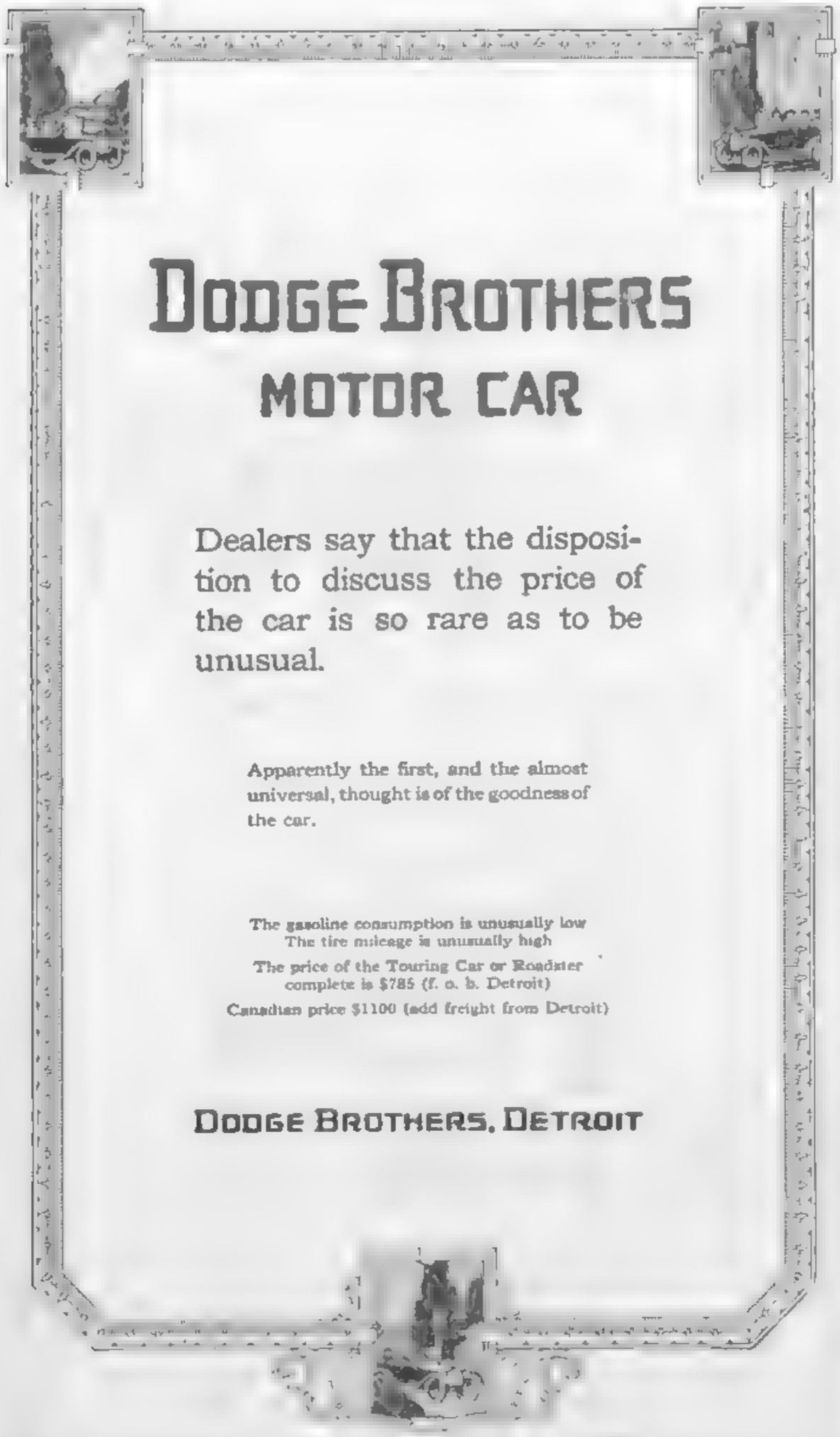

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The gasoline consumption is unusually low
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The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

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If so, will you spend your spare time worrying about the future or will you meet the situation by turning that leisure into cash by selling it to THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY?

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have found that the most profitable use they can make of their spare time is to devote it to taking care of the local demand for new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

If, at the end of a month or two, you find, as so many others have found, that Curtis work pays more than any other method of money-making that you have tried, we will offer you a full-time position with regular salary.

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was foul play in that ballotin', because I held out for a nickel. If they'd listened to me we might have picked up a few honest dollars.'

"How did the team make out?" I asks him, wavin' to the bunch to lay off the laughs.

"We didn't make out," he says, "on account of them graspin' misers that voted for ten cents! The fust time we put up a sign sayin' 'Admission, Ten Cents' the attendance fell off to Sheriff Williams, who come in on his badge, and Ed Hornsley, the railroad agent, who just got his month's pay and had been seen drinkin' hard cider! So after that the hull thing was broke up."

I fished round here and there and fixed Useless up a uniform, lettin' him sit in the dugout when we started the afternoon's *mêlée* with the Cubs.

For the first four innin's of that game these subs and rookies of mine put up an exhibition that would make a semi-pro nine look like world's champions. The Cubs had a field day and grabbed six runs off the delivery of Thompson, a new pitcher I was tryin' out. The support he got wouldn't keep a chorus girl in talcum powder. Then Ricks, playin' left field for Reynolds, who was spiked the day before, sprains his knee slidin' into first—and I throwed up my hands.

"Lemme go in there now!" pipes Useless, tuggin' at my arm. "Lemme go in there and show you somethin'. I ain't much on fieldin'—but I'll betcha I get a run or so!"

I looked at him for a second and then out at the pitcher for the Cubs. He was burnin' 'em across the plate like bullets.

"You couldn't get a hit off this guy in a season!" I says.

"I know it!" he comes back. "I couldn't get a hit off nobody. But I'll get a run just the same, or by Gee-rusalem I'll forfeit—I'll forfeit a quarter!"

Just then Hamilton fans for the second out. Wills is up next, a guy who couldn't hit the side of a barn with a medicine ball, and all my pinch clouters are in bandages.

"Go on!" I yells at Useless. "Go ahead and bat next! I'll take a chance—all you can do is fan, and that's all Cobb could do against this bird to-day! Try and make him bean you if you can."

Useless hops up as spry as a young chicken, grabs the first bat that comes to his hand and ambles toward the plate.

"Lennon battin' for Wills!" bellers the ump.

"Ha, ha—battin' for exercise, y'mean!" screams one of these bleacher comedians.

That and a flash at Useless put the crowd in great humor, and they went out of their way to give him a warm welcome as he toes the plate. He had the funniest position I ever seen, both feet spread wide apart, body turned sideways till he almost faced the pitcher.

The pitcher looks him over, grins and shoots one across for a feeler. It was right in the groove, but Useless just stands there and watches it pass. With any other ball player in the game that would have gone for a strike—it seemed to break right over the plate. But this twirler wasn't used to them trick legs belongin' to Useless. That pill would have broke over the knees of anybody else, but in this case it sailed over the plate below! Remember how I told you his legs was built—short to the knees and as long from there on as a giraffe's neck.

"Ball one!" remarks the ump to the grandstand—and Useless grins.

The pitcher looks puzzled, thinks for a second, winds up and shoots over a high one, figurin' on a break right at the batter's shoulders—and that's just where it broke. But it was so darn high to Useless' shoulders that the thing looked like a wild pitch to even the back rows of the bleachers—and the ump hollers "Ball two!" Useless, who never made a move to swing at it, looks over at the bench and winks at me. He let the next two go by the same way—and walked.

And then you should have seen that guy! He—well, he did like he promised. He scores two runs in the remainin' four innin's without ever gettin' a hit!

Never in my young life have I seen a guy behave on the bases like Useless did that afternoon! You know how Ty Cobb gets round? Well, Useless would make Ty look like a lame blind man goin' to second! Them legs of his must have hid sixty-horsepower motors, and every cylinder was hittin', believe me! They went so fast you couldn't see nothin' but a blur and—zip! he was on second! The pitcher would recover, wind up and—zip! Useless was jumpin' up dustin' off his uniform at third!

You couldn't make him pop out, for he wouldn't swing at nothin', no matter how good it looked, and it was almost impossible to put anything but a ball over on him on account of his freak build! He broke that pitcher's heart, on the level! The twirler would measure Useless and send one over that would cut the dish as clean as a knife, but either below them high knees of his or so high up it would have been suicide for the umpire to call it a strike! And once Useless got on first he'd steal second, third, home and the umpire's watch before anybody could put a ball on him.

After the game Useless comes in and stands watchin' the bunch under the showers. They wasn't kiddin' him then, they was ready to call him Mister!

"Wust thing you could do," he says, pointin' to the water—"especially with nothin' in your stomachs! You'll all go out now and catch newmoaney or suthin' like that. I believe in bathin' all right, but there's a time and place for everything. Now Saturday night is my ——" He sees me and breaks off. "Well, how did I do to-day?" he asks.

"Great!" I tells him, slappin' him on the back. "You belong from now on, and I'll see that you get plenty to eat. I thought I had seen 'em all, but you're a new one on me! Was that your secret—that base-runnin' thing you pulled off this afternoon?"

"You guessed it!" he grins. "I'm the champion base stealer of the universe. I told you I found out I couldn't bat, field, catch or pitch. I don't know nothin' about managin' a team and I never could umpire or coach. But I'll steal bases with anybody in the world! That's why I don't get fat, runnin' it off all the time."

"You told me that," I cuts in. "How did you work yourself up to become such a runner?"

"Well," he explains," back home there was a feller called Haskins. You may have heard Cousin May speak about him—old farmer Ed Haskins. He had a bull that carried the name of bein' the wust behavin' critter and the fastest runner in the county. So I thinks to myself if I want to be a great runner so's I can steal them bases I better go get me suthin' to set the pace that can travel! Well, every mornin' I used to go down to Haskins' field wearin' a red shirt and carryin' a red handkerchief. I'd wave that there handkerchief in front of the bull—givin' myself fifty yards leeway at first—and finally I cut it down to a yard! When that there bull would see that red handkerchief he'd start after me, and natcherly I'd start up the road. Y'see in that way I had suthin' to make me run whether I wanted to or not! When I got to where I could hang that handkerchief on that ole bull's horns and beat him to Clem Wimples' live oak, I knew I was ripe to go after the base stealin' record!"

He stops and looks round at the bunch, all of which is chokin' to death.

"He—he never caught up with you, did he?" asks Hinds, wipin' his eyes.

Useless stoops over and curls up one leg of his pants.

"See that scar?" he asks. "See that scar? I ——"

"How did you get that?" pipes Wills. "Bumpin' into the state line before you could stop?"

Useless looks at him and frowns; then he brightens up.

"Nope," he says. "Nope. The last night I raced that bull a rabbit got scared and started up the road in front of me. I tripped over him goin' past."

One of the special cops sticks his head in the doorway.

"Guy here says he's got to see Mister Lennon right away!" he hollers.

Right in back of him butts in the guy that bought the banquet for Useless the night before at the diary lunch.

"Hello, friend!" he sings out. "I got a chance for you to make two hundred dollars. There's a guy down on State Street that claims to be the champion eater of the city. I just laid him five hundred you could outeat him on any dish or dishes he would name. The weapons are goin' to be porterhouse steaks, and if you beat this guy I'll slip you two hundred bucks! What d'ye say?"

"Hey—wait a minute!" I butts in. "This ain't no ——"

Useless puts his hand over my mouth and turns to the other guy.

"Wait!" he chirps. "Wait till I go and get a little supper and I'll be right with you!"

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THE STUBBORN MAN

(Continued from Page 17)

never heard more reasonable or beautiful or grateful language. His sallow face cracked in a smile—brittle, to be sure, and without warmth. He responded at once with a glassy geniality:

"Why, of course, Hogmeier; if it's any accommodation to you I'll take Gil Weeks' note."

"Well, sir," the visitor replied deliberately, "I reckon, under the circumstances, you can afford to draw up the papers for me—a deed from me and my old woman to Gil Weeks for the odd acre, and a note for Gil to sign. I brought my papers along with me."

With a horny hand he drew the big finger-marked, time-stained envelope from his coat pocket and began emptying it upon the desk.

"There's my deed to the place and there's the deed before mine. There's the abstract, and there's the insurance policy; but I reckon you won't want that, nor these here tax receipts, goin' back thirty years. By thunder, a fellow does pay a heap of money, first and last, for taxes! Look at 'em now! This here little map on the abstract shows just where the odd acre comes in. I reckon you can git the description all straight."

Mr. Babcock, with Hogmeier leaning over the table until their shoulders almost touched, was already examining the deed and abstract with a practiced eye. From a drawer in the table he extracted a blank form of warranty deed—being always provided with useful instruments of that nature. Referring carefully to the abstract, he began filling up the form.

It took some time, for he was a slow penman and always bestowed great care upon the drawing of legal papers. When he had finished the deed and note, Hogmeier examined them; then folded them deliberately and began gathering up his own papers.

He had restored the papers to the envelope and the envelope to his pocket, and was on his feet, when Mr. Babcock gave a galvanic start and looked about his desk in a panic-stricken manner.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Hold on! Where's that note?"

"Which note is that?" Hogmeier inquired mildly.

"Your note! Your note!" cried the usurer, frantically searching among the few papers of his own that remained on the table and bending over to look on the floor. "Hold on there! You took that note! Hold on, now!"

He sprang up, staring and open-mouthed, facing the gaunt farmer with all the ferocity of a cornered rabbit. His voice rose shrill: "Help here! Help!"

Two white-aproned barbers, a customer with his hair half cut, and Tom Jennings, who was waiting for a shave, responded to the cry. Bill Ford, who had been walking past, joined them. They saw Mr. Babcock, intensely excited, at the farther end of his table, and Hogmeier standing calmly a little way from the nearer end. It was Hogmeier who addressed the surprised rescuers, speaking deliberately:

"I reckon this fellah's gone nutty! He's yellin' something about a note that I don't know nothin' at all about."

"He stole a note—his note for two hundred dollars! He's got it in his pocket! He stole it off my table!" Mr. Babcock cried, emboldened by the company. "I'll have you arrested! I'll sue you anyhow! You can't put that over, you know!" He even shook his head menacingly.

Hogmeier spread his arms, inviting the spectators.

"Come search me now—any of you, all of you. He can search me, himself. I ain't seen no such note. There ain't no such note. He's nutty! Come search me now. Come on, Babcock; search me! I won't bite."

"It's in his inside coat pocket in a big envelope," Mr. Babcock replied, still keeping prudently beyond the farmer's reach.

Hogmeier took the envelope from his coat pocket and handed it to Tom Jennings.

"That's what he's talkin' about. Look it over now. If you find any note of mine give it to him."

Tom Jennings examined the contents of the envelope, assisted by the two barbers, but found no such note as Mr. Babcock described. Hogmeier turned the pockets of his coat and trousers inside out, inviting all and sundry to search him. Tom Jennings did look in his tousled cap.

Hogmeier replaced the cap on his head and the envelope in his pocket.

"You see, he's nutty!" he explained to the rescuers. "There ain't no such note. If nobody's goin' to search me any more, I reckon I'll be goin'."

He dug a hand into his wire beard, compressed his lips firmly, and turned to the door. No one undertook to stop him, although Mr. Babcock jiggled forward a little and screamed:

"No you don't! No you don't! I'll have you arrested! Hand over that note now!"

The farmer, however, walked through the spectators, crossed the sidewalk and climbed into his lumber wagon, standing with his feet far apart, lines in hand.

"You're a thief! I'll have you pinched!" Mr. Babcock flung frantically at him from the door.

For a moment it seemed that Hogmeier was about to descend from the wagon. His one eye flamed, the vein swelled on his forehead, he compressed his lips. But finally he merely lifted a gnarled fist and shook it at the usurer. Then he pulled the lines straight, spoke sharply to the gangling roan: "Giddap, Bill!"—and so clattered down the street.

Back home, standing beside Bill in the stall, and having looked round to make sure no one observed him, he took the broad slab of plug tobacco, with one corner gnawed off, from his hip pocket. With a little manipulating it split cleanly in half. Between the two halves lay a folded slip of paper—being a promissory note for two hundred dollars, signed by Frank Hogmeier.

Putting the plug in his improvised vise, he had cut it in half with the sharp knife. Two tacks at opposite corners, their heads embedded in the tobacco so that a casual glance would hardly have disclosed them, held the halves together. Taking them apart and putting them together again was quite simple. His hands had been busy under his cap while Mr. Babcock drew up the deed.

Of course the story spread—for Mr. Babcock filled all Plum Hill with virtuous complaints. To several persons Hogmeier gave his version of it—soberly, with no unnecessary words but with no variation of details. He said he had received notice that Truman A. Babcock held his promissory note for two hundred dollars. He knew that was a mistake, because he had never in his life given a promissory note for two hundred dollars or any other sum. But he had called upon Mr. Babcock and asked to see the note. Whereupon Mr. Babcock had searched among his papers and been unable to produce any such note. Then, presumably in a burst of temporary insanity, Mr. Babcock had falsely accused him of stealing the note.

As a matter of fact, everybody believed Babcock's version and nobody believed Hogmeier's. Everybody wished to believe that Babcock had been tricked out of the note, because that made a precious joke over which half the county roared and slapped its leg in delighted appreciation. That the simple farmer had defrauded the cunning usurer of his fraudulent note was one of those ideal instances of poetic justice which are all too rare in an unjust world.

Hogmeier, in fact, became a sort of underhand, surreptitious hero. Aggrieved neighbors fairly forgave him for not spraying his grapes. Beating Tru Babcock out of two hundred dollars under any circumstances would have entitled him to their affectionate regard; but under these justifying circumstances—well, men who had formerly avoided him went out of their way to shake hands with him.

It came on to Christmas week. The stubborn man, wearing patched felt boots, an old fur cap, a sheepskin jacket and huge red woolen mittens, stepped into the post office and encountered Babcock face to face. Proximity to that sallow countenance, with its bushy, straw-colored mustache and close-set, slightly crossed eyes, touched off his resentment.

He strode forward, his one eye shining, and spoke in a high key that drew the attention of the crowd:

"See here, Babcock! You been lyin' about me long enough! I'm tired o' hearin' from this one and that one what you been callin' me. I ain't goin' to stand it any longer. Next time you open your head about me"—he balled a great red-mittened

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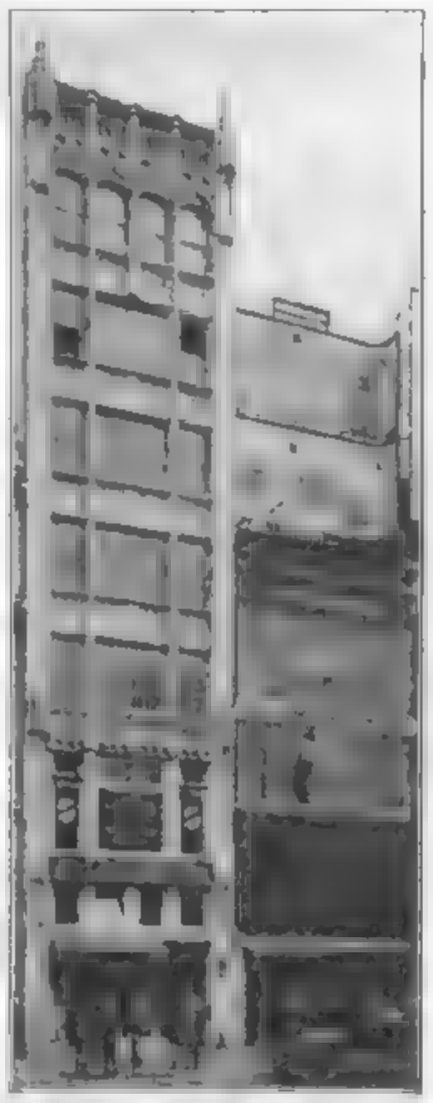

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fist and shook it close to the usurer's nose—"I'm goin' to come right to town and give you a blame' good lickin'. Don't forget it now!"

That, of course, was repeated; and it was noticed, with glee, that Mr. Babcock forthwith dropped the stubborn man as a subject of conversation.

So, it seemed, the episode was closed. Other subjects for gossip developed. This of the note became one of those fading neighborhood traditions that somebody now and then happens to recall. Hogmeier's place, with its odd acre, presented the same appearance of bald and utter shabbiness. Luck, it appeared, had been keeping no favors in store for its proprietor. He still worked inhumanly and struggled ineffectually with his hand sprayer.

Eight years passed and Gilbert Weeks, having turned eighty, fairly resigned himself to the prospect of departing this life with his east line unrectified and the three magnificent white oaks virtually going to waste.

It was about half past six of a Sunday afternoon, with the sun hardly ten feet above the roof of Tim Lanagan's new red barn. Hogmeier and wife were on the odd acre contemplating a certain small plot just below the crest of the knoll. The kitchen, as they had calculated a hundred times, would be to the north there.

Hogmeier glanced about him and up into the airy world of tender new leaves with his far look; then he took off a tousled cap and scratched his forehead with broken and blackened nails.

"Well, mother," he said slowly, "I reckon I better square it up. As you say, we're gettin' along in years. I'm sixty-eight this week and you're only one lap behind. I reckon it don't make no difference about our plans to build on this odd acre. We'll be havin' another home pretty soon." He looked afar and rubbed his brow. "A man does hate like the devil to give in; but there's things comin' he's gotta give in to, anyhow. I'd ruther not go off the hooks with that score ag'in' me."

The small woman, gnarled and shapeless with work, folded her horny hands in her apron and contemplated the building plot a moment, as though taking leave of it.

"I'd ruther you squared it up, pa," she said.

Lawyer Jed Prothroe drew the deed that conveyed the odd acre to Gilbert Weeks and the purchase money was paid over in the First National Bank. Hogmeier did his marketing; then strode into the narrow portion of the one-story brick building on the west side of Main Street.

Mr. Babcock was seated at the ancient black-walnut table, with a nest of pigeonholes above it, carefully figuring the discount on one hundred and forty dollars for three months at eighteen per cent. He glanced up at the opening of the door; an expression as of a startled fish appeared in his slightly crossed eyes and he hastily swallowed his Adam's apple. But Hogmeier simply dropped a roll of bank notes on the table.

"There's two hundred dollars," he said. "I'll see you in hell before I'll pay you any interest; and if you ever open your head about me I'll come in and give you a blame' good lickin'. Don't forget now!" With that, he turned and stumped out.

He drove home more slowly than his wont, letting the horses plod all the way—much to the satisfaction of Bill, now a bony and venerable beast, with more gray hair on his face than Hogmeier had in his wire beard.

Cruising slowly past the west line of his farm, a sudden impulse moved the stubborn man to pull on the lines, to which the team instantly responded by stopping dead in their tracks.

Sitting on the plain board across the wagon box, he looked afar—over at the three great oaks and the blazing lilacs. Through many years the notion of finally building a cozy, pretty home over there for himself and the old woman had knit itself into his life. But the odd acre was his no longer. The formal language of the warranty deed came to his mind—"his heirs and assigns forever."

A poignant significance of that penetrated him. He comprehended, with a wrench of the heart, that "forever" was just round the corner now. For a long and luminous minute he stared over at the trees.

Then he took up the slack lines and spoke sharply:

"Giddap, Bill!"

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MR. FELSBURG GETS EVEN

(Continued from Page 6)

"I've just come from over at the Commonwealth Bank," said Albritton, fumbling his hat. "I came in to see 'em about getting an extension on my loans, and Mr. Kivil, over there, said I was to come on over here and talk to you first. He said you wanted to see me 'bout something—if I understood him right."

Mr. Felsburg nodded in affirmation of this, but made no other reply. Albritton, having halted for a moment, went on again:

"I suppose you want to talk to me about my affairs, you being a director of the bank?"

"And also, furthermore, vice president," supplemented Mr. Felsburg.

"Yes, suh. Just so. And that's what made me suppose ——"

Mr. Felsburg raised a fat, short hand upon which the biggest, whitest diamond in Red Gravel County glittered.

"You should not talk with me as an officer of that bank—if you will be so good, please," he stated. "You should talk with me now as an individual."

"An individual? I'm afraid I don't understand you, suh."

"Pretty soon you will, Mr. Albritton. This is an individual matter—just between you and me; because I, and not the bank, am the party what holds these here mortgages on your place."

"You hold 'em?"

"Sure! I bought both those mortgages off the bank quite some time ago. I own those mortgages—and not anybody else whatsoever."

"But I thought ——"

"You don't need to think. You need only that you should listen at what I am telling you now. It is me—Herman Felsburg, Esquire, of the Oak Hall Clothing Emporium—to which you owe this money, principal and likewise interest. So we will talk together, man to man, if you please, Mr. Albritton. Do I make myself plain? I do."

The debtor dropped to his side the hand with which he had been rubbing a perplexed forehead. A little gleam, as of hope reawakening, came into his eyes.

"Well, suh," he said, "you sort of take me by surprise—I didn't have any idea that was the state of the case at all. Then, all along, the bank has just been representing you in the matter?"

"As my agent—yes," said the little merchant.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I'm not sorry to hear it," said Albritton. "A bank has got its rules, I reckin, and has to live up to 'em. But, dealing with you, suh, as an individual, is another thing altogether. Anyhow, I'm hoping so, Mr. Felsburg."

"How you make that out?"

Mr. Felsburg's tone was so sharply staccato that Albritton's face fell a little.

"Well, suh, I'm hoping that maybe you can see your way clear not to foreclose on me just yet a while. I'd hate mightily to lose my home—I would so! I was born there, Mr. Felsburg. And I've got a sickly wife and a whole houseful of children. I don't know where I'd turn to get another roof over their heads if I was driven off my place. I know I owe you the money and by law you're entitled to it; but I certainly would appreciate the favor if you'd give me a little more time."

"So? And was there any other little favor you'd like to ask from me, Mr. Albritton?" inquired Mr. Felsburg with impressive politeness.

Perhaps the other missed the note in the speaker's voice; or perhaps he was merely desperate. A drowning man does not pick and choose the straws at which he grasps.

"Yes, suh; since you bring up the subject yourself, there is something else, Mr. Felsburg. If you can see your way clear to giving me a little time, and, on top of that, if you could loan me, say, four hundred dollars more to help carry me over until fall, I believe I can pay you back everything and start clean and clear again."

"So-o-o!"

Mr. Felsburg turned himself in his chair, showing his back to his visitor, and, taking up a pen, bent over his desk and for a minute wrote briskly, as though to record notes of the proposition. Then he swung back again, facing Albritton.

"'Let me see if I get you right, Mr. Albritton," he said, speaking slowly and prolonging the suspense. "Already you owe me money; and now, instead of paying up what you owe, you should like to borrow yet some more money, eh? What security should you expect to give, Mr. Albritton?"

"Only my word and my promise, Mr. Felsburg," pleaded Albritton. "You don't know me very well; but if you'll inquire round you'll find out I've got the name for being an honest man, even if I have had a power of hard luck these last few years. I ain't a drinking man, Mr. Felsburg, and I'm a hard worker. If there was somebody I knew better than I know you I'd go to him; but there ain't anybody. I'm right at the end of my rope—I ain't got anywhere to turn.

"I'm confident, if you'll give me a little help, Mr. Felsburg, I can make out to get a new start. But if I'm put off my place now I'll lose the crop I've put in—lose all my time and my labor too. It looks like tobacco is going to fetch a better price this fall than it's fetched for three or four years back, and the young plants I've put in are coming up mighty promising. But I need money to carry me over until I can get my tobacco cured and marketed. Don't you see how it is with me, Mr. Felsburg? Just a little temporary accommodation from you and I'm certain to ——"

"Business is business, Mr. Albritton," said Mr. Felsburg, cutting in on him. "And all my life I have been a business man. Is it good business, I should like to ask you, that I should loan you yet more money when already you owe me money which you cannot pay? Huh, Mr. Albritton?"

"Maybe it ain't good business; but, just as one human being to another ——"

"Oh! So now you put it that way? Well, suit yourself. We talk, then, as two human beings, eh? We make this a personal matter, eh? Good! That also is how I should prefer it should be. Listen to me for one little minute, Mr. Albritton. I am going to speak with you about a small matter which happened quite a long while ago. Do you perhaps remember something which happened in the spring of the year eighteen hundred and sixty—the year before the war broke out?"

"Why, yes," said Albritton after a moment of puzzled thought. "That was the year my father died and left me the place; the same year that I got married too. I wasn't but just twenty-two years old then. But I don't get your drift, Mr. Felsburg. What's the year eighteen-sixty got to do with you and me?"

"I'm coming to that pretty soon," said Mr. Felsburg. He sat up straight now, his eyes ashine and his hands clenched on the arms of his chair. "Do you perhaps remember something else which also happened in that year, Mr. Albritton?"

"I can't say as I do," confessed the puzzled countryman.

"Then, if you'll be so good as to listen, Mr. Albritton, I should be pleased to tell you. Maybe I have got a better memory than what your memory is. Also, maybe I have got something on me to remember it by. Now you listen to me!

"There was a hot day in the springtime of that year, when you sat on the porch of your house out there in the country, and a little young Jew-boy peddler came up your lane from the road, with a pack on his back; and he opened the gate of your horse lot, in the front of your house, and he came through that gate.

"And you was sitting there on your porch, just like I am telling you; and you yelled to him that he should get out—that you did not want to buy nothing from him. Well, maybe he was new in this country and could not understand all what you meant. Or maybe it was that he was very tired and hot, and that he only wanted to ask you to let him sit down and take his heavy pack off his back, and drink some cool water out of your well, and maybe rest a little while there. And maybe, too, he had not sold anything at all that day and hoped that if he showed you what he had you would perhaps change your mind and buy something from him—just a little something, so that his whole day would not be wasted.

"So he came through that gate of your horse lot and he kept on coming. And then you cursed at him, and you told him again he should get out. But he kept coming. And then you called your dogs. And two dogs came—big, mean dogs—out from under your house.

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays

The Play's The Thing

1600 Broadway, New York City

"—she was born in a snow shack on the Yukon,—she's roped steers in Oklahoma,—she was at Pekin in the Boxer Rebellion,—she's matched her embroidery silks to all the sunrise tints of the Himalayas,—she's been elephant shooting in the jungles of Africa, and tiger snaring along the Ganges,—yet, all she wanted was a home,—a vine-covered bungalow"—

"She" is Little Eve Edgarton in the BLUEBIRD photo-play, "Little Eve Edgarton," from the famous novel by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. We urge you to see this play. It will entertain you because it was produced on the BLUEBIRD policy, i. e., "The Play's The Thing." Thus you see a STAR PLAY acted by players who are best fitted for the parts.

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If we give the characters in a good play to the people *best fitted* to portray them—to the people appropriately endowed by Nature to *look* and *act* them—doesn't it please you far more than if we put in a star who was *not fitted* in any sense? Is the mere use of a star enough to make a play successful?

Haven't you repeatedly seen flimsy plots used as vehicles to *exploit some star's whims*—and haven't you gone home with the feeling that you have been *cheated?* BLUEBIRD photo-plays do away with all that sort of thing. They are created on the theory that "The Play's The Thing." *We* make *the whole play good*—not only *part* of it.

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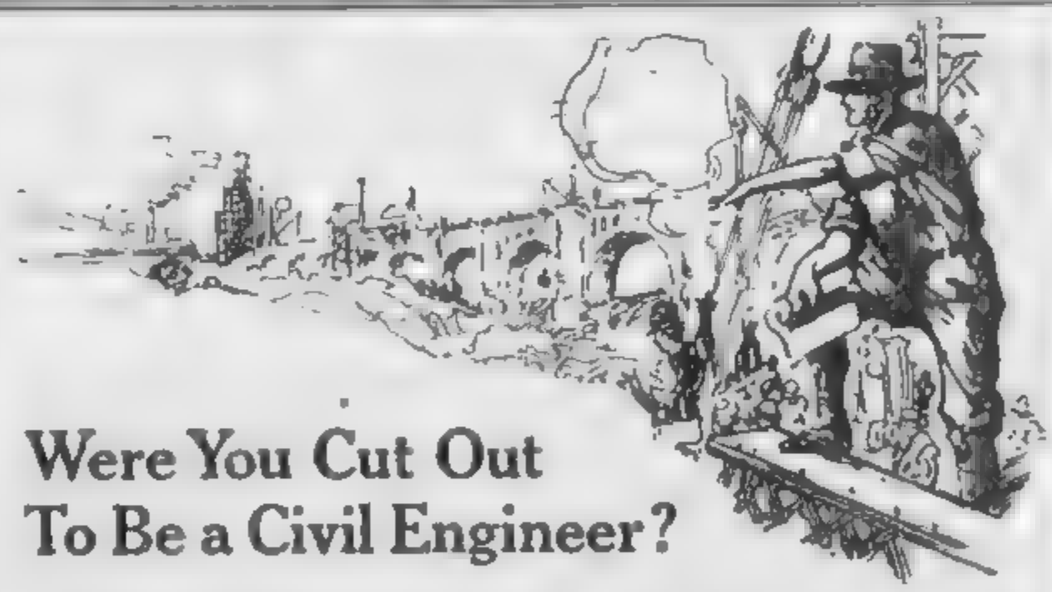

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"And when he saw the dogs come from under the house, that young Jew boy he turned round and he tried to run away and save himself. But the pack on his back was heavy, and he was already so very tired, like I am telling you, from walking in the sun all day. And so he could not run fast. And the dogs they soon caught him, and they bit him many times in the legs; and then he was more worse scared than before and the biting hurt him very much, and he cried out.

"But you stood there on your porch; and you clapped your two hands together and you laughed to hear that poor little peddler boy cry out. And your dogs chased him away down the lane, and they bit him still more in his legs. Maybe perhaps you thought a poor Jew would not have feelings the same as you? Maybe perhaps you thought he would not bleed when those sharp teeth bit him in his legs? So you clapped your hands and you laughed to see him run and to hear him yell out that way. Do you remember all that, Mr. Albritton?"

He stood up now, shaking all over; and his eyes glittered to match the diamond on his quivering hand.

Under the tan the face of the man at whom he glared turned a dull brick-dust red. Albritton put up a hand to one burning cheek; and as he made answer the words came from him haltingly, self-accusingly:

"I don't remember it, Mr. Felsburg; but if you say it's true—why, I reckin it must 'a' happened just the way you tell it. It was a low-down, cruel, mean thing to do; and if it was me I'm sorry for it—even now, after all these years. I wasn't much more than a boy, though; and ——"

"You were a grown man, Mr. Albritton; anyhow, you were older than the little peddler boy that your dogs bit. You say you are sorry now; but you forgot about it, didn't you? I didn't forget about it, Mr. Albritton! All these years I have not forgotten it. All these years I have been waiting for this day to make you sorry. All these years I have been waiting for this day to get even with you. I was that little Jew boy, Mr. Albritton. In my legs I have now the red marks from your dogs' teeth. And so now you come here and you stand here before me"—he raised his chubby clenched fists and shook them—"and you—you—you—ask me that I should do you favors!"

"Mr. Felsburg," said Albritton—and his figure drooped as though he would prostrate himself before the triumphant little man—"I ain't saying this because I hope to get any help from you in a money way—I know there's no chance of that now—I'm saying it because I mean it from the bottom of my soul. I'm sorry. If I thought you'd believe me I'd be willing to go down on my knees and take my Bible oath that I'm sorry."

"You should save yourself the trouble, Mr. Albritton," said Mr. Felsburg, calmer now. "In the part of your Bible which I believe in it says 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' Mr. Albritton."

"All right!" said Albritton. "You've had your say—you're even with me."

He turned from the gloating figure of the other and started to go. From the chair in which he had reseated himself, Felsburg, a picture of vengeance gratified and sated, watched him, saying nothing until the bankrupt had descended the first step of the stairs and the second. Then he spoke.

"You wait!" he ordered in the tone of a master. "I am not yet done."

"What's the use?" said Albritton; but he faced about, humbled and crushed. "There ain't anything you could say or do that would make me feel any worse."

"Come back!" bade Felsburg; and, like a man whipped, the other came back to the doorway.

"You're even with me, I tell you," he said from the threshold. "What's the use of piling it on?"

Mr. Felsburg did not answer in words. He reached behind him to his desk, wadded up something in his fingers, and, once more rising, he advanced, with his figure distended, on Albritton. Albritton flinched, then straightened himself.

"Hit me if you want to," he said brokenly. "I won't hit back if you do. I deserve it."

"Yes, I will hit you," said Felsburg. "With this I will hit you."

Into Albritton's right hand he thrust a crumpled slip of paper. At the wadded paper Albritton stared numbly.

"I don't know what you're driving at," he said; "but, if this is a notice of foreclosure, I don't need any notice."

"Look at it—close," bade Felsburg.

And Albritton, obeying, looked; and his face turned from red to white and then to red again.

"Now you see what it is," said Felsburg. "It is my check for four hundred dollars. I loan it to you—without security; and to-day I fix up those mortgages for you. Mr. Albritton, I am even with you. All the days from now on that you live in your house I am getting even with you—more and more every day what passes. And now, please, go away."

He turned from the other, ignoring the fumbling hand that would have taken his own in its grasp; and, resting his elbows on his desk, he put his face in his cupped palms and spoke from between his fingers:

"I ask you again—please go away!"

When Judge Priest had finished telling me the story, in form much as I have retold it here, he sat back, drawing hard on his pipe, which had gone out. Bewildered, I pondered the climax of the tale.

"But if Mr. Felsburg really wanted to get even," I said at length, "what made him give that man the money?"

The Judge scratched a match on a linen-clad flank and applied the flame to the pipe-bowl; and then, between puffs, made answer slowly.

"Son," he said, "it's barely possible old Herman remembered that, in another part of the Bible than the part he's supposed to hold by, it says that it's a good thing to return good for evil. Anyhow, you just think it over in your spare time. I reckin mebbe when you're a little older the answer'll come to you."

And sure enough, when I was a little older it did.

Foolproof Firearms

FOR more than a hundred years the old American rifle held its own—the small-bore muzzle-loading squirrel rifle, with its little round bullet and its heavy long barrel. Our early frontiersmen managed to kill turkey, bear, deer—even elk and buffalo, not to mention Indians—with it.

To-day we should not feel safe with such a weapon, and we should feel pretty much the same way about the old forty-four repeating rifle, the first of its kind, which really killed more game than all other rifles ever made since that model came on the market. Times certainly have changed in firearms. It is a long step from the squirrel rifle of Bunker Hill to the forty-two-centimeter howitzers that are now in action across the water.

The old English idea in rifles was and still is for large calibers. The American and the German idea has, of late years, run to the small calibers. The Spitzer ammunition in thirty caliber, as made for the 1906 model, will shoot a great deal better than the average rifleman can hold, at ranges even up to three hundred yards; and, in either the bolt action or the finger-lever action, that load is plenty good enough for any game on this continent. As a matter of fact, you do not kill very many deer at a range much over one hundred and fifty yards. More are killed inside seventy-five yards than over that distance.

If grandpa could take his old squirrel rifle, with no fancy sights on it at all and no chance to change the elevation of the rear sight, and get meat with it, you could in a pinch take your modern small-bore high-power rifle, with its velocity and its flat trajectory, and kill game with it if it had only the sort of sights that grandpa used.

A certain successful big-game hunter who once was charged by a grizzly bear, which he killed at twenty-five yards, says that in sighting his rifles he always trains them to hit the size of a quarter dollar regularly at not over twenty-five yards. This rifleman "holds for the shot" at all longer ranges—that is to say, his sighting unit is established closer in than the seventy-five-yard range which has been recommended for the average man. This system works with him, but whatever be your system, learn it and stick to it, so that in the field your confidence in your rifle is absolute. Get foolproof as much as you can.

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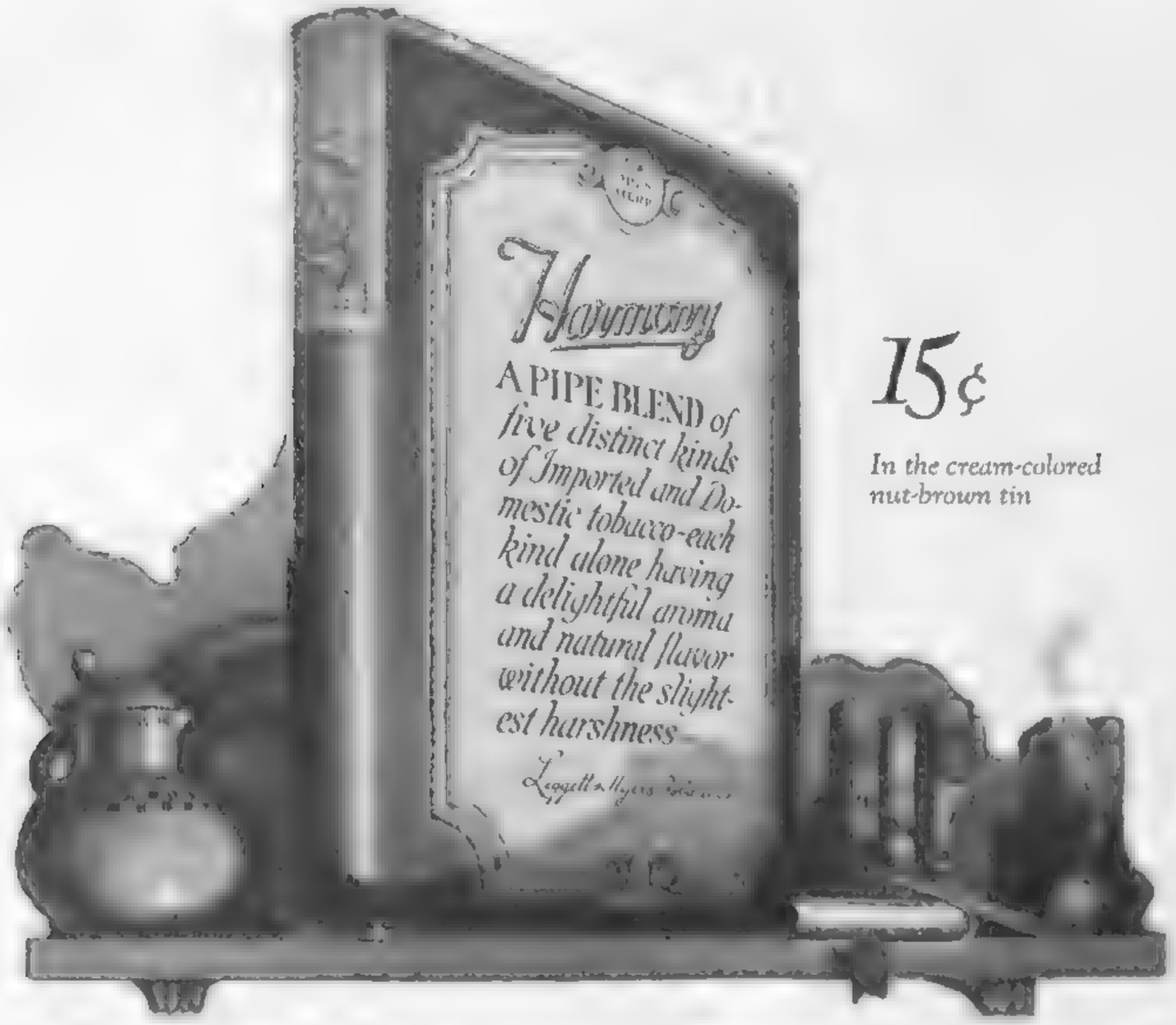
Harmony
A PIPE BLEND of five distinct kinds of Imported and Domestic tobacco-each kind alone having a delightful aroma and natural flavor without the slightest harshness—
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

15¢

In the cream-colored nut-brown tin

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Each of these tobaccos plays its own part in giving Harmony its cool and characterful flavor. One is used for its exquisite *aroma*—one for its "fruity" *richness*—one for its delicate *pungency*—one because of its unusual *sweetness*—and one for its full, mellow "*body*."

The result is a new, more delicious flavor—it might be called "rich mildness" so delicately does the rich savor of these tobaccos shade into mildness. But only your own, most cherished old pipe can really reveal to you Harmony's perfectly balanced taste.

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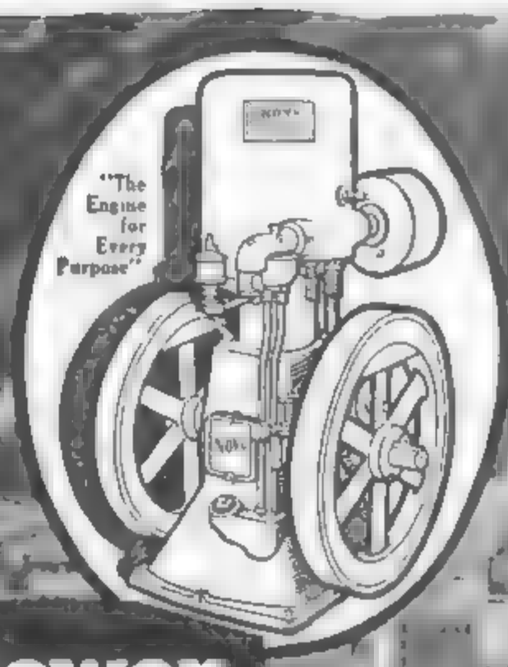
HARMONY
A PIPE BLEND

WHERE TO GET IT: At clubs, hotels and most tobacconists. If your dealer cannot supply you, enclose 15 cents in stamps, and we will send you this full-sized one-eighth pound tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York.

TO THE DEALER: No one knows better than you that smokers have been waiting for a *high-grade* pipe blend at a *reasonable* price. Order Harmony Pipe Blend from your jobber, one pound or more, and it will be sent direct to you from the factory, charges prepaid.

NOVO ENGINES and OUTFITS



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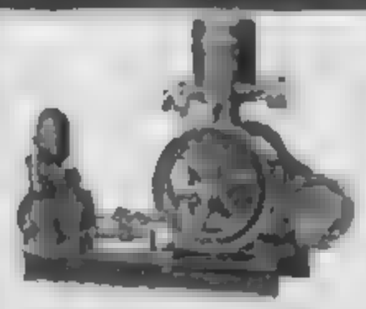
Fig. 14139—Novo High Pressure Type "U" Pumping Outfit

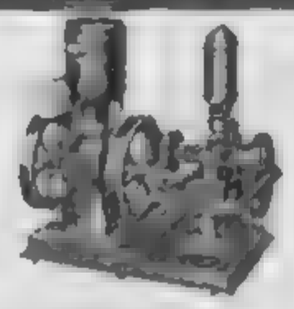
Fig. 284—Novo Suction and Force Pumping Outfit

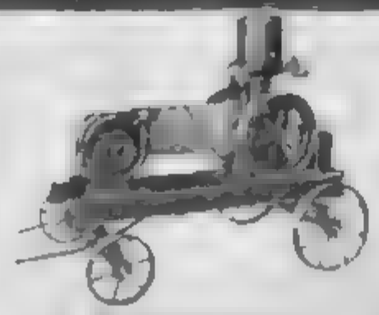
Fig. 285—Novo Chain Drive Centrifugal Pumping Outfit

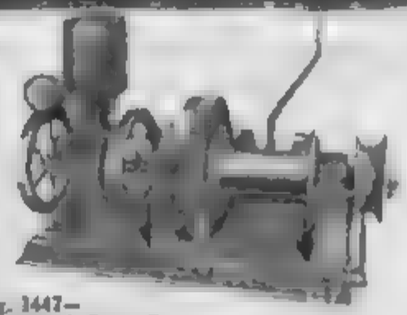
Fig. 1447—Novo Single Drum Type "T" Hoisting Outfit—3-15 H. P.

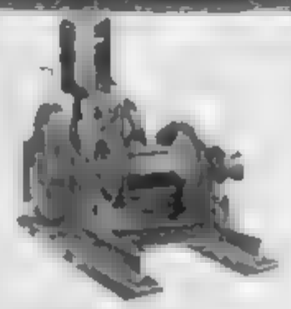
Fig. 192—Novo D H Single Drum Hoist

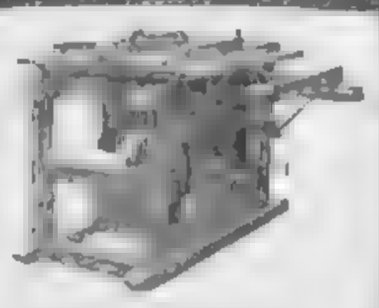
Fig. 134—Novo Portable Saw Rig

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

(Continued from Page 22)

"If I'd known John Wrenn was to be a preacher I'd have got a divorce before I married him," she said, laughing, one day.

And it was hard on her, accustomed to comforts and freedom, still wearing her wedding clothes after three years in the itinerancy, and fighting to keep her babies off a rag carpet with all the germs in town woven into it.

Mrs. Warren was so mad she called a secret caucus of the Aid Society. I heard about it through Sally Parks, and I sent word to Sister Wrenn to be sure to go.

We both went, but we were not expected. Charlotte Warren was speaking to half a dozen women when we went in.

"We've worked and slaved to make our parsonage comfortable," she was saying. "We have given and spent for it. We ran round this town for days collecting rags for that carpet. And what thanks do we get?" she fairly screamed. "Scorn, not gratitude, my sisters; that's what we get! A rag carpet is not good enough. That's the way we have been treated; and I move we dissolve this Aid Society!" she concluded, smacking the palm of one hand with her fist.

I glanced round me. There was Sally Parks, looking more than ever like a raw-boned angel with a grievance. Emily Peters was squenched up close in the corner next to the wall, as if she hoped nobody would see her or insist upon her voting. Taggy Lipton was crazy to help with the sensation; "but"—that doubting word was written in capital letters upon her face. The other women waited to see which way the cat would jump. Then I caught sight of Sister Wrenn, not quite conquered, tears in her eyes, knowing she must not answer back for her husband's sake.

I do not know why the wife of a preacher always looks like a widow; but she does, careworn and forlorn. And her husband's congregation usually treats her as if she were a widow—gives her things, and not the things she wants; loans her the parsonage, and makes her feel that it is a loan.

These thoughts passed through my mind quicker than a flash, the whole scene and the meaning of it.

"Do I hear a second to my motion?" demanded Mrs. Warren, as much as to say: "Somebody had better second it!"

"I second it," cheeped Sally.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Sally!" I cried, getting up as fast as I could and going down the aisle to face Mrs. Warren. "As for you, Charlotte," I began, shaking my finger in her face, "you who have never had a child and don't know what it is to sew carpets together in such a condition—you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You persecute every preacher's wife who comes to us. You wouldn't let the last one beat the rugs for fear she'd wear them out. You complained because her little girl stood up on one of the parlor chairs. You've been the thorn in the side of that parsonage. But you can't dissolve this Aid Society if there is a single Christian woman in this church. It's going on if I'm the only member! Now let us pray!" I said, of a sudden wheeling and turning my back on Charlotte Warren, who was too astonished to get her breath before we were all on our knees.

"O Lord," I began, determined to get my version of the affair before the throne of grace, "Thou knowest that we are poor and unprofitable servants in this church, seeking our own rather than Thy glory. Thou knowest how the stewards have become stumbling-blocks in the way of sinners with their vain strivings to grab and keep each other's land and line fences. And, O Lord, Thou knowest in particular Charlotte Warren—how from her youth up she has been overbearing, proud, contentious. Have mercy on her, our Father. Send her sorrows and tribulations to soften her hard heart. Bring her head low in the dust if need be. O Lord, open her blind eyes and her deaf ears, and teach her the law of kindness in her tongue." I could hear sniffings on all sides as I went on: "And forgive the weakness and meanness of any woman here who was ready to follow in her footsteps. And, Lord, cause Thy tender mercies to shine on our pastor's wife; fill her mouth with good things. Be Thou her strength and portion. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

I rose from my knees; and I went out of the church followed by every woman in it.

"Sister Thompson, this is the first time I've ever been proud to be a preacher's wife!" said Sister Wrenn at the door.

"Well, it's a great honor, I can tell you, my dear. And, remember, it won't hurt you to claim kin with the elect of your husband's congregation," I added with a twinkle in my eye. "Even Charlotte Warren, who is a proud tyrant, is a good woman. We are all doing the best we can considering that the devil is such an active part of human nature."

I do not question that Christians are a greater source of anger and trouble to our Heavenly Father than His sinners, for He can forgive them their transgressions of which they repent; but it must be much more difficult to forgive the saints their perverse, hard-headed virtues. They become too confident. I doubt if any man or woman can live acceptably guided by his own mind, however moral or intelligent he may be. "By my spirit, saith the Lord" means more than mind. If this were not the case Charlotte Warren would be a perfect Christian.

As it is, I suspect her of being a Pharisee straddling the fence of spiritual things. She lives up to the Ten Commandments like a menace in this town. She does not commit murder; she does not steal; she never covets her neighbor's maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, being too well satisfied with her own things; and she pays her tithes rigidly. But I have observed that tithers are severe in their judgments of those less strict in their interpretations of the law. She has always been a scourge to our pastor's wife.

Being a virtuous woman, she is hard on those who must still achieve virtue.

Before I thought she had time to recover from the shock of that prayer I prayed for her in the Aid Society, we hitched horns again, because she charged Lorena Day with kidnaping Lizzie Bart's baby and had her arrested.

Lorena is a poor girl who went wrong here years ago and has been maid-of-all-work in Molly Brown's house ever since, trying to live down her shame—which no woman can do.

Lizzie was a poor, lost thing herself. She died when this baby was born. Lorena and Doctor Edd were with her, and she gave the child to Lorena.

Charlotte said the place for it was the Orphans' Home. She didn't approve of allowing a girl like Lorena to bring up a child; but Molly and I thought the little thing would give her something good to live for and be the only pleasure she'd ever get out of life. So we went before the judge and explained how Lorena came to have the baby. And he agreed to allow her to keep it, to Charlotte's unbounded indignation. But I never saw a happier woman than Lorena was as she walked from that courtroom with a child that was to be hers wrapped up in her shawl and hugged close to her breast.

This is the difference between Charlotte Warren and me: She never stands before any bar of judgment. She's always on the other side, passing verdicts herself. But if you get down to the bottom I doubt that there is a penny's worth of salvation difference between us. For, if she is a Pharisee, I am an old militant woman in the church, ready to fight if that's the only way to keep the peace right. I never have been able to keep it or allow others to keep theirs if I thought it was wrong. I've been a flaming sword in every row we have had in this church, and we seem to grow in grace through one quarrel to another.

I have told Tom Warren many a time what I think of the fuss about the ten feet of disputed ground between him and Roger Peters. I call it their ten feet of damnation. I have let Roger know more than once what I thought of his taking the fence down and turning his cows in on Warren's oats. I have pulled the ears of our stewards in public places, when their backs were turned, because they were behind with the preacher's salary. I have stood up for the missionary collections in this church, and the educational funds, when I knew both were really going into brick and mortar and pride and spite, instead of into missions and education. I have stood by something the preacher said that gave offense when I knew he was wrong and ought not to have said it.

Sometimes I get terribly worked up over myself for fear I'll come in the class which in the Last Day will say: "Lord! Lord!"—and He will say: "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity; I never knew you."

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What I want to know is how anybody can work at all in this world without working more or less iniquity. Molly Brown is the best Christian in this town, and she systematically keeps able-bodied men and women in idleness by feeding them whether they pay or not, when if she didn't they would go out and earn a living. If there ever was a sin, that's one; and I have told her so. Doctor Edd is the bad man of the town, and he does more good than the rest of us put together; and I've told him that, too, which may have encouraged him in his wickedness. It is all very confusing to an old woman with a good heart and a bad disposition.

You never hear of the same kind of disturbances between Social workers as we have among Christian workers. The reason is, they make a science of the uplift business and we make a religion of it. They treat the cause of the diseases of poverty and vice. And we do what we can to relieve just the symptoms of those disorders by prayers and charities. One way is no more successful than the other. The Social workers get a few jobs every year for the unemployed, which they lose during the next strike. We win a few souls every year for the kingdom of heaven, who are bent and determined to backslide every chance they get. They do not settle the industrial problems and we do not win the world for Christ. I have sometimes thought that if they stressed spiritual values more, and if we stressed material values more, we might join forces in a common cause, rout the financiers and philanthropists, discipline the bishops and the saints, and accomplish enough to show we have lived and served in our day and generation.

You are now familiar with the congregation in this church. You can stand on this page, look through the door on Sunday morning and see us all sitting inside, like good Christian souls—which we are in the main: Tom Warren in one amen corner, Roger Peters in the other, each surrounded by his sympathizers; Taggy Lipton, Charlotte Warren, Sally Parks, and the rest of the prominent church workers, occupying upper-pew seats; Molly Brown, dozing in front; Doctor Edd on the publican bench, behind even the gay young sinners—and the preacher standing in the pulpit like a target for all. But there is a short bench occupied by two men and two women, with the organist seated midway between them, far down at the very front. It is not merely that they hold the strategic position in the house; they look like a foreign element in the congregation. The men have a sleeked-up air. The women are better dressed. Their hats cast aspersions on all the other hats in the house. They show, even in the line of their backs, that, except one sings alto and the other sings soprano, they are farther apart than the east is from the west. I do not know how they manage to say so much without saying anything; but they do.

This is the choir. It is also the War Department of the church; the commissary that provisions scandals, and the arsenal of the musical temperament. An armed camp in the midst of a neutral country is not more dangerous to peace than a church choir is to brotherly love.

In the first place, you cannot have a good choir without getting somebody in it who sings tenor correctly, but lives by no other virtue. Sacred music never sanctifies the choir, though it may be a great help in a revival. It seems to draw certain people who seek publicity, or it may be that the gift of song naturally makes them prominent. In any case the choir publishes them. If you want to have a man's or a woman's character thoroughly investigated to the last deed done in or out of the body, do not appoint a committee of investigation. Just ask them to join the choir. The whole church searches them then. And the way they search one another is appalling. Their jealousies are incredible.

The first trouble we had was with our first choir, when the preacher took the place of Evalina Lipton, Taggy's sister-in-law, who had always been next to the organist, and gave it to Miss Buford, who was a music teacher here, and asked her to train the choir. Evalina vowed she'd never sing again. But if you can sing you cannot bear not to sing. So at the end of a month she returned like a martyr to her place. But she had a way of closing her mouth in the middle of a note and looking round at the congregation, as much as to say: "Did you hear her flat that note! Nobody can sing soprano with a screech owl!" And she would keep her lips pressed together like a pale pair of waffle irons during the rest of the singing.

The next trouble we had was with Oscar Fain. He sang tenor like an angel and kept his marriage vows like a tomtit. When his escapades passed the bounds of even wifely endurance, which is very great if your husband has the artistic temperament, our pastor undertook to form a new choir composed of exemplary Christians. The effect was beyond belief. They carried the tune as if it were a dead man—by the head and heels, with the middle sagging. Besides, many persons in the congregation who felt that they could sing better were indignant because they had not been chosen.

At last it was decided that we should abolish the choir and have congregational singing. But, as the best singers had been offended, only the elder people, with cracked voices, who could sing nothing but long-meter hymns, would do their duty. The whole church developed the musical temperament, though we never fell to the level of musical morals. Molly Brown and I just went on with our high treble as if nothing had happened. Sometimes ours were the only voices to be heard except the preacher's. As Molly sang like a wandering sheep the fuss we made was far from harmonious.

Things were in this shape when Brother Worthen came to us as pastor. The brethren were at loggerheads over their line fences. The Woman's Missionary Society was split as clean as if Satan had walked through it over whether we should or should not give to the special fund asked by the Missionary Board. Charlotte Warren had made her unsuccessful effort to dissolve the Aid Society, and Molly Brown and I had torn the church music to shreds in what I shall always claim was a laudable effort to preserve it. When we took up the hymn Brother Worthen gave out before his first sermon, and did the best we could, he looked at us as if we had poisoned him.

It is written: "The Lord will provide." And if He doesn't see fit to provide, the devil is certain to do so.

About this time Lily Triggs came back to Berton. She was a Shanklin before she married Triggs, who was a New York man and rich as Crœsus, according to the news we had. This was all we knew about her until she came back that winter to visit her folks. We thought more of her for doing this, seeing she'd risen in the world.

She came to our church looking like a particularly innocent little girl, very small and slim, very pretty in her velvet dress and her rich gold-and-black fox furs. She had a red rose stuck under the brim of her velvet hat and a lot of little tails bunched on top of it. The rose matched her curls like poppies in the wheat, and the turquoise pendant she wore was the color of her eyes. In this church, where nobody has a velvet frock and no one can afford furs except Charlotte Warren, who sets them off like a lady buffalo, Lily was as refreshing and charming as a bouquet in a bare and dingy room.

Molly and I yielded her the hymn with thankful hearts when we heard her soar away with it in a clear-sky soprano voice.

Everybody was delighted; after services Brother Worthen told Lily she was a real godsend.

"I love to sing—especially hymns," she said prettily.

Later in the week he called on her at the Shanklins' and asked her to help him organize a choir. She was so pleased; and she was glad of the opportunity to serve.

Before another preaching day they had a regular love feast organizing that choir. Oscar Fain, Sam Parks and Evalina Lipton, with Susie King at the organ, were all practicing sacred music like cooing doves. Brother Worthen was thankful to find somebody "with tact," like Mrs. Triggs, to manage the thing.

We never had such a harmonious choir or such good singing. The whole congregation united for once on this, though afterward I recalled that Sister Worthen hung back and looked dim, preoccupied, as if she thought maybe she might have to have a tooth pulled day after to-morrow. But, as the preacher's wife usually wears an expression of subconscious pain or anxiety, I paid no particular attention to her beyond saying as I went out:

"We certainly are to be congratulated upon getting Lily Triggs interested in the choir."

"She sings very well," she answered faintly. *(Continued on Page 85)*

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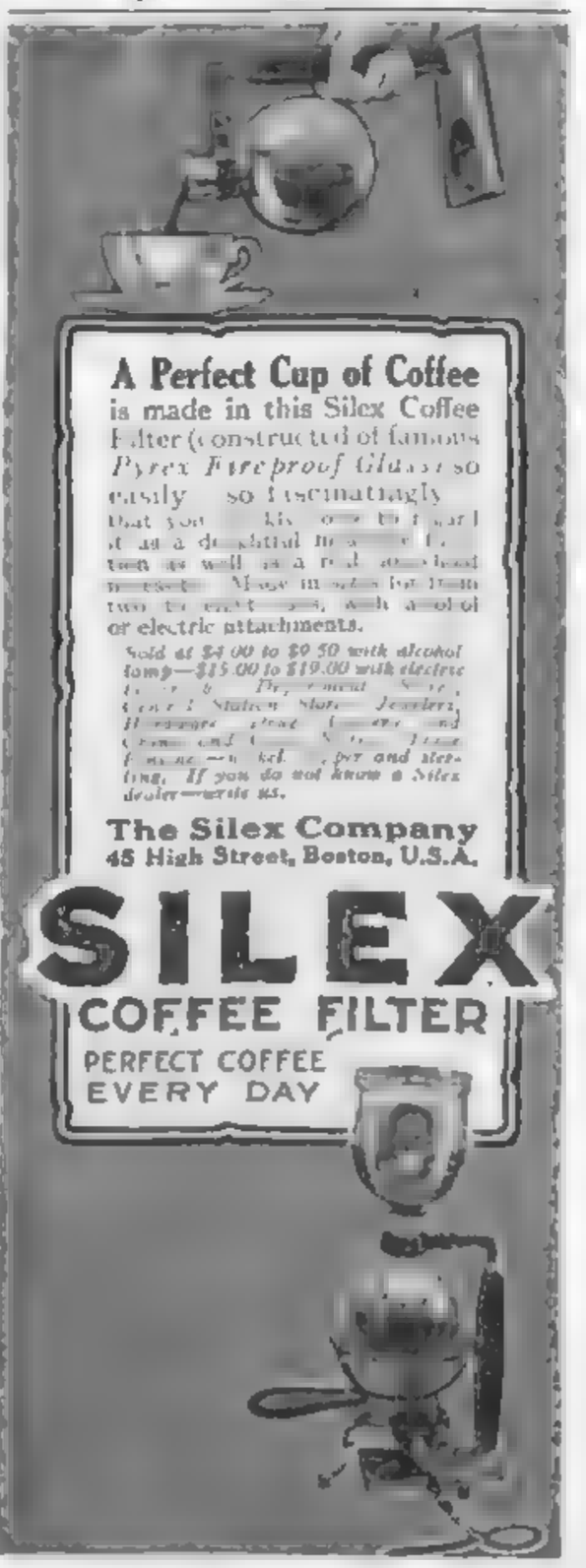
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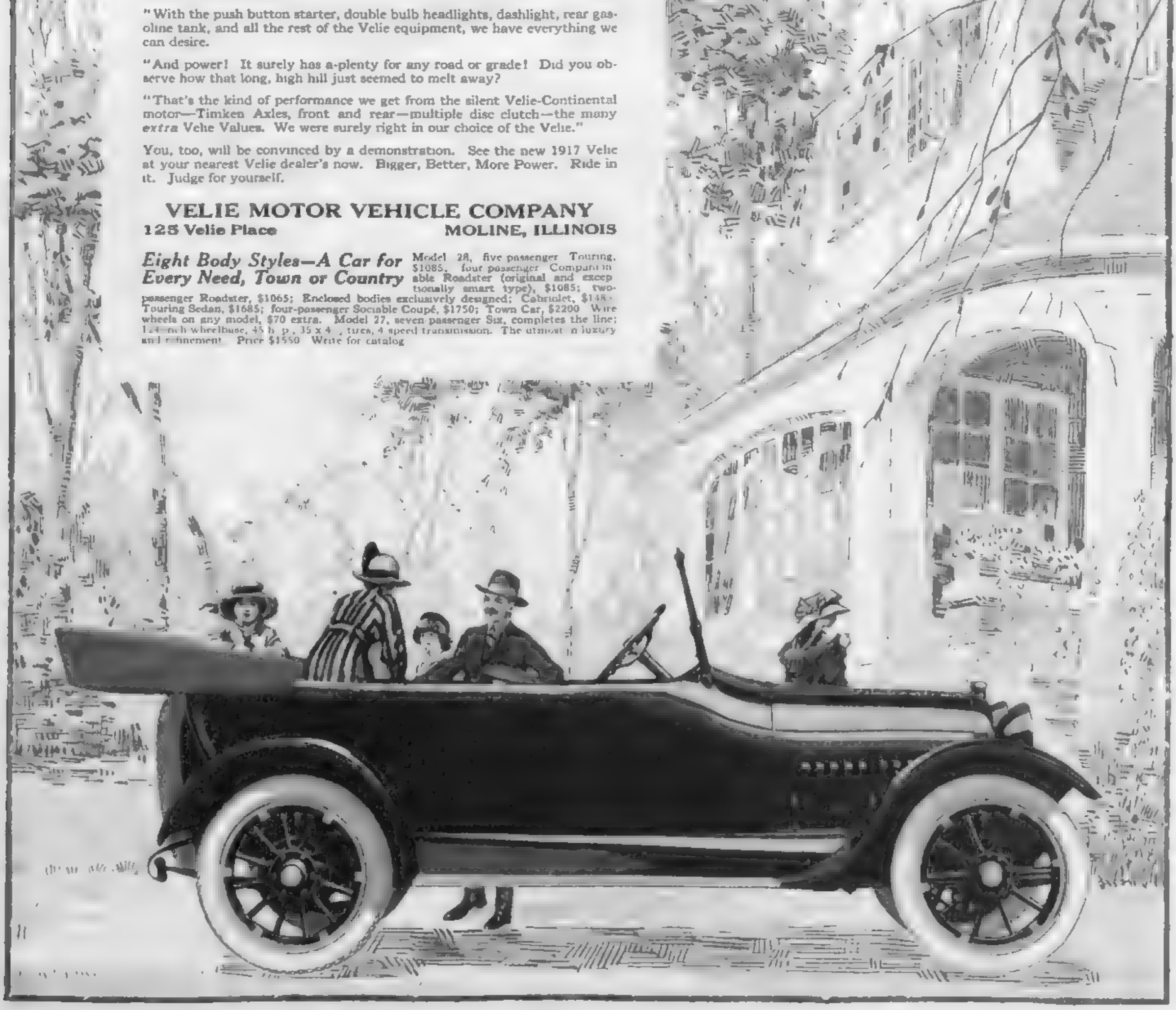


(Continued from Page 82)

I don't know how to tell what we went through with during the next three months. It was so subtly accomplished that it had every appearance of sweetness and light—which invariably rose to pæans of praise every Sunday in the choir. Lily was the high priestess in this secret situation.

After services the men stood about at a respectful distance regarding her with curious half-admiring, half-inquisitive attention. But if she had said "Coo sheepy!" the last one of them would have answered "Baa!" And by the same token the women began to hurry out of church the minute the benediction was pronounced, as if they didn't care to witness what followed. But Lily appeared to be sweetly unconscious of that.

At last people began to "talk." They didn't have anything to talk about—nothing definite. They merely cast their remarks to the wind, expecting to gather them before many days, like dangerous bread cast upon the waters.

"Lily Triggs is making quite a visit to the Shanklins'," Taggy Lipton suggested one Sunday as we came out of the church together.

"Yes; but she doesn't come often," I answered.

"Still, it seems queer for a wife to stay away from her husband for three months. I've never been away from John three days since we were married."

I didn't say anything—merely pitied John in my heart. Taggy is a good woman, but the kind any man would need more than three days' rest from in the course of twenty-five years.

Meantime Lily's popularity increased. She was very cordial in her manner. She loved her neighbors even better than herself. Some of the Baptist deacons asked her to sing in their church. The vestrymen of the Presbyterian Church offered her a salary to come to them. She declined—said she felt that the Methodists needed her more, and she was so fond of Brother Worthen. He was "such a dear man!"

One day Sally Parks called. She stayed so long I knew she had something to tell. I dropped the conversation as one might spread the net of silence for whatever might fall into it.

"Lily Triggs has left the Shanklins'," she announced presently.

"Gone home?" I asked.

"No; she's boarding at Molly Brown's."

"That's just like Molly!" I exclaimed.

"That's just what I said when I heard Lily had gone there," Sally agreed.

"Well, you oughtn't to have said it, Sally!" I put in quickly, pretending not to notice the look of astonished injustice with which she regarded me.

It is easier to see that a thing is wrong when you hear another person say it than when you've just said it yourself.

"They say she's not going back to her husband," she began again.

"Not going back! What do you mean?"

"She's divorced, and gets three thousand dollars a year alimony. That's what it means!"

"Merciful heavens! And she conducting our choir!" I groaned, never having even spoken to a divorced woman in my life.

"It does seem strange," Sally agreed primly, "especially since there was so much evidence put in at the trial of 'corespondents' on both sides. What are corespondents in a divorce suit?"

"They are the vipers in the bosom of matrimony. That's what they are!" I replied.

"You don't say!" she gasped, not quite understanding what I meant.

"What will Brother Worthen do?" I said, sighing.

"Oh—'It's the duty of all Christian people to stand by Sister Triggs in her troubles.' That's what he said when Sam told him, as he felt bound to do. It wouldn't look so bad if Sister Worthen had ever called on Lily; but she hasn't, and she doesn't speak to her at church," Sally added after a pause.

"Listen, Sally," I said, seeing what was hissing in her mind; "don't talk. Don't dot an 'i' or cross a 't' in this unfortunate affair. We've got enough to contend with now in our church."

"Oh, I'll not meddle. I am glad I had the sense not to be too free with her though. Evalina Lipton says she will quit the choir. And Mrs. Fain says she's stood enough. If Oscar doesn't resign from it, she'll resign from Oscar. As steward, Sam doesn't feel that he ought to be mixed up in such a scandal," she concluded, rising to go.

"Scandal, Sally! This isn't a scandal," I insisted anxiously.

"If ever I saw the naked face of a scandal in my life it's sitting in our choir every Sunday, Mary Thompson; and you know it!" she shot back at me from the door.

The next issue of the Berton Banner had this item in the Locals:

"Mrs. Lily Triggs has purchased the Carroll residence and will make her home here, to the delight of her many friends."

Well, she sent for her furniture and moved into the Carroll house, which is three blocks up the street from the Methodist Church and parsonage.

The next thing we heard was that Charlotte Warren said she'd stand by Lily to the last ditch. As a Christian woman she wouldn't see another woman persecuted who had done nothing but invoke the law to protect her against a brutal and unfaithful husband. She said if some of the wives in Berton followed Lily's example, and threw off the yoke of masculine oppression, she'd have more respect for them. The day had come when thinking women knew their rights and would have them, thanks to the example of Lily Triggs and other brave spirits. Charlotte was one of those women whose narrow minds broaden the wrong way.

Lily looked it all. She was just a sweet little student in fortitude, diligent in the Lord's service. When the choir didn't meet at her own house it met at the Warrens every Friday night. Nobody resigned. To have done so would have meant giving up your standing in the best society. Brother Worthen stood by it like a godfather and the music in our church became sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

In the spring Lily organized the Woman's Equal Rights and Suffrage League. And Charlotte canvassed the town for members as she never had done for our Missionary Society. The only women who did not attend these meetings in Lily's beautiful home were the Shanklin girls, Sister Worthen and me. Even Molly Brown went. She said Lily was a saint. She told how Mrs. Triggs had gone to the grocery store and paid a debt for her that she had tried to pay for years. She said "that child" would take the clothes off her back to warm a beggar. And I don't doubt it. But in those days I never went to call on Sister Worthen that the telephone bell didn't ring. When she had answered it she'd come back into the parlor looking as white as a sheet and say:

"Mrs. Triggs wishes to speak to you about the hymns for next Sunday, Charles."

That would be the last we saw of Brother Worthen. You might have thought they composed the church music over the phone, they talked so much and so long about it.

Molly Brown didn't know enough about woman's rights or suffrage to believe in them, but she joined the League because she believed in Lily Triggs. You can fool a real saint every time. That's why I have strong, conscientious scruples about being one. I keep my worldly judgments clear to save simple ones, like Molly.

We didn't have a revival that year—not a single convert during a series of meetings where the preaching was good and the music very fine. The women who usually pray and work for sinners and confess their own backslidings were so taken up with the League, and finding out about their rights and wrongs, that they wouldn't and couldn't become interested enough in salvation to do any good.

I am not opposed to suffrage for women. When I think of the years I have been a good citizen—never drunk; never disorderly; never breaking a single statute of Moses or the state, if I knew it; always paying my taxes; always obeying laws that I have had no share in making—I say when I consider these inequalities and injustices I get so mad I wish I had the chance to stuff a ballot box with the right kind of votes. And maybe I would do it if I did get the chance. No man nor any woman can be trusted morally farther than they have gone and been tried out by experience and temptations.

I have heard much lately about the rights and wrongs of women. Lily sings on Sunday and lectures on them every Tuesday. In my day there was no such theme. A woman didn't cherish her rights or her wrongs. She had just one husband and a lot of children. Nobody looked in from the outside on marriage and wondered how such and such a wife could bear to live with the kind of husband she had. Now they do.

How to be a Giant in Health and Mind

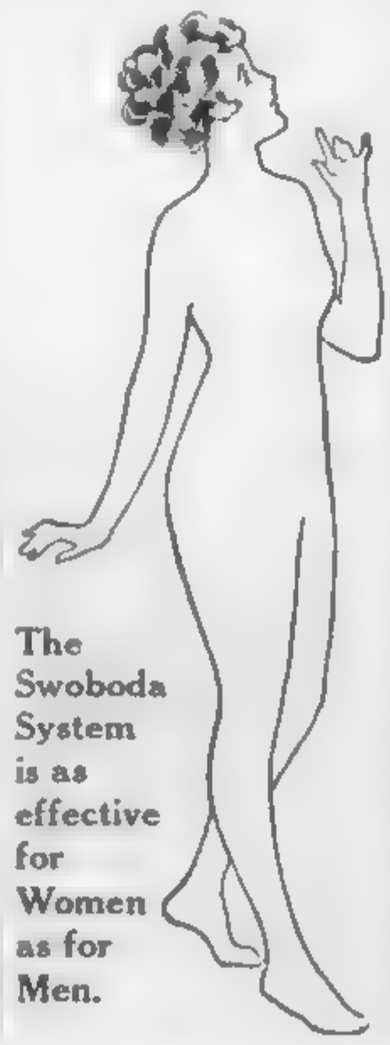
Unless your body, in every department, including the mind, is capable of withstanding abuse without distress, you have no real health, living, vital, and mental power. You have but negative health. You are well by mere accident. Real health and real success can come only through the possession of the power to live and to succeed. The Swoboda character of health, vitality and energy will enable you to enjoy conditions that now distress you. A unique, new and wonderful discovery that furnishes the body and brain cells with a degree of energy that surpasses imagination.

THERE is a new and wonderful system of reconstructing and re-creating the human organism—a system of mental and physical development that has already revolutionized the lives of men and women all over the country. It has brought them a new kind of health, strength, energy, confidence and success. It has given them such marvelous energy of mind and body that they enjoy a life so full, so intense, so thoroughly worth while that the old life to which they were accustomed seems totally inferior in every respect.

This new system, although it has already resulted in the complete recovery of thousands upon thousands of "extreme" cases, is just as valuable to people who *are* satisfied with their health. It gives them an entirely new idea of how truly healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with energy, dash and life. And it is so thoroughly natural and simple that it accomplishes seemingly impossible results entirely without the use of drugs, medicines or dieting, without weights, exercisers or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging or electricity or cold baths or forced deep breathing—in fact, this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like, and neither does it ask you to give up what you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you begin to feel renewed after the first five minutes.

How the Cells Govern Life

The body is composed of billions of cells. When illness or any other unnatural condition prevails, we must look to the cells for relief. When we lack energy and power, when we are listless, when we haven't smashing, driving power back of our thoughts and actions, when we must force ourselves to meet our daily business and social obligations, when we are sick or ailing, or when, for any reason, we are not enjoying a fully healthy and happy life, it is simply because certain cells are weak and inactive or totally dead. And this is true of ninety people out of every hundred, even among those who think they are well but who are in reality missing half the pleasures of living. These facts and many others were discovered by Alois P. Swoboda and resulted in his marvelous new system of cell-culture.



The Swoboda System is as effective for Women as for Men.

Re-Creating Human Beings

Swoboda has shown men and women in all parts of the world and in all walks of life, how to build a keener brain, a more superb, energetic body, stronger muscle, a more vigorous heart, a healthier stomach, more active bowels, a better liver and perfect kidneys. He has times without number shown how to overcome general debility, listlessness, lack of ambition, lack of vitality—how to revitalize, regenerate and restore every part of the body to its normal state—how to recuperate the vital forces,—creating a type of physical and mental super-efficiency that almost invariably results in greater material benefits than you ever before dreamed were possible to you.

Swoboda is only one perfect example of the Swoboda system. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda System of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed mind and body—in his wonderful energy—the correctness of his theories and the success of his methods.

Swoboda numbers among his pupils judges, senators, congressmen, cabinet members, ambassadors, governors, physicians and ministers—workingmen as well as millionaires.

A Startling Book—Free

No matter how well you feel, no matter how successful you are, Swoboda has written a wonderful book that you should read—a book that shows how you can become ten times as healthy, ten times as full of energy and vitality, ten times as capable of enjoying life to the full as you've ever been before. Until you read this book and learn what Swoboda has done for others, you can never know the possibilities of life that you are missing.

Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or even a postal card and mail to Alois P. Swoboda, 1963 Aeolian Bldg., New York. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages of Swoboda's book, you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it.

By all means do not delay; do not say, "I'll do it later," but send the coupon or a letter or postal now, while the matter is on your mind. Remember the book is absolutely free—there is no charge or obligation now or later.

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Please send me your free copyrighted book "Cell-Culture Evolution."

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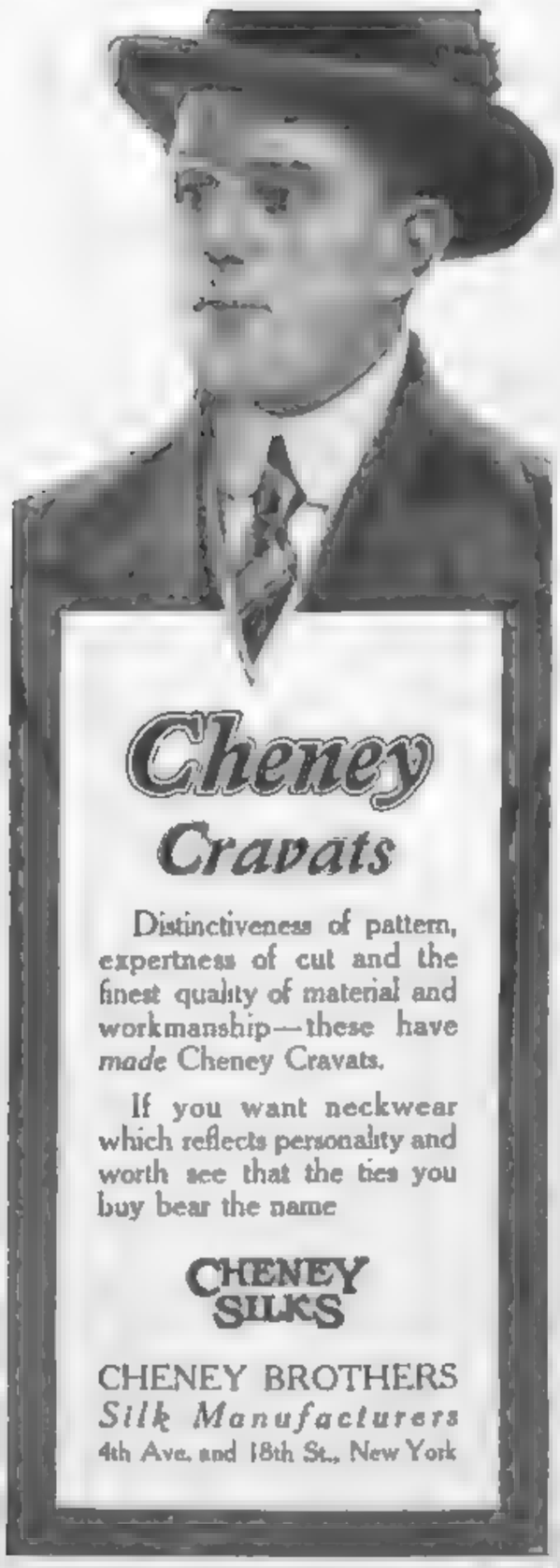

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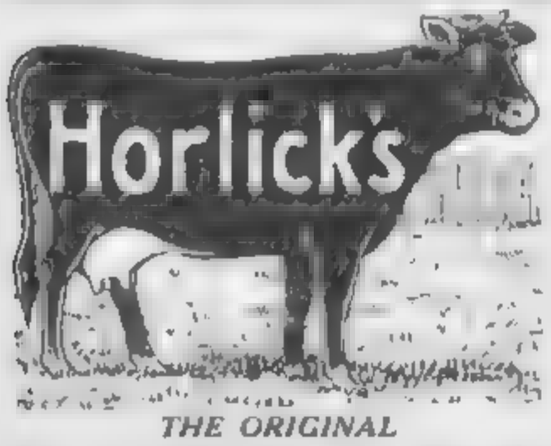

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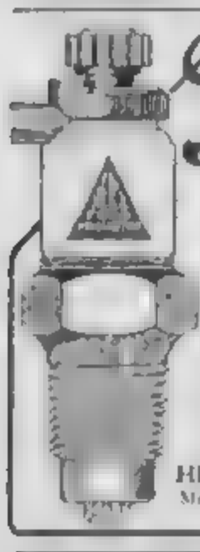

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Every marriage is under critical inspection—not to say suspicion.

"I don't see how Maggy Fain can go on living with Oscar, shaming her the way he does with his unfaithfulness. If she had any respect for herself she'd leave him and get a divorce!" This from Sally Parks, who two months before had asked me what a corespondent in a divorce case was!

"A good wife, Sally, lives with such a husband, not because she is faithful to him but to herself; because she respects herself—not him," I answered coldly. "And nobody would have had to tell you that, if you hadn't joined a feminist movement conducted by a divorced woman."

We exchanged these shots at each other over the gate late one afternoon. She went on about her affairs, somewhere down the street; but I stood there in the spring twilight, thinking of all the women I have known whose marriages were like this. I could see them in a long procession, moving silently like shadows before me, never complaining, never telling on him. They do not get divorces; but they do escape, every one. They live in the spirit. That which he keeps is merely the withered garment each one leaves in his hands when she goes. This is why they look so dingy and bedraggled. They don't care how their remains look. The world is full of these poor little invisible, outlawed spirits of women.

I endured these goings on in Berton as long as I could. At last one day Charlotte Warren and Lily Triggs came in to call on me.

Charlotte sat down with something like patience or condescension. The two moods are so similar that sometimes nobody can tell the difference. Lily posed herself like a spring bough in my best rocking-chair. I took a wide place on the sofa and looked at them over the top of my glasses.

"We have come to try to interest you in the feminist movement, Mary," said Charlotte.

"Which way is the movement headed, Charlotte?" I asked.

"Why, for the liberation of women; for the redressing of their wrongs; for better laws to protect them," Lily cut in, as if she were quoting from her own lecture.

"There are no people in the world for whom such stringent laws of protection are made as for women. They are so well protected that they've lost the sense of responsibility," I answered, shifting my gaze to Lily.

"Yes; but ——" she began.

"A woman who never does anything," I interrupted; "who spends her husband's money; who lives unfaithful to the commonest duties she owes him in the home; who does not even bear children for him—can get a divorce and alimony by proving his unfaithfulness in just one thing!"

"You are not opposed to suffrage, Mary. I've heard you say so," Charlotte hurried to put in by way of changing the end of the subject with which I was poking into Lily's ribs.

"No; but I'm opposed to corrupt suffrage. I'm chiefly for salvation and for the saving of sinners, including women, from the error of their ways."

"But, dear Mrs. Thompson, the feminists believe as strongly as you do in the Christian religion," Lily said, bending forward prettily.

"'Ye shall know them by their fruits.' I don't like your fruits, Lily," I answered sternly.

"Really!" she gasped, drawing herself up and flushing very red.

"You believe in divorce, don't you?" I went on.

"Yes."

"It's one of the doctrines of your movement, as you call it?"

"Yes; but ——"

"That's one of the fruits I'm talking about. It's bad for this town; for this country. If you believe in divorce you can't believe in a Scriptural marriage; and if you destroy that, you've destroyed the very foundations of society. You ——"

"Wait, Mary; we didn't come to discuss this subject," interposed Charlotte.

"No; but, now that you are here, I'm going to deliver my soul, Charlotte. I'll deliver a lecture, too, where I think it will do the most good," I said, rising and settling my glasses more firmly on my nose.

"You should remember, Lily," I went on, "that the Lord didn't approve of that divorced woman in the Bible who had so many husbands. He forgave her. That's the difference between righteous mercy and the boasted broad-mindedness of women like you, who have simply slithered through the virtues of your decent forebears. Sometimes I wonder how He'll find the means of forgiveness for such as you, who have put away one husband and are not ashamed to angle for them that belong to other women. You who make a virtue of your iniquity! Oh, you can't fool me! I sit behind the choir. I know what I'm talking about!"—seeing her cast up her eyes in outraged innocence.

"Jacob did believe in God, though he was a mean man. David was sorry for his sins. And Job held to his integrity, though he had a bad disposition. And that poor Magdalene did want to go and sin no more. They were all penitent, or faithful, or something that knit them to His mercies as the weakness of a child binds it to a father's care. But for such as you, Lily Triggs, I do not know how He'll measure His judgments!"

I flopped back on the sofa and fanned myself, while Lily cried in her little lace handkerchief.

"Oh, such intolerance! Such bigotry!" she moaned.

"I don't see how you can call yourself a Christian woman, Mary Thompson!" cried Charlotte, rising in her wrath and making for the door.

"I am not this afternoon. I'm just a decent woman defending the statutes of virtue and honor, which are better protection for women than all the votes in this country," I fired back.

"I'll never sing in the choir again!" whimpered Lily.

"I hope you won't!" I called after her.

But she did.

She said Brother Worthen had persuaded her that it was her duty.

Mr. Worthen was a good man, but a moral fool if I ever saw one. Before the end of the summer the very men and women who were most friendly with Lily Triggs were saying that the Conference would not send him another year; that he was a fine preacher, but not the pastor we needed.

I was so worried over the feuds between the brethren, and the choir, and my own fault-finding spirit, that I used to go round behind the church sometimes and sit down among the graves to comfort myself.

We have buried our people back there for sixty years. Men who never could get on with each other in the church are lying side by side, like brothers in the same bed. I say it encourages me to know that the time will come when we, too, will finish our day's work and the strife with which we test each other's spirits, and lie down out there, like the lion and the lamb together. But we shall be dead, which in my opinion is the only safe way for lions and lambs to lie down together.

I'd sit there and watch the fallen autumn leaves come whirling and tipping over the tombs like little brown spirits of the dust blown in the wind. I thought of what a good man old Amos Tell was, though nobody could get on with him in the church. But his contrariness didn't count now in my thoughts. I only remembered how he bore the burdens of the church; how cross but generous he was with the poor; how he made the coffin for Molly Brown's husband and didn't charge her for it. Then I bent down and pulled a few weeds from among the violets that grew round his monument, as I'd have dusted his coat for him after a long journey.

And I would walk over and look at John Elrod's fine tomb—John, who didn't know whether he was willing to be a fool for Christ's sake and who surpassed the wise in the simplicity of his faith.

I'd look down at Abbie Carmichal's grave as I passed—such a dingy little grave, with such a meek little monument over it. We used to think she was a great trial in the Missionary Society, always wanting to turn it into a spiritual meeting instead of attending to the business and collecting dues. She was hungry for the bread of life from morning till night. Now she was satisfied, with her dust lying so close to the roots of the great trees. People look better when you remember them after they are gone, and you do not need to contend with just their mortal frailties; and you wonder why you ever put so much stress on them anyhow.

I always feel as if I can bear with the living more patiently after I've spent an hour in this churchyard and seen how far removed the dead are from their transgressions.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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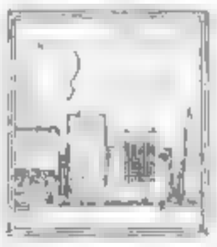

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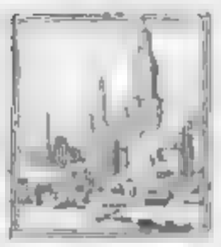

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Shifting from Six to Twelve

Enger Twin-Unit Twelve

Twelve and Six—Both in One

Here are the extreme luxury and the utmost economy ever attained—both in one, the 1917 Enger Twin-Unit Twelve.

In this marvelous new car you have twelve cylinders for starting, for quick acceleration, for smooth, slow driving in crowded streets, for rough roads and hills—

But for all normal driving simply pull the little Economy Lever on the steering column and instantly your twelve is the most economical six the world has ever seen—35 miles on a gallon of gasoline, which is equivalent to traveling from Chicago to New York, a distance of 979 miles, on 28 gallons of gasoline.

With your little Economy Lever you simply cut out six of your cylinders which are idle—but ready instantly for any emergency.

And you've cut your fuel bill in half

Nothing could be more luxurious than this Enger Twin-Unit Twelve. Nothing approaches it for fuel economy.

All cars have emergency power, but the Enger alone has reserve power for use when you want it without eating up fuel all the time—extravagantly—needlessly.

In the Enger Twin-Unit Twelve you have emergency power in abundance with unheard-of flexibility and smoothness—*but it uses fuel for surplus power only when called upon.*

So this Enger invention, which enables the driver to cut out six cylinders and cut them in again at will, makes the height of luxury the extreme of economy.

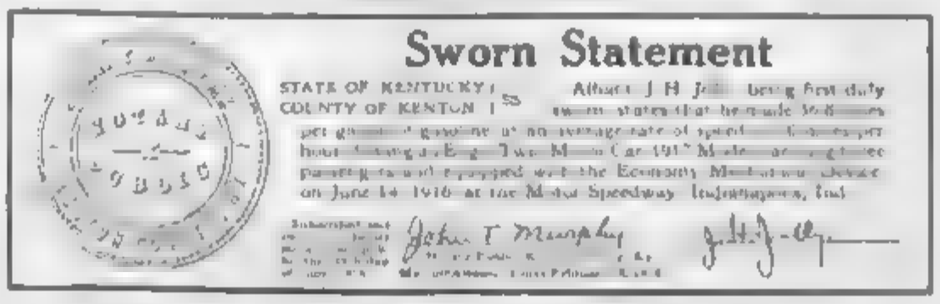
No other car at anywhere near the price even approaches such attainments—none at any price combines them.

Here is an affidavit reporting a test in which an Enger Twin-Unit Twelve stock model made 36½ miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Such a performance is not an exception—35 miles to the gallon is a common thing for the Enger Twin-Unit Twelve—we're ready to demonstrate it to you personally.

Arrange for a demonstration of this marvelous car. Ride in the 1917 Enger Twin-Unit Valve-in-Head Twelve. Let us prove its power, get-away, speed and economy.

35 Miles Per Gallon



Sworn Statement

STATE OF KENTUCKY } ss
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Albert J. H. Jo... being first duly sworn, states that he made 36½ miles per gallon of gasoline at an average rate of speed ... miles per hour driving an Enger Twin-Unit Car 1917 Model ... passenger and equipped with the Economy Mechanism Device on June 14 1916 at the Motor Speedway Indianapolis, Ind.

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The Enger Twin-Unit Twelve has revolutionized driving. It has created a demand for Enger cars—and the dealer who handles the Enger car is in the limelight from now on.

A WONDERFUL DEALER OPPORTUNITY

Dealers in all parts of the country are already feeling the popular demand for this marvelous car

Other dealers, sensing its tremendous popularity, are getting in on the ground floor.

There are many places still open for dealers who are awake to the opportunities the Enger offers as a money-making proposition

Write or wire us at once—and if you are the right man you can tie up with the 1917 Enger with its marvelous motor

Write for Booklet "The Story of a Gallon of Gasoline"

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SMITH Form-a-Truck $350

44,000 Already Sold

Used in service of every line of business employing delivery. Combination of Smith Form-a-Truck attachment with Ford or Maxwell chassis gives ideal motor truck for fast, efficient service at low operating cost—about 5 cents a ton mile from trucks now in service.

Fitted over any Ford or Maxwell chassis in a few hours makes permanent truck construction.

Lengthens wheelbase to 125 inches and gives 9-foot loading space.

Utilizes Ford or Maxwell chassis as power plant and turns rear axle into jackshaft for double chain drive.

Smith Form-a-Truck rear wheels 32" x 3½" with twelve heavy 2" spokes.

Frame channel section steel 4" deep, reinforced with three cross members and gusset plates at rear.

Cross spring to relieve 42" semi-elliptic side springs under heavy load.

Attachment carries 90% of dead load.

Special Strong Sight Feed Oiler special equipment for Ford Motor—a force feed system that eliminates all lubrication difficulties.

Laundries A guaranteed One-Ton Truck for about half the cost of any other Truck of equal capacity and with an operating cost of fully 40% less than any other.

This month we are saving time for Laundries in the selection of motor delivery service by making a special feature of laundry work.

Four-to-one saving over horses in time required to make trips—big money saving in reduced operating cost. Initial equipment costs no more than four horses and from 30% to 50% less than any other motor service of equal capacity.

Extends possible radius of delivery from 100% to 150%—quadruples possibilities of business at no increase in cost of delivery. These are proved service facts—write for details.

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THE IRON HORSE AND THE GAS BUGGY

(Continued from Page 15)

Such possibilities of the trolley line to the steam railroad point to similar feeding possibilities of the automobile—but of these very much more in a moment. Consider for another moment the possibilities of the branch line. Properly fostered, it may become, in many instances, if not a source of great direct profit, at least a source of measurable direct income and a possibility of vastly larger indirect benefit. The adaptation of the automobile idea, in the form of a single gasoline-propelled car that combines baggage and express and smoking and day-coach compartments in an efficient compactness, has been a tremendous help to many railroads on their branch-line problems. These cars require a crew of but three men as against a minimum crew of five men on the old-style steam train for branch-line service. They are clean and they are fast. And they have aided many railroads to increase their branch-line operation without increasing their operating cost—in many cases making actual savings.

It is well for the big men who own and operate the steam railroad to remember that, no matter how rapid may be the spread of the automobile or how permanent its extensive use, there will always be a large class of travel-hungry folk who must ride upon some form of railroad. There are people who, if financially capable of owning a car, are incapable of running it and cannot afford a chauffeur. And the difficulties of owning an automobile increase when one comes to live in the larger cities.

The local-line situation is not nearly so bad as it looks at first glimpse. There is a business for it if the railroader will devote himself carefully to its cultivation. Remember that in many cases he has sought so long for the larger profits of long-distance business between the big cities that he has rather overlooked the smaller sure profits of the local lines. And it is interesting to know that the railroad of the Middle West which concededly maintains the finest local service is the one road that made no active appearance in a recent hearing in which the roads of its territory sought increased passenger rates. Despite the fact that many of its competitors have said that its local service is expensive and generous to an unwarranted degree, it found that its net profits on its passenger earnings were proportionately higher than those on its freight!

Railroad Motor Service

This road runs parlor cars upon almost all its local trains, and sleeping cars where there is even a possibility of their getting traffic. A big Eastern road has just begun to follow this parlor-car practice. It builds and maintains its own cars. There are no expensive patent rights to be secured in the making of a parlor car. A double row of comfortable wicker or upholstered chairs, a carpet, lavatory facilities and a good-humored porter will do the trick. And the train and the road upon which such a simple, cleanly car travels, at once gain a new prestige. In an age when travel demands a private bath with every hotel room, a manicure with the haircut, and a taxicab to and from the station, a parlor car is more of a necessity than a luxury. And it is surprising to notice the earning possibilities upon even the simplest of branch lines or one local train.

The other day I chanced to travel upon a certain small brisk railroad that runs across a Middle Western state. In my lap was a time card of that line and I was idly following it as we went upon our way. Halfway down the long column of town names I saw a change. In other days a passenger for the enterprising county shire town of Caliph had been compelled to alight at the small junction point known as East Caliph, and there take a very small and very dirty little train for three miles, which finally left him at a clump of willows by a brookside—a full dozen hot and dusty blocks from the Courthouse Square which marks the geographical and commercial center of Caliph.

That branch-line train has disappeared. In its place a line on the time card reads: "Automobile Service to Caliph." And at the junction I saw a seven-passenger touring car with the initials of the railroad upon its tonneau doors. The motor car takes you to the door of Caliph's chief hotel, which faces that same Courthouse Square. The branch is unused, except for occasional switching. There is no expense of keeping it up to the requirements of passenger traffic or of maintaining a passenger station. The hotel serves as this last and at far less expense. And the cost of running the automobile over three miles of excellent highway is far cheaper than that of running a railroad train. The chauffeur is an entirely competent conductor and ticket taker. And between passenger runs he can be used to carry the express and baggage on a motor truck.

So far we have not considered the motor truck. Yet it is the phase of automobile competition that some railroad men frankly confess puzzles them the most. Its possibilities under the development of the good roads that already have gridironed the two coastal fronts of the nation, and that are now beginning to reach here and there and everywhere throughout the interior, are large. A wholesale meat vender in Philadelphia has used such trucks to distribute his wares throughout his suburban territory, throughout Southeastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, right up to the doors of the city of New York itself. Florists, whose greenhouses dot the Illinois prairies for fifty miles roundabout Chicago, are using fleets of these vehicles to bring their wares at top speed either to suburban railroad stations or down into the heart of the city itself—though this last is somewhat unsatisfactory, owing to the crowded streets of downtown Chicago.

A Flood Tide of Freight

The motor truck is coming into increasing use in Oregon and Washington and in California. It is proving a disturbing competitor of the small railroads upon the larger islands of the Hawaiian Group. And a company has just been formed to introduce a motor-truck freight service to certain railroadless parts of China that are supplied with ancient but very passable highroads.

Come back to the United States: Last winter, when the railroads of the East struggled under a perfect flood tide of freight, due to the rush of war munitions toward the seaboard for transshipment, they were compelled to issue embargoes. That means, plainly speaking, that for days and sometimes weeks at a time they were compelled to refuse to accept or deliver many classes of freight. They gave their first efforts to moving coal and milk and the other vital necessities for the towns they served. With the rigors of an unusually hard winter to combat, it was a long time before the embargoes were all raised—even with all the big operating men in the East working from eighteen to twenty hours out of the twenty-four—in many cases living in their private cars, set in the heart of the most congested yards.

Bridgeport was one of the towns that was hardest hit by these embargoes. Though it is served by a single railroad it is upon the main stem of that road—a system that is reputed to be well equipped for the handling of high-grade freight. But the conditions were unusual, to say the least. Bridgeport found herself transformed almost overnight from a brisk Connecticut manufacturing town into one of the world's greatest munitions centers.

Prosperity hit her between the eyes. For a time people slept all night in the railroad station, because they had nowhere else to go. And the fine new county almshouse was hurriedly transformed into a huge hotel. Bridgeport swarmed with people. A single munitions factory there employed close to twenty thousand people.

The railroad, long since hemmed in by the growing factory town, could not rebuild its yards overnight. Neither could it look for relief toward the other Connecticut towns. They, too, were making munitions and were, in turn, congested. But by far the worst congestion of all was at Bridgeport. The railroad people worked unceasingly, but for a time to apparently no purpose. And for a time it was almost impossible for a package to reach Bridgeport from New York or the West.

What's the Best Way to Sell to These Men?

ONE is [illegible]. One is positive, and likes to talk. He wants facts and figures. One is easily reached by a joke, a story, a compliment, a dinner with wine. [illegible] Which? Two [illegible] Which? [illegible] ment. Which is which?

This is serious business—for the good salesman is the man who can tell at once from a man's face how [illegible] And every man has something to sell. [illegible] looking for a job—the manufacturer seeking a loan—the doctor [illegible] get a chance to correct a mistake. You must know—and you can know with the help of the new science of Character Analysis.

This is not a matter of guesswork. It is a science based on psychology, physiology and biology. Many scientists, like William James, had an inkling of it in [illegible]. From their work and from her studies and [illegible] sciences, Dr. Blackford evolved this new science. She has tested it for 15 years. She has employed labor in organizations where thousands work. She has taught it to many who are now earning big salaries as employment experts. She has taught thousands by mail, the Governor of a state; the owner of one of the biggest newspapers in the United States.

Now, at the suggestion of the Review of Reviews Company, she has written a book telling about the science of Character Analysis.

Are You One of These?

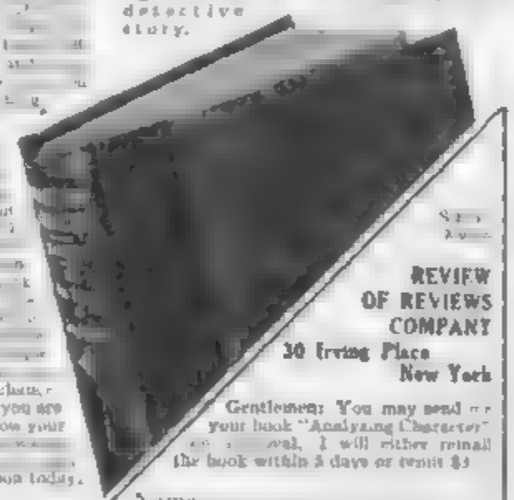
Too frail for physical work, impelled to do it through lack [illegible] trains for [illegible] physical work [illegible] merit training for [illegible] circumstances into the business [illegible] tive work. Natural born executives [illegible] thoughtless and impulsive people consigned to plodding, painstaking vocations. Thoughtful, philosophic and deliberate people trying to keep [illegible] the [illegible] the hasty rush of [illegible]

"Analyzing Character"

Sent Free for Examination

The new science of judging men; misfits in business, the home, and social life. By Katherine M. H. Blackford, M. D. 502 Pages, 110 Illustrations.

[illegible] a science that you can dispense as you can with hydrostatics. You need the knowledge it [illegible] your daily life. The man who [illegible] you need make no mistakes in handling people [illegible] You won't waste time [illegible] against a stone wall of failure [illegible] ing of this book will be as fascinating as any detective story.



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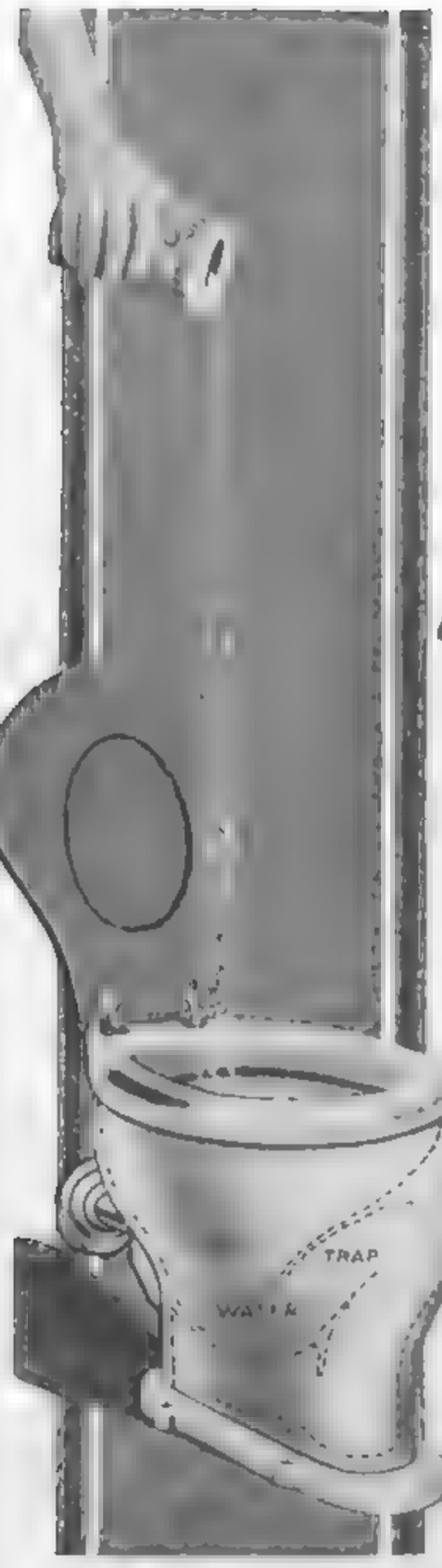

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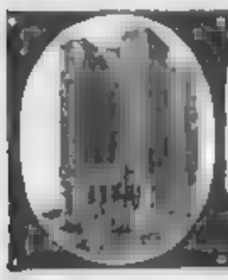

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TRAINING COUNTS—YOU'RE WASTING TIME WITHOUT IT

In this emergency the motor truck proved its worth. It so happens that there is a factory in Bridgeport which manufactures a very heavy type of motor truck. It put one of these into service between its plant and New York—fifty-six miles distant over the well-paved historic Boston Post Road. It brought emergency supplies of every sort to the factory doors. So efficient did it prove itself in everyday service that a group of Bridgeport manufacturers and merchants formed themselves into a transportation company and placed other trucks in daily service between their town and New York. And a little later, when the New York terminals became glutted with freight and hedged about with embargoes, the manufacturers of Bridgeport began having freight billed to them at the local freight houses in Newark. They extended their motor-truck service to that busy Jersey town and so saved themselves many dollars. When, in the course of a few months, the congestion was removed and freight conditions at Bridgeport were normal again, the motor-truck service along the Post Road disappeared. It could not compete with the freight rates of the railroad.

The Future of the Motor Truck

But its possibilities as a feeder are enormous. Only a few days ago I stood beside the desk of the traffic vice president of a big trunk line and looked over his shoulder at a huge map spread there. It showed the main line and the branches of his railroad from all these stretching, like fine moss upon an old oak, the improved highroads. The map maker had done more. By use of colors he had shown the automobile stage routes upon these roads—those that carried freight and those that combined two or three of the classes of traffic. The vice president frankly confessed that he was studying to see what practical use he could make of these feeding motor routes.

It was significant that the railroad should be making so careful a study of its new competitor; that it should be taking the first beginning steps to recognize it—not as a competitor but rather as a friend and an ally—a feeder that eventually may be the means of bringing much traffic to its cars. The motor truck running over a well-paved highway can easily reach a farm or factory situated far from the steel rails. It may save the construction of expensive and eventually unprofitable branch-line railroads, just as the passenger automobile or motor omnibus has begun to save the building of unprofitable street-car lines. If the farm fails or the factory burns down, never to be rebuilt, the railroad does not find itself with an expensive and utterly useless branch line of track on its hands.

There are some traffic difficulties that are bothering the big railroaders who are attempting to affiliate the work of the motor bus and the motor truck with that of the locomotive. Time, thought and economic pressure will smooth these out. The railroad is here to stay. So is the automobile. And the problem is simply to make the one work in harmony and coöperation with the other.

Breeding Butlers

THE majority of people who give dinners in Toronto hire waiters for the occasion, and usually from the same agency.

During the visit of a party of English celebrities to the city they were dined, at one house after another, every night of the week. There was one peer of austere mien who said nothing, seemed to see nothing and to think less.

At the fourth dinner party, however, a gleam of interest—almost of intelligence—crept into his lordship's face. He stared hard at the flunkies. It was patent to everybody that something was going on inside behind his noble brow—a vague memory or the germ of a thought was struggling for expression.

At last he leaned close to his neighbor at table and asked, in a hollow voice:

"I say, Starr, do they all breed their butlers heah from the same stock?"

ARE YOU KEEPING A FINGER UPON THE PULSE OF YOUR BUSINESS?

Think what a complex organism your body is. Yet an accurate index to your *daily* health is afforded by the simple beat of your pulse.

Your business is likewise complex. But if you *know how*, its *up-to-the-minute condition* is always ready for examination in equally simple fashion

A business so managed is as solid as Gibraltar. A business that must wait until the year-end or month-end to know where it stands, roosts perilously upon shifting sands.

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will show how you may know—*day by day*—just what the state of health of your business is

By checking over your methods of recording cash received, currency and checks paid, bank records, journal entries, check system, collection and receipt forms, pay roll methods, your general ledger, trial balances and analytical records covering purchases, sales, expense, daily reports, statements of assets, liabilities, profits and losses, and your corporate records, Baker-Vawter Company can suggest the needed changes that will produce the simple "pulse-beats" which will index your *daily* progress.

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HERE'S a watch with a crystal that *you simply can't break.* And that isn't all! In the stem is a real, find-your-way compass. Also, it's a mighty good-looking watch, and it keeps time. Get it and you'll be envied by every boy in your town.

The price of this wonderful watch is $1.00. But we *will give it to you,* besides paying you *fine cash profits* for a few hours of your spare time. Write us to learn how.

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The Man in the Circle is a Master Salesman

YOU RETAILERS—you know how much time your salesmen have to spend *telling the customer things about your goods.*

All sorts of questions must be answered: "Is it fresh?" "How wide is it?" "Will it stretch?" "Does it stain?"—one question after another asked by one person at a time.

Put a printer on your payroll. Pay the salesman to *sell* and the printer to *tell* the thousands of things your customers want to know.

Let folders, circulars, booklets, form-letters, all good looking and none costly, answer the questions and make the announcements.

A printed slip wrapped in every bundle costs much less than a demonstration booth, for instance. The reading eye will discover what the wandering glance may not observe.

Let us send you a portfolio gotten up especially to fit your business with ideas and directions for helping business by good printing.

When you talk to your printer, tell him to base his charges on the use of Hammermill paper. It is not merely *good* paper, it is the *right paper* for you to use as the basis of all your printing.

Hammermill Bond is known as the Utility Business Paper, because of its many uses, its reasonable price and the fact that it is carried in large stock by Hammermill Agents located in all important business centers.

Hammermill Bond for your form-letters gives you a choice of 12 colors and white in Bond, Ripple and Linen finishes. Hammermill Cover for circulars, booklets and folders gives you a choice of 7 colors and white in Antique, Ripple, Linen and Plate finishes.

Ask for the Hammermill Portfolios containing full-size samples. Mention your line of business as we have separate portfolios for *all* lines. *Every Printer should have a full set.*

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Largest Tailors in the world of GOOD Made-to-Order clothes
PRICE BUILDING CHICAGO U. S. A.

Realize right off the trigger that P. A. is sold on its quality.

Nail that fact down tight! Then, beat it hard for a flock of the national joy smoke and do your worst testing out every word we, or any tobacco enthusiast, hands you about Prince Albert! Talk about Dividends of Delight, smoking P. A. has Coupon Clipping down for the count!

Take Prince Albert's flavor and fragrance and coolness *one-two-three* or play the combination! Breeze 'em all into your system, *right!* Note how they listen to your smokeappetite, then blaze away like a blast furnace to prove out the world's verdict on Prince Albert's freedom from bite and parch!

And, you'll realize that Prince Albert's bitelessness is due to a patented process owned exclusively by us which *cuts out* bite and parch and lets you land on a P. A. smoke every time the idea hits you—without any come-back but the keenest desire to go-to-it-quick, again!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

certainly cuts loose tobacco cheeriness! It shinnies up to your smokespirit because it is *right* in every big and little way a smoker ever can demand!

Want anything better in the smokes line than to hammer away on a joy'us old jimmy pipe, or any way you can fire-up, *without a sore tongue or parched throat?* We tell you Prince Albert puts the little old blue sky as the limit because it is made to give smokers and non-smokers a chance to get *reset* or *get-going!*

Anchor on your own peaceful piazza some of this tobacco joy that smokers all over the world are cashing-in on! *Come on*—for there's a pew-for-you on the front row of the P. A. jimmy pipe chorus!

On the reverse side of this tidy red tin, in fact, on the reverse side of every Prince Albert package, you will read "Process Patented July 30th, 1907," which means that the U. S. has granted a patent on a process by which Prince Albert tobacco is manufactured. It means also, that Prince Albert has made *three* men smoke pipes where *one* smoked before!

Your supply of Prince Albert isn't any farther away than the nearest shop that sells tobacco. Buy the toppy red bag for 5c or the tidy red tin for 10c. Then, there are handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps your Prince Albert in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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3 Delights by its delicious flavor.

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5 Polishes the teeth to natural whiteness without harmful grit.

6 Leaves the mouth clean and wholesome.

all of which means Good Teeth Good Health